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The Cambrian

..For 1902..

A Monthly Magazine.

VOLUME TWENTY-TWO.

UTICA, N. Y.
Thomas J. Griffiths, Publisher, cor. Liberty and Hotel Streets.
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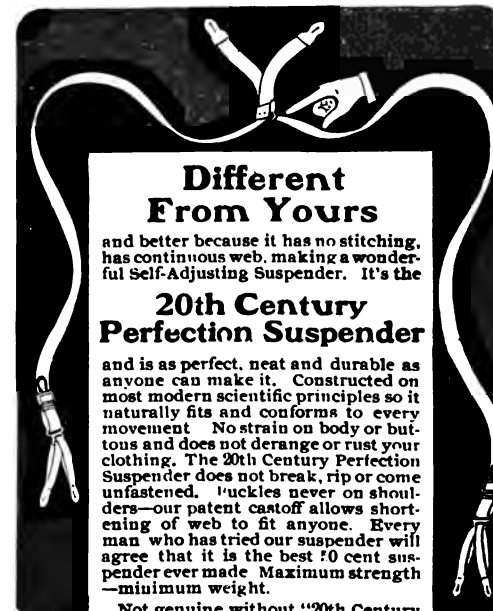

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A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII. JANUARY, 1902. No. 1.

THE SINS OF THE SAINTS.

By George James Jones, Ph. D., D. D.

I. God Immanent in Men's Material Interests.

That the Almighty makes his presence felt in the material affairs of his children as well as in their spiritual interests is taught in the Bible, and strongly advocated by many Christians. The process by which God reveals himself may not be clear and definite to all alike. Some are not able to describe with any degree of satisfaction to themselves the methods by which Providence works with them and for them, but that God condescends to enter their affairs, to bless and to protect, to lead and to guide in the field and in the mart, at the desk in the counting room, before the class in the university, in the editorial chair or at the head of the army, in fact, in all avocations of life when men accept the responsibilities and gifts thrust upon them as coming from the Lord, they believe with all their hearts. Such men realize that highest duty may be performed only as they honor truth and righteousness in all relations. To live honorably and beautifully is their highest desire. They labor not for self but for humanity and God. The number of such people is not small. They stand up in majestic grandeur, towering above their fellows as the tall oak above the shrubbery at its feet. Such characters are the monuments of true religion, and the inspiration of the race.

In the hundred and eighteenth psalm the philosopher and the poet, the historian and the prophet unite in ascribing honor and praise to Almighty God because of that power by means of which He does become a part of the material as well as the spiritual interests of his people. As the opening and the closing words of the poem are identical with words used in the song sung at the laying of the foundations of the temple (Ezra 3: 10), it is believed that reference is made to that happy and auspicious event, while some insist that this is the very psalm that was used. To the Hebrew the temple represented Jehovah dwelling among them, blessing them in all their interests, material as well as spiritual. The twenty-fifth verse is claimed to be a direct appeal to God for special favor upon a great enterprise,

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either personal or national. Some authors go so far as to designate the particular undertaking on which the favor was sought—the rebuilding of the temple. While the business of the Temple was purely religious, it was nevertheless a factor in state affairs. The work of putting up the great building was secular, asking a blessing on the labors of their hands was religious. Others think that the author used the twenty-fifth verse as an invocation for divine favor to rest upon him as king. Others yet claim that in these sweet verses they see the prophetic eye sweeping down the centuries and beholding yonder the kingdom of Christ established among men, and that in these earnest words is a prayer for the success of that kingdom. Whichever view we take, the impression remains that God is immanent in human affairs. But coupled with that idea is another idea, and that is, that godly people are in the world, not for selfish interests, but for the purpose of revealing God, his love and law. In all their doings they are his representatives, his messengers, his witnesses. The touching sentiments of this beautiful psalm are big with precious thoughts. To get from the world its purest and best men must accept the world as a gift from God, to whom they are responsible for its use or abuse. To render to the world highest and sublimest service men must be to it a redeemer, a God.

Life in its highest possibility is unselfish love. The Hon. John Burroughs says: "Love sharpens the eye, the ear, the touch; it quickens the feet, it steadies the hand, it arms against the wet and the cold. What we love to do, that we do well. To know is not all; it is only half. Nothing can take the place of love. Love is the measure of life: only so far as we love do we really live." The beasts exists; he does not live. The man with the love of God a passion of his heart alone lives. Divine blessings refer to needs of body and soul, of time and of eternity. While a system of religious doctrines may appeal to the intellect, may be theoretical in statement, religion appeals to the soul and is experimental. Religion is vastly more than a statement of truth accepted by the mind; religion is a power making itself felt in thoughts and deeds. The believer is greatly helped by the knowledge that such and such doctrine is in the Bible, but that doctrine results in highest good only as the man experiences the power of its truth in his own heart and life. Rationalism may give such construction to the words of truth as to challenge the intellect to accept, but when that truth is the experience of the soul that soul is impervious to all materialistic arguments; the truth of God dwell within a factor sweetening, strengthening, beautifying human actions, whether those actions be of a secular or of a religious character. The devout seeks the leading and the blessing of God in all things. Accepting Jesus as Savior and friend is accepting his teachings as the law of conduct. If man is to reign with Christ in glory, Christ is to reign with man in the

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world. Whether in business or out of it the true Christian is one with Christ. Religion to such a man is the omnipresent factor, embracing his labors on the farm or in the shop as well as his worship in the sanctuary. The true Christian seeks to get that he may give, to obtain that he may scatter abroad. He is in the world in Christ's stead, to labor, to suffer, to die if need be, for the glory of the unsearchable riches and wisdom and power of his Redeemer. To live with Christ, in Christ and for Christ is the highest aim of the true convert and the note of greatest intensity in his prayer.

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WELSH EDUCATION.

By T. Levi, B. C. L.

The University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, although the oldest of the three constituent colleges of the University of Wales, has been in existence for only about thirty years. So great has been its success as a national institution for imparting a university training, so far beyond the hopes of its founders, that it is difficult to realise how recently it was established at Aberystwyth. The history of this college is characterised by a fearless advance from the beginning. Many of the difficulties which had to be met had also to be encountered by the sister university colleges in South Wales and North Wales; but the Aberystwyth College had for some years to contend alone against the prejudice and timidity which had delayed so long any plan for a national university education. As in the case with the colleges at Cardiff and Bangor, the trials of the period of foundation are almost forgotten in the enthusiastic support of the present. This reference to the unbroken success of the college should not be allowed to obscure facts. The Aberystwyth College, because it has never abandoned any project undertaken by it, begins the new century with a remarkable extension of its sphere of work, and with a special degree of responsibility.

The University College, Aberystwyth, as an educational centre possesses some curious natural advantages. The chief of these is the advantage derived from the splendid climate of Aberystwyth. The fresh breezes from the sea are most invigorating, particularly during the winter, when the work of the session is in full swing. The walks along the cliffs to the north-west is the most refreshing exercise any hard reader could desire. The hall of residence for women students is situated at the extreme northern end of the most compact promenade in the country: the university college buildings tower high above all other edifices at the southern end. The newly-adapted hall of residence for

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the men students is annexed to the college. The students, therefore, spend their whole time on the very edge of the sea; in most of the lecture-rooms the view through the windows is on the wide expanse of Cardigan Bay, and not upon a narrow thoroughfare or upon crowded marketing streets. This ideal position is entirely fortuitous, but it is assuredly one of the most valuable features of university life at Aberystwyth. Possibly, the bracing climate accounts for the fact that comparatively few students consider it necessary to take as much athletic exercise as is taken at some colleges. Certainly, a greater part of the day appears to be available for work at Aberystwyth than at Oxford or Cambridge, where no one would, as a rule, dream of working in the afternoon.

Every attempt is made to supply a man with the commercial equipment which he desires without forcing him into the groove of the old grammar schools. The conception of the faculties of arts and science in the University of Wales is based upon an association of subjects congenial to the student's taste. The result is that each student in the college soon finds the line he prefers, and gives himself up to a steady course in that line. Hard reading is more uniform, not spasmodic, as it was in former times, when one might easily come across a brilliant man quite unable to negotiate the intermediate examinations of the University of London. It is true that by this method of study a complicated state of affairs may be brought about making the actual position of a student difficult to gauge correctly. Perhaps the future will simplify or even abolish all examinations, and substitute original work as the test of efficiency and as the qualification for degrees, if, indeed, degrees are ever necessary.

The University College, Aberystwyth, takes that modern view of a university training by which the university is made an immediate preparation for public life. As this view develops, and as the university extends its scope, there can be no doubt that business men trained at a university will secure an immense advantage over those not so trained. It is this view of the function of a university which really caused the authorities at Aberystwyth to venture upon the institution of a new Faculty of Law.

There is ground for contending that the Celtic race has a tendency towards the study of law and the science of legislation. The aim of the Faculty of Law, newly founded at Aberystwyth, is far wider, therefore, than to enable candidates to pass certain legal examinations. It is proposed to afford some scope for the study of legislative methods in general, and, in particular, to encourage inquiry concerning the adaptation of English law to Wales. The first object, however, of the Faculty is to provide a thorough training for those who intended to be called to the Bar or to be admitted as solicitors, and to qualify stu-

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dents for the degrees of Bachelor of Laws and Doctor of Laws granted by the university. Those who intend taking the professional examinations only, without proceeding to a degree in law, will find that the plan of the course has been designed to meet their case. Again, a student may join one of the Inns of Court, and keep his terms while at the same time receiving his legal training at the Aberystwyth College.

The full course in law (excluding the work required for the doctorate) will require three years, but students who do not wish to proceed to a degree in law may take the subjects for the professional examinations for the length of time only which would enable them to be prepared in those subject. The standard of the law degree in the university is intended to be higher than the ordinary standard of law degrees in Wales hitherto. The course consists of two main branches. One main branch is the more theoretical aspect of law, and is divided into (1) Roman law. (2) comparative constitutional law, and (3) the philosophy of law. The other main branch consists entirely of English law. The first year in the study of English law is to be given to the law of property; the second year to criminal law, the law of torts, and, in conclusion, the law of contract; the third year to those matters which are specially assigned to the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, and also to those subjects (like the law of companies) which are more conveniently included under the readings of Lectures in Equity. The last part of the third year is given to a short course on the law of evidence and procedure, civil and criminal.

From all this it will be gathered that Aberystwyth possesses a rare degree of ambition, an ambition to attract English students as well as Welsh students, and to attract men from the public schools in England as well as from the secondary schools in Wales. It relies on the possession of congenial methods of study, few distractions, and a situation which can scarcely be equalled. Admission to the college will, probably, become more difficult with the constant increase in the number of students, but at present is somewhat easy, owing to the several grades among the students. The cost of education at Aberystwyth is a matter of surprise to those who have been accustomed to the extravagant fees of Oxford and some of the public schools. The Aberystwyth authorities commenced by adopting the low inclusive fee of £10 for all lectures and all subjects. They could now well afford to double this fee, but they have not done so, and so for £10 a year the student may enjoy all the advantages that Aberystwyth College can confer upon him. His other expenses will be a small registration fee, examination fees payable to the university, and the cost of living in the town. The latter is slightly less than one-fourth what it costs to live at Oxford.

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THE WELSH FOND OF DANCING.

By Cadrawd.

Fifty years ago the most general accomplishment to be met with amongst the youthful inhabitants of Glamorganshire was a knowledge of dancing. Every lad and lass danced on holidays and highdays, at fairs and weddings, and especially at the great anuual parish festival known as Gwyl Mabsant. Many if not most of our villages, up to the new development of things, had their municipal buildings, for as a matter of fact every parish was a small municipality, in many respects managing their own affairs much more to their own ideas than under our modern system; for they had the care of their own poor, the roads, the keeping of the King's peace entirely in their own hands, without being pestered with auditors, inspectors, and surveyors to interfere in their affairs. Some of these old buildings may be still seen in the villages in the Vale. They consisted of a ground floor, of a number of separated apartments which were occupied by the poor, and the floor above was a spacious apartment the whole length of the building, which was called the Church Loft. These church buildings, which was most interesting to the antiquary, date back to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In these the village school was held, vestries and all public gatherings, and here also the chief festival, the mabsant (so far as the dancing was concerned), which was the chief attraction with the young. Harpers, fiddlers, and pipers were employed, and the dances indulged in were the "jig," practised only by the male, the "reel," which consisted of two or more couples, the gentleman stepping and the lady reeling in a half-circle, facing her partner. The lady who could do this with the greatest grace was always the favorite. The jigger played the tune with his heels, keeping exact time with the music. But the "country dance" was the most attractive, in which as many as twenty couples or more, if space would allow, took part.

Now, amongst the Welsh peasantry dancing is as much a lost art as spinning and weaving. The Glamorganshire men were renowned for activity and liveliness; they were smart and active, and would turn round thrice while their English prototypes would be thinking of going round once. These village wakes and festivals have died in Wales, and dancing is condemned, and substituted by a most dull, inane, and uninteresting pleasure, to wit, "kiss in the ring;" and this is deemed so proper an amusement just now as to be generally patronised by the Sunday Schools.

Though the village festivals have perished in Wales, they survive in other lands and in the present time.

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Those who seem so indignant at the performance of the Highland fling at the National Festival at Cardiff. July, 1901, have very little sympathy with the customs prevailing at our festivals in ancient days. Edward I., in 1284, held his triumph on the conquest of Wales, and, says Pennant, "perhaps to conciliate the affection of his new subjects, in imitation of our hero Arthur, held a round table, and celebrated it with dance and tournament at Nefyn."

Besides the festival at Nefyn, another was held at Kenilworth by the Earl Mortimer, where the knights performed their martial exercises, and the ladies danced in silken mantles. Not only the chief nobility of England but numbers from foreign parts graced these festivals with their presence.

At the Denbigh Eisteddfod, 1828, the Town Hall was brilliantly illuminated on the evening of Thursday in the Eisteddfod week, and was crowded with a most elegant company. So crowded was the Town Hall that it was with difficulty sufficient room could be found for the dance. This ball was promoted by the Eisteddfod Committee in honor of the King's visit to the Welsh festival.

THERE ARE BROKEN HEARTS IN THE WORLD TO-DAY.

By Rev. J. Vinson Stephens.

There are broken hearts in the world to-day,
Though hid by a smiling face,
For it's meet that they should on Christmas Day
Conceal each sorrowful trace;
The smile you see on the face of the man,
As he walks through Santa's mart
To buy some toys for his motherless one
Is forced from a broken heart.

There are broken hearts in the world to-day—
That mother to joy is beguiled,
But the doll she dresses in colors gay
Belongs to her buried child;
There is many a one on Christmas Day
In frolic will take a part,
Who, when retiring at night, will pray
For a balm to a wounded heart.

There are broken hearts in the world to-day—
Despite all old Santa's care,
For he can't with all the gifts of his sleigh
Fill the smallest vacant chair;
His presents will but withhold, as you know,
For a while the falling tear,
Just as he hides with the beautiful snow,
The new made graves of the year.

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LAMPETER.

(From the Welsh.)

Lampeter is notable in Welsh history, ancient and modern. It lies on the banks of the beautiful Teivy, which flows into the Cardigan Bay, which give its name to the town of Aberteifi (Cardigan). Lampeter is situated in the valley which is surrounded by hills and magnificent woods. It is, in fact, a more important town than the county seat, Cardigan. The parish consists of 4,000 acres of land. Although it is but a comparatively small town, the population being only 1,700, it holds a high place in the educational history of the Principality. On the hills about the town are the remains of old druidic times of yore, the era of cromlechs and dolmens,such as are to be seen at Amesbury, Carnac and Stonehenge; the era when the old Welsh worshiped in the open air—"in the face of the sun and the eye of light." In ages past, the men of Lampeter were notable as warriors. The old Roman road passed along the bank of the river westward. In Norman times also this town had two castles.

The town is named after St. Peter—"Llan," meaning a church and "Pedr" Peter. Pont Stephan was added to the original name, the bridge having been built by a man of an extensive name, viz., Ieuan Dafydd Llwyd ap Dafydd Ddu ap Dafydd Deck ap Stephan. The original bridge was built in the fourteenth century.

In the time of the Crusades, Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Giraldus Cambrensis, visited the place in 1188, when on a preaching tour through Wales to enlist soldiers for the crusading army. Some of the great men of South Wales accompanied them, among whom were Rhys ap Gruffyth, Prince of the South; Rhys Dafydd Thomas and Siencyn Dafydd Llwyd, lords of Lampeter.

One of the castles of Lampeter was called "Castell Stephan;" the other "Castell Byged;" Castell Stephan was a stronghold of some renown in the fifteenth century. In 1405, it was taken by Owen Glyndwr. After the defeat of the Welsh at the disastrous battle of Mynydd Pwll Melyn, the castle was besieged by Harry, afterwards Henry V. The castle was held by Rhys ap Gruffydd ap Siencyn, who promised to surrender if Owen Glyndwr would not relieve him by October. Glyndwr not appearing, the castle was given up on condition that the besieged would be allowed to go uninjured and the town left in peace. As soon as Henry had turned his back, Owen Glyndwr came on the scene, and retook possession of the castle. Castell Byged was situated about a mile above the town, on

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the road leading from Lampeter to Llanddewi.

Two of the old palaces of Lampeter are Mynydd Hywel, now near Pont Faen Farm, the residence of the lords Rhys ap Dafydd ap Thomas, Siencyn ap Dafydd Llwyd, Gruffydd ap Thomas ap Dafydd, and others long forgotten. The old palatial residence of the Lloyds, Maes y Felin, stood to the west of the town, on the Dulas. Sir Marmaduke Lloyd settled there in 1586. Sir Marmaduke Lloyd and his eldest son were staunch royalists in Charles the First's time, and they took part in the battle of St. Fagan, May 8, 1648. Maes y Felin remained in the possession of the Lloyd family until the year 1749, when Sir John Lloyd died, and the place was neglected and fell into ruins. The material was carted to re-build Ffynon Bedr, the property of his wife.

There is an interesting story about this old palace. It is said that Samuel Prichard, the son of the author of "Canwyll y Cymry" (The Candle of the Welsh) was foully murdered within its walls. It is told that he had become infatuated with one of the daughters. So bitter was the opposition to him, that he was smothered between two pillows one night, put in a sack, and placed on the back of his own steed and dumped into the Teivy, so as to appear to have been accidentally drowned. When the old vicar saw the riderless horse at his door one morning, he uttered this curse in verse:

Teivy Bridge.

On Maes y Felin, the curse of God
Descend to blast it, root and rod;

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For drowning in fair Teivy's flood
The flower of Landovery's blood.

Consequent upon the utterance of this curse, Maes y Felin fell into utter ruin. It is supposed that young Prichard fell into the Teivy accidentally.

The parish church stands near the town, a little higher than the original church which was built early in the 6th century. There are in the graveyard three ancient yew trees. There was also another church in old times, which was called St. Thomas, and which stood behind the Castle Hotel. Here were found lead coffins, and it is probable that a great number of Lampeter parishioners of former ages rest around and within it, until

the great awakening day
When all shall leave their beds of clay.

HOW THINGS WERE CREATED.

By Theologus.

XI.

Until within a hundred years ago, geology was a closed book; or rather it had been opened by a few advanced thinkers, but its contents were almost undecipherable. Not only it was almost a closed book, but almost incomprehensible. A few thinkers from the time of Bacon, or earlier, had seen and realized the great importance of geological records; yet such was the ascendancy of the old cosmological ideas supported by the first chapters of Genesis, that any other theory of the formation of this earth was little less than madness. Cosmogony or cosmology had been a system of fancies, put together by the power of imagination, since it could not have been formed from observation and experience. Ancient thinkers or philosophers knew little or nothing of the contents of this earth; they knew even little or nothing of things more accessible to them than the records of geology. Their method of thought was methaphysical, productive of theories which were a mere system of conjectures; and they had no idea of the necessity for practical observation and research. To them conjecture was far more valuable than analysis. To discover the method of formation of any thing, that thing must be analyzed—reduced to its component elements. The anatomy of this earth could not have been studied except by our present geological method.

It is an interesting and suggestive fact that creation and everything created has a biography—all science is biographical. Geology is the story of the origin and evolution of this earth. This story is written on and within the earth itself.

Some Italian observers had discovered the great fact that there is a history of the earth; and although they had not sufficient knowledge of

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geological facts to systematize their theories, they yet took broad views of the creation which have been since sustained by later thinkers. They had discovered and arranged a sufficient number of observed facts in their minds to disprove the old fantastic theories of the earth then in vogue and generally credited. They laid the general foundation of modern geology.

The scientific spirit of observation and investigation had long been alive in the minds of individual thinkers. Book knowledge and intellectual theories had fallen into disrepute and under suspicion among substantial lovers of practical knowledge. The old-fashioned knowledge was not trustworthy, not progessive, although surrounded with a halo of infallibility. The human mind had reached a stage of enlightenment which discredited this knowledge, so there became a desire for "science," knowledge based on experience and observation, on a close scrutiny of nature.

This dissatisfaction with the then current knowledge is somewhat impatiently expressed by that old philosopher of the sixteenth century, who called on his contemporaries to sell their books and buy strong shoes, and to get away among the mountains, and to search the valleys, the deserts, the shores of the seas, and the deep recesses of the earth; to search and scrutinize nature and mark the distinctions between animals, plants and various kinds of minerals in order to discover "the properties and mode of origin of everything that exists." How these few words show and illustrate the birth of scientific thought—dis-satisfaction with the old methods, and a passionate, impatient and somewhat fretful longing after substantial and reliable results. There comes a time when the playthings and the fancies of the child no longer satisfy his opened mind, a time when he needs new views of things around him, and thoughts more in harmony with his manhood.

Leibnitz and Buffon although belonging to the old school of thought, had faint ideas of the great truths that were about to dawn on the coming age. Buffon in 1749 believed that the earth had a history, although his theory was loaded with wild and fantastic notions. The presence of fossil shells in the earth prompted thinkers on a new road, although for a time foolish ideas were adopted in order to account for them. Burnett even held that the ocean had been within the earth, and that it broke through at the time of the Flood, which, he thought, accounted for fossil shells implanted in rocks. Theologians believed that the devil had placed them there to deceive and mislead geologists! Buffon in his "Epochs of Nature," gives a comprehensive description of the evolution of the earth, forestalling some of the great truths of modern geology. His generalities were so new and therefore offensive that the theological doctors of the Sorbonne in France compelled him to retract statements which are now accepted by all.

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A great change was wrought in views regarding the formation of the earth from the time of Leibnitz to that of Darwin. The old cosmogonist became geognost, who gradually became geologist. These different steps were taken in the face of much opposition. Quettard was the first geologist and one of the founders of palaeontological geology. Geology before his time was largely cosmology and geognosy, being studied by a few in loneliness and fear. The word "geology" was first used by De Luc in 1778, but he did not venture to adopt the word because it might arouse opposition. It very soon, however, appeared in books on geology, and with it came a new light on the formation of the earth, and more rational views of its process of creation. Desmarest, Saussure, Werner, De Luc, Hutton, and others labored with great success in geological fields until the general ideas of modern geology were established, and the old cosmogonists and geognosts were utterly silenced, and the old pagan views were swept away. Geological facts were so multiplied, discriminated and arranged that the adoption of more rational views could not be evaded.

James Hutton (1726-1797) probably did more than all the other geologists of his time to establish the general truths of the science as they are known and believed today. By him it was first intelligently established that the greater part of the land "consisted of compacted sediment worn away from some pre-existing continents and spread out in strata over the bed of the sea; and that our present valleys were washed away gradually by the streams flowing through them, which is also now in process of operation. All this series of rocks has been successively laid one upon the other during the countless ages of the past, all having placed on primary rocks of igneous origin, believed by some geologists to have been chemical precipitates. Others followed Hutton who helped to elucidate and strengthen his views until Charles Lyell in his "Principles of Geology" reduced all the facts discovered and collected into a complete system which had a profound influence on geology. He was the great prophet of geology, for he was the first to interpret the great lessons found in the book of the rocks. As Ramsay said, "We have collected the data, and Lyell teaches us to comprehend their meaning." Darwin himself took part in geological discussions, and in his "Origin of Species" he advanced views which created a great revolution in geological thought. Before his time, no one had dreamed how enormous must have been the periods required for the deposition of the continuous groups of strata. He furnished also criteria of computation by which the tremendous age of the earth might be guessed. He not only taught the theory of evolution which bears his name, but also expanded the human mind into new, vast, even endless fields of thought.

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We have made this digression, because there is no doubt that geology has done more to establish the foundation of the theory of evolution than any other science; although all the sciences now co-operate and contribute to furnish a complete proof of its truth.

ISLWYN.

(From the Welsh of Dyfed).

The poet Islwyn was a name dear to his period, and his society was at all times a blessing and a pleasure. He was of a wide and deep nature, but as harmless as a dove. There was not a thorn in his character which would tend to mar a life of beauty and goodness. He possessed a large soul, which through adverse and cruel circumstances had been schooled to suffer and would rather turn aside and weep than grapple with the obstacles which opposed him. His face bore the melancholy stamp which long years of silent suffering had wrought. He walked into the entanglements of the wood that he might discover the light which failed to penetrate through them. His very name was full of nature and genius, and his whole being immersed in grace—"Is-lwyn" (a bush) Some kinds will grow out of existence in one summer, while others will flourish rapidly and become conspicuous for a time, but will eventually live on in insignificance, bearing no fruit whatever. Islwyn bore fruit in his day, and nations still derive the benefits which he has conferred upon them. He was great in his day, but it was after his death that his greatness became the more apparent. In order to view a beautiful landscape and to catch every detail, one must stand at a great distance away, when every feature will appeal to the eye in a great panorama of natural glory. Thus it was with Islwyn. The shallow minds of his contemporaries would not admit the splendor and magnficence which environed all his works.

Poetical Balaams.

There were people to be found who were unwilling to recognise; others who might tend in the least degree to take away the slightest ray of their sun's glory. These were the asses of Balaam who trod upon the angels which stood in their way. Islwyn was a bard born to create new ideas and thoughts, and in this direction he stands alone and has made himself a name for his unique method of thought. It was at the graveside that he discovered the harp string upon which he has played so many beautiful and pathetic melodies, and on this he struck the keynote to all his greatness. Though the outside and superficial were not entirely forgotten, and neglected by him, yet the very

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soul of nature appeared to him with the greatest force and in everything pertaining to the soul he studied and lived. In this he differed from the old bards. He created a new era in the poetic realms, but did not detract one iota from the verse of his predecessors. It was his ability to treat different texts in a totally different manner, and with a master hand which placed him so high above his fellows. It had been characteristic of bards to sit in the shade and invoke the muse on the beauty of their surroundings; but Islwyn dived into the depths of the unseen in nature. He fished his ideas from the small streams which ran down the mountain sides of his native country and drew forth splendid specimens of priceless value. Not that it could be said that he held the outward form of nature in contempt. He was a man who could live for ever in a garden. He fully estimated the beauties of the flowers and shrubs, but it gave him greater pleasure in dwelling upon the immortal flower which is transplanted above, and never withers and dies. This was the place in which he loved to be, and it was here that he obtained what can truly be term inspiration.

His Inspiration.

Anyone looking at old ruins of a byegone age can do no less than allow his thoughts to run back into the past and drag into the present the history of the originators of these monuments of grandeur and magnificence. These have a great effect upon the heart and mind of man. In looking at the ruins of nature as were shown to him on all sides, Islwyn saw underneath the work the all-prevading spirit of the unseen. Philosophy was to him of too dry a nature. Very few people believed that a bard could philosophise, although others will say that a failure in the bardic region became a philosopher. However, Islwyn's poetry was beyond question. He thought as a philosopher, but replied as a bard. Educational facilities have at the present time become so great that those who would become disciples of Islwyn would do well to read his works, as they tend to open out the founts of the mind in a manner no other is capable of. He (the speaker) could not say what poetry really was, but he knew it by its effects upon the heart and mind of man. In the dark ages a poet was looked upon as though he possessed an evil spirit. Islwyn possessed an inventive genius in a remarkable degree, and was imbued with all the elements of a great bard, and had the power of blending all his thoughts and ideas as the hues of the rainbow blend in one great collection of beauty. If, by accident, he struck the joyous vein it invariably proved a failure.

Caterers of Doggerel.

Some bards have become popular by descending from the heights of poetry to cater for fools in doubtful doggerel. Islwyn held on in the same sublime strain throughout his works. His hopes were somewhat rudely shattered when he was yet a youth. He stood then at the grave-

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side, and appeared to peer into the other world as though he would like to penetrate its mysteries, and this undoubtedly is the reason why all his poems seem as though the dews of death encircled them, and spirits called upon him from the darkness. It is doubtful whether he would have sung so sweetly had he not received this additional string to his harp, which instilled into his soul such sweet pathos and melancholy. He was endowed with an extravagance of ideas, but his muse was too honorable and divine to let them get beyond his control, and there is not one idea in his works which have the slightest approach to corruption. He loved purity above all things, and it was this virtue which give him the greatest pleasure. His verse was at all times characterised by consummate judgment, a faculty with which he was proportionately endowed. He never made an assertion without it was full of meaning.

Genius and Madness.

Although it is often said that genius and madness go hand in hand, Islwyn was remarkable in being able to deduct all the good from his subject without losing his head, and he was conscious that to write anything in opposition to the truth made the most serious thing appear foolish. He was conversant with most of the English bards, but confined himself to the works of those who appealed most forcibly to his melancholy taste. In following Islwyn, power and tenderness—a power which sweeps along like a hurricane, carrying everything before it, and anon a tenderness which melts the most hardened by its feeling and pathos. It is hard to know which is the stronger of the two in its influence. Islwyn in his immortal verse played with plants as children play with toys, and called into existence worlds which he clothed with the beautiful verdure of the muse. Like Alexander Smith, his poetry was always dotted with stars. The night was the time he sang, when the sun, which outshone everything was obscured, allowing the stars to speak in their silent tongues of God and Eternity. What is in the stars that appeals so to the soul of the bard? The earth speaks of man's existence, and the ravages which he commits, while the stars point out the mysterious and designing power of the Almighty, and tend to lift the mind from the creature to the Creator. All natural life dies away with successive generations, but the stars continue their course through all ages before the eyes of the nations in the same undisturbed silence as they were known at creation's dawn, and appear to lead man to that which he has last.

His Muse was Sacred.

Islwyn's muse was sacred to God, and his name gathered fresh laurels from all parts. Whenever he struck a rock out gushed a stream of cooling water. He plucked the thought which lay by his side groaning for its liberty. The storm, the thunder, and sea speak to all in their own inimitable tongues, but are not understood in consequence of the deaf-

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ness of man. To Islwyn these spoke in the language of the children of the Great Captivity, and he heard the divine voice, as he realised and interpreted them. Although Islwyn's cherub never appeared to him he could hear its voice. He gave a large place to God in all his works, and surely he never called His name in vain. The spirit of Welsh poetry was safe in the hands of Islwyn, but the lecturer was surprised that he had not sung more to God in the hymnal. He possessed a good ear for music, and was conscious of the claims of the musician, but he never beat time when he worshipped. Ceiriog was a master in the art of composing, so that the harp could take a prominent place in his works. But Ceiriog would not bear comparison with Islwyn for an instant. They were not in the same category. In that well-known Welsh hymn, "Gwel uwchlaw cymylau amser," etc., he has shown that he possessed great powers in this direction also. If there is a fault, it is that it is too poetical. It is so full of God, and it appears as though the arrows of grave had struck one of the multitude who pines constantly for the better land. His experiences, so beautifully portrayed, like an exile from his country, are seen through it all.

He was Mystical.

Some bards say that there is too much mist encircling his ideas, but in his method of grappling with beautiful thoughts he has convinced them that it is not by the aid of the gay song that mountains are to be surmounted. He travelled slowly, but surely. Through all the ages the superficial and outward form is the most popular, and evokes the greatest amount of admiration. The face of the beautifully painted flower is eulogised without any thought of the sun, which is the important factor which contributes to its beauty. Islwyn spent a great deal of his time with the darkness enveloping his great ideas like a cloak, and if the mist hid the bush, it was still there, and this mist could be attributed to the reader who failed to understand what lay underneath. This was not the bard's fault. A great number of people failed to understand Euclid, but was that Euclid's fault? Islwyn's darkness was unlike others who grope for the living spirits with whom he conversed. The deeper the riches the deeper were the truth which he extracted, and he was always compelled to leave them with more hidden out of sight than had been brought to light.

Songs of the affections are the most joyous of all, for they strike a chord in the heart which leaps in response, and the mist which appears to rise is that which is generated by passionate heat, as the earth's moisture is influenced by the warm rays of the sun. If a poem does not do this it does not adequately fulfill its mission, for it is impossible to eradicate the knowledge and feelings of the heart. What about the poetry of the Bible? The more it was read the more it was

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being enjoyed, yet these great inspired bards did not always know what they were saying, being entirely guided by the inspiration of God in a spirit of prophecy, leaving to successive generations the wherewithal to seek and discover new treasures. Though I would not go so far as to say that Islwyn was under the same direct influence, yet I look upon all bards as prophets in the same proportion as the prophets of Zion. Such was Islwyn, and those who possess his works or are in anyway within the reach of such privilege, would not find their time misspent if they studied them.

TWO LULLABIES.

By Mrs. May Stedman Harpel.

Nurse sings as she soothes the smart
From the baby's heart,
And with eyes fast pressed
It slumbers and dreams the rest:—
"To-morrow will come as a bird on the wing
That pauses a moment to hover and sing;
To-morrow the sunshine will glow as to-day,
Only brighter;
To-morrow the lilies will bloom as to-day,
Only whiter;
To-morrow thy father will kiss thee smiling,
Chance tears beguiling;
To-morrow will bring thee increasing delight
From morn to night;
To-morrow with mates of to-day thou wilt play;
Sleep, sleep,
While watch I keep,
Sleep—and wake to a happy day."

Death sings as he charms the smart
From the broken heart,
And with eyes fast pressed
Man slumbers and dreams the rest:—
"Thy morrow will come on the wings of the night,
Who tarries nor wavers in his rushing flight;
To-morrow thy life will be thine as to-day,
Only whiter;
To-morrow the rose of love bloom as to-day,
Only brighter;
To-morrow thy Father will smile thee greeting
To joys unfleeting,
To-morrow thy spirit free take tireless flight
In light, "more light;"
To-morrow with friends of thy youth thou wilt stray;
Sleep, sleep,
While guard I keep,
Sleep, and wake to that perfect day."

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THE QUADRIMILLENNIAL EISTEDDFOD OF THE CYMRY.

By Rev. D. Phillips, M. A.

Chapter II.

The news spread; the subject expanded; the Quadrimillennial Eisteddfod of the Cymric Nations became household words. In other countries and among nations it attracted attention and inspired patriotism. All must have a similar Congress in the same spirit and with the same purpose. The Cymry and the descendants of the Cymry everywhere it thrilled with delight and aroused to action. Their presence, their means and their energies shall make it a success; while the Cymry in Wales it fired with unbounded enthusiasm and ceaseless activities. Their mind is all aglow with the subject. Their time, means and energies are freely given and generously utilized to make it a success. By the summer of the third year all the preparations were completed and ready to be dedicated. An open temple in the form of an amphitheatre had been constructed on the side of a hill in the midst of the forest, where trees were tall and straight. By removing most of the trees from the centre of the enclosure, and preserving the tallest and straightest, they had stretched around and across the whole area ropes or cables, over which they had thrown canvas impervious to heat and wet to protect them from the sun and the rain. This canvas which covered the whole area and formed the canopy of the temple, was so arranged and so fastened to the trees as to shed the rain with the utmost ease, and afford ventilation for the vast assembly. At one-third the distance from the lowest part of the hill, embraced within the enclosure, stood the platform of the speakers, musicians and dignitaries of the Eisteddfod, within sight and hearing of the whole assembly, who sat on circular seats all around the entire space, tier upon tier, which were capable of seating one hundred thousand people with room. Outside the enclosure were spacious walks, through the woods, across the fields and along the adjacent lake and springs of water, while a grand campus for athletic sports was reserved and furnished for the exercise and development of the physical man during the recesses of the Eisteddfod.

With the early summer of the third year, the time appointed for the commencement of the Eisteddfod, the ports of the Principality and of England were thronged with visitors from all parts of the world and from all periods of time. They were from the continent of Europe, from the continent of Asia, from the continent of Africa, from the continent of America, and from the isles of the sea; and they were from the centuries prior to the Christian era, and from the centuries since the Christian era began. Prominent among them were representatives of

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the Cymry and of the descendants of the Cymry in Wales, in England, in Scotland, in Ireland, in Canada, in the United States, in South America, in Patagonia, in Australia, in Denmark, in Belgium, in France, in Brittany, in Spain, in Italy, along the Rhine and the Danube, along the slopes of the Pyrenees, on both sides of the Alps, along the shores and both sides of the Black Sea, and as far east as the plains of the Euphrates and Tigris.

By the time the Eisteddfod was to commence, the vast auditorium was thronged with representatives of the Cymry and of the descendants of the Cymry in all countries and in all centuries, who were seated in sections according to their countries and their centuries, with their most distinguished and honorable, their men of learning, their men of state, their men of authority, and their renown on the platform. Among these we discover Gomer, the illustrious son of Japheth and great progenitor of the Cymry; Brennus, or king and commander-in-chief of Kimmerioi, who dwelt north, west and south of the Black Sea, and of whom Homer sang more than a thousand years before Christ; Lydamis, commander-in-chief of the same people, who attacked and pillaged western Asia in the seventh century before Christ; Brennus, who at the head of seventy thousand men of war captured Rome and burnt it to ashes, save the capitol, B. C. 391; Brennus, another Cymric king, who at the head of an army of 150,000 foot, and 60,000 horse, defeated and slew Ptolemy Ceraunus, king of Macedonia, appeared before the pass of Thermopylae, and thence marched to despoil the temple of Delphi, B. C. 280; Divitiacus, who was the wealthiest of his countrymen, and who held dominion both in Gaul and in Britain in the last century before Christ; Cassivellaunus, the commander-in-chief of the confederate Britons in their attempt to prevent the landing of Caesar in B. C. 55 and B. C. 54; Caractacus, king of the Silures, and commander-in-chief of the British forces, who held at bay the aggression of the Roman army for nine years, and who betrayed into the hands of Ostorious Scapula, and led to Rome to adorn his triumph, proved his bravery and immortalized his name by his manly speech before Claudius Caesar in A. D. 51; Boadicea, the famous and heroic queen of the Iceni, who punished the temerity and withstood the arms of Suetonius in A. D. 61; Calgacus, who fought Agricola in the northern part of the island in A. D. 84; Arthur, the famous king and warrior, who became a subject of Romance, and who fought his battles and won his victories in the sixth century before Christ; Aneurin, Taliesin, Myrddyn or Merlin, and Llywarch Hen, who sat side by side, and who were among the chief poets of the sixth and seventh centuries, whose productions have come down to us in modified forms to meet the changes and progress of the language.

Howel Dda, or Howell the Good, who was both king and law-giver,

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and who blessed the eighth century with his reign and his laws; Gruffyth ab Cynan, Prince of North Wales, and Rhys ab Tewdwr, Prince of South Wales, who sat together, who had greatly encouraged the poetic element of the country, and the former of the two had held the great Eisteddfod at Caerwys in A. D. 1100; Meillyr, Gwalchmai, Einion, Llywarch ab Llewelyn, Owen Gyfeiliog, whose Hirlas became popular even among other nations; Dafydd ab Gwilym and Iolo Goch, friend and bard of Owen Glyndwr, who sat on the same seat, and who had enlightened and enlivened the 12th, 13th and 14th century with their poetry and song; Caradoc, monk of Llancarfan, who wrote the history of his native country from the death of Cadwalader in A. D. 689 to A. D. 1200; Geoffrey of Monmouth, Bishop of St. Asaph, who wrote among other works, a legendary history of Britain, or, as he claimed, a translation of it from the Fall of Troy to the death of Cadwalader in A. D. 689; Asser, who spent many years in the court of Alfred the Great as his teacher and advisor, and who wrote his history in the 9th century; Gildas, who wrote the history of Britain from the departure of the Romans from the island to his own time in A. D. 516-670; Nennius, who wrote the history of Britain in brief in the 9th century; Rhys ap Tewdwr, who was the last Prince to unite the whole of South Wales in the 11th century; Llewelyn ab Gruffyth, the last Prince of Wales, who nobly defended his kingdom against Edward I. till December A. D. 1282, when he was betrayed near Builth.

Owen Glyndwr, or Owen Glendower, descendant of Llewelyn the Great, the last Prince of Wales, who made such mighty efforts to regain the independence of the Principality in the 14th century; Owen Tudor, who married the widow of Henry V., and who became by this marriage the grandfather of Henry VII., and the founder of the Tudor Dynasty, which continued to reign from A. D. 1485 to A. D. 1603; Henry VIII., who was a son of Henry VII., and who gave Wales the same rights and privileges with England save its independence; James and Mary and Elizabeth, sovereigns of England, who were son and daughters of Henry VIII.; also Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII. and Queen of James IV. of Scotland; and other sovereigns of the same blood on the throne of Great Britain; Oliver Cromwell, whose ancestors were on his mother side from Margaret Tudor and queen of James IV. of Scotland, and on his father side, from Williams, near Cardiff, Glamorganshire, South Wales, who married a Cromwell, a relative of the great Prime Minister, and changed his name for the sake of emolument into Cromwell; Walter Map, the remarkable Welshman, whose genius decisively colors the intellectual history of the last forty years of the 12th century; William Salesbury, who printed the first books in the Welsh language, which are an Almanac, with a translation of the Lord's Prayer and the ten command-

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ment in A. D. 1546, the first dictionary of English and Welsh in 1547, and the greater part of the first translation of the New Testament into his mother's tongue in 1567.

Dr. William Morgan, whose translation of the whole Bible into Welsh appeared in 1588; Dr. Parry, who was the successor of Dr. Morgan in the bishopric of St. Asaph, and who revised Dr. Morgan's translation of the whole Bible into Welsh in A. D. 1620, which is the translation still in use among the Welsh nations everywhere; Dr. Griffith Roberts, who published a Welsh grammar at Milan in A. D. 1567; Thomas Jones of Tregaron, who was the compiler or author of the historical Triads; Rev. Rees Prichard, who wrote "Canwyll y Cymry," and who was an eloquent preacher at Llandovery; Ellis Wynne, the author of "Bardd Cwsg" or the "Sleeping Bard;" Owen Jones, Owen Pughe and Edward Williams, who were the authors and publishers of the "Myfyrian Archaeology;" Rev. Edward Davies, the author of the "Celtic Researches;" Rev. Thomas Price, the author of the "History of Wales and the Welsh Nation;" Rev. Thomas Stephens, the celebrated author of "Welsh Literature;" Inigo Jones, the great English architect of the 16th century; Sir William Jones, the learned student and teacher of oriental literature; Owen Jones, the great British architect of the 10th century; Dr. Prichard, the celebrated physician and etymologist, who published among other books, the "Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations;" Dr. Jenkins, the author of the famous work on the atonement, and once the President of Homerton College; Williams, the devoted missionary and martyr of Eromanga; Dean Stanley, of Westminster Abbey, who claimed that his mother was Welsh; Henry M. Stanley, the celebrated African traveller, explorer and writer, who was born on Welsh soil and of Welsh parents; Kilsby Jones, the famous antiquarian and compendium of knowledge; Thomas Charles, the author of the great and valuable Bible Dictionary, which bears his name, and one of the founders of British and Foreign Bible Society; Rev. John Elias, Rev. William Williams, of Wern, and Rev. Christmas Evans, three stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of the Welsh pulpit, sat together, with hundreds of others of equal eloquence and efficiency all around them; the Rev. Henry Rees and Rev. William Rees of Liverpool, Dr. John Thomas of Liverpool, and Dr. Thomas Rees of Swansea, who wrote conjointly the learned and authoritative work on "Nonconformity in Wales;" Rev. David Rees, editor of the "Reformer," and preacher of great power and influence and scores and hundreds of laymen, bards, barristers, physicians and preachers of efficiency and fame, whom we have no time to enumerate, making a fine and conspicuous appearance on the platform, of whom the Principality might be proud.

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ONE SUMMER DAY.

By Mary Denby.

In North Wales, on the long, straight road which leads from the small town of Mold to the hills which overlook the Vale of Clwyd, stands a tiny house. Built just where the steep ascent to Moel Vammau begins, it has a nice piece of ground in front of it and a beautiful orchard behind.

At the door of this little home, on a glowing day in the late summer, stood a young woman. She was leaning idly against the door-post. The porch was heavily draped with creepers, which dropped their long branches about her graceful figure, and two or three ruddy petals had fluttered down from an overblown climbing rose, and lay lightly on her shining hair. There were no passers-by; there never are any on that lonely road, save when, on market-days, the few farmers who live in the scattered homesteads on the hill-sides, take their pigs and butter and cheese to town, or when some travelling tourist or gay picnic party comes to scale the mountain. The thick, white dust lay undisturbed on the glaring road, and dulled the green of the wayside grass and the scarlet and yellow of the poppies and snap-dragons, which were the only wild flowers conspicuous in the hedge-rows. Half a mile further up the hill a fresh breeze was blowing; but at the cottage the air was perfectly still, so that as the girl stood in the porch she could hear the ripple of the stream as it ran past the Loggerheads ever so far away. Many fishermen came to the Loggerheads to stay, for the merry little river was full of trout. She could hear, also, the hum of many insects, and occasionally the distant barking of a sheep-dog and the voice of his master shouting to him.

The light, white smoke from the lime-kilns on the lower hills went straight up into the blue sky; a quivering haze rose from the little lawn in front of the cottage. There was a border of flowers round this lawn, sun-flowers and holly-hocks and roses of every sort and shade—yellow, white and red, and the dear, old-fashioned parti-colored York and Lancaster. There were snap-dragons, too, and larkspur and the poisonous monkshood and brilliant scarlet lychnis. Nasturtiums ran in wild confusion over the hedge and interfered with the proper closing of the little gate, and there were sweet peas everywhere, beginning now to show their long pods among the many-tinted, fragrant blossoms. Both doors of the house stood open, and through the low portals and narrow passage you might catch a glimpse of the green orchard beyond, with the bronze-colored pears and rosy apples already ripening on the trees. A few small white and blue and yellow butterflies flitted

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lazily from flower to flower, and now and then a handsome dragon-fly went darting by. The birds were very silent; but sometimes a lark sprang, singing strongly, towards the sky and woke a responsive chirp in sleepy thrush or blackbird. It was very hot.

So the young mistress of Bryn Celyn seemed to think for she presently went in-doors and drew down the blinds of those windows on which the sun fell. She did this so quietly, so carefully, that an onlooker might have supposed that there was an invalid in the house. But that was not so; its only inmates were herself, Elsie Lee, her brother Geoffrey, and their old servant, Ann Jones, and they were all as human beings could be in such tremendous heat. Ann was, at this moment, sitting at the back door half dozing, in her lap a brown and yellow bowl of apples, and at her feet the shiny green apple-peelings.

It was on Geoffrey's account that Elsie's footfall was so noiseless. Geoffrey was busy, and she thought, poor Elsie, that his business was of more importance than that of all the world besides. In her eyes there never had been and never could be again such a wise, good man, such a loving, tender brother as her brother Geoffrey. He was so clever, too! Had he not been senior wrangler of his year? And was he not now writing a book which should be more remarkable than any written during the nineteenth century? Elsie had sometimes peeped at the growing pile of pages, but could not understand one word that was written in them. There were many queer drawings and frequent allusions to "the fourth dimension." She had a vague idea that the importance of the work hung upon this fourth dimension; but as to what a fourth dimension might be she had no idea at all, and perhaps her ignorance was, after all, not unusual.

Elsie was content to worship without knowing, and placed her faith in her brother's work next to her faith in her brother. For two whole years she and Geoffrey had lived together in their little cottage amongst the Welsh hills, he buried in his books, and she contentedly ministering to his material wants and making a happy life for herself with her flowers and her bees, her cow and poultry, and, above all, the thought of how great Geoffrey would be when his book was finished. They had often planned what they would do when that time came. They were to leave their country home and go to London with the precious MSS. They talked of little else in the few hours of relaxation he allowed himself; they would walk together on the hills on Sunday afternoons, and Geoffrey would tell his "little sister," as he called her, of the wonderful sights of London, she listening to the thrice-told tale with ever fresh attention and a feeling that all these wonders would, in some mysterious way, conduce to her brother's glory.

Now the long-expected day was come. Geoffrey had told Elsie on this morning, with such a happy light in his kind, brown eyes, that,

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in a few hours he should have finished his final revision of his MSS., and that, on the morrow, they would take it to the great city. It was four now. All day the young author had been shut up alone, whilst Elsie had packed her little trunk and prepared a feast to commemorate the great event.

It was all quite ready in the cool little dining-room. The table was spread with her finest cloth. Her dead mother's silver tea-pot and spoons and forks shone in spotless brightness on the white damask. She had taken out the dainty flowered china which had been that mother's wedding gift from her mother. The cold, roast chicken looked tempting—it was so brown and plump—and the salad, made in the foreign fashion Geoffrey liked, was deliciously fresh and cool. A china bowl filled with perfect roses stood in the middle of the table. Elsie had arranged everything with her own hands, had, herself made the nice light cake and skimmed the pan of milk to fill her silver cream-jug with thick, rich, yellow cream. Lastly she had gathered a dish of ripe plums. There was nothing left for her to do but to make the tea, when Geoffrey should come out of his study and his one friend should arrive from the town to share their triumphal feast with them. He was a doctor, this one friend, and had once written a book himself, so that, as Elsie said, he "knew what it felt like."

Dr. Evans came. Elsie tapped at her brother's door and was received with a cheery "Come in, little woman."

Geoffrey was standing, gazing at his pile of MSS. He was a tall, finely-made man, with a high forehead and a long, brown beard.

"Finished, Geoffrey?"

"Yes, Elsie."

And Elsie, with an exclamation of delight, clapped her hands and, stooping, kissed the papers.

"Do not be so foolish, child," cried he. And then, with a little break in his voice, "Oh, Elsie, I was just so foolish myself."

"Come, now, my dear, to tea. You have had no food all day. Come, Geoffrey," said she. "But lock the door after you. Do you think it will be safe? Oh, Geof? What if anything should happen to it!"

Geoffrey laughed at her fears and went with her, and the three sat gaily down to their tea.

* * * * *

The sun seemed to grow hotter; it was shining now full on Geoffrey's study window. Every object in the little room was bathed in light. It shone on his chair, his desk, his favorite picture. It shone on his magnifying glass, a little one, which, to make it suit his purpose better, he had hung on an upright frame. It stood right in front of the pile of MSS., between it and the window.

"Not so hotly, Sun! Shine not so hotly! They are so happy in the other room, those three; they have no thought of an enemy in you. And see! the corner of that loose leaf that lies almost against the glass

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is beginning to brown, to curl up! Ah, Sun! Be merciful! Cease for a few minutes to shine!

But there was no cloud in the bright, blue sky, and the sun shone on. The corner of paper curled and browned and smoked and then blazed up, and the next sheet caught fire and the next, and a great smoke arose. When the sun went down all that was left of Geoffrey's work was a heap of flimsy ashes and one morsel of white paper, burnt all round the edge and bearing the words "fourth dimension."

* * * * *

It was ten o'clock at night and all was over—all their hope and expectation, all their planning, all their joy. Even their grief and disappointment seemed now things of the long past.

Elsie wandered out alone into the garden. The sky was overcast and she heard the distant mutterings of thunder. "Too late," she thought, "Too late. Had it only rained this afternoon."

The rain came down in heavy, splashing drops. She bent her head upon the little gate and wept, and her tears fell, like the rain, slowly and painfully.

Presently Geoffrey came out and gently led his sister into the cottage, and the two sat together sadly in silent sympathy, for their hearts were too heavy for speech.

MUSIC NOTES.

By William ApMadoc.

Barring personal references, "Glan Taf" in the last July number, writes a sound and conservative article upon "The Defects of the Eisteddfod." He points out defects that should have the consideration of the various Eisteddfod committees. They are too "various" altogether. Though in our programs of competitive selections from English and German composers, we can safely assert that the average Eisteddfod audience would understand and enjoy much better the best productions of Ambrose Lloyd, Tanymarian, Gwilym Gwent, Dr. Parry, Dr. Mason, John Thomas, Llanwrtyd, Prof. Protheroe, Prof. Rhys-Herbert, Prof. Haydn Morris and others. The reader will please understand us rightly: there is no desire to disparage the works of the great masters of other nations. We simply wish to show that the most pleasure-giving work of our competitive choirs has been in rendering our lighter and less complicated home-productions, as far as we have been able to judge after adjudicating the same in over 115 Eisteddfodau. However, there are exceptions where some of our best

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trained choirs have given superb readings of the English oratorio choruses, and of the best glees.

"Glan Taf" is right when he states that the writer of these "Notes" yearns for the opportunity of writing up, once in a while, compositions that can be safely compared with the best of other nations. But this is governed by evolution, and the day of "better things" is dawning. We expect the "orchestral awakening" of our Welsh composers to be the peeping dawn of a glorious day. We desire piano works, violin works, concertos, overtures, symphonic poems, symphonies, and suites to come forth from the brains of the coming Welsh authors. Indeed, some, very few, have already arrived on the scene of action. These are thousands of incomparable subjects for operas and symphonic poems, in Welsh history —stories waiting for the muse of song. There are a few Welsh symphonic poems now in MSS. existence, which will be published ere long, we hope.

No one will question the nation's appreciation of what has been already produced by our best composers for voices—compositions of great merit, many of them excellent in form, and full of feeling. They deserve lasting success. But, for better and more lasting work, we must, naturally, look to another generation—the younger group of composers who are already giving proofs of much ability, and of true musical conceptions. This is no reflection upon composers who have served their nation well in their day, and in their way, and that without compensation worth the mentioning. But, many of the latter musicians have committed the folly of the evangelistic crowd of penny-liners, by composing "too much"—too many worthless songs, duetts, glees, anthems and cantatas, believing in their hearts that anything dropped from their running pens must be accepted as gems of the first water. This is their vanity of vanities. It would be well for our literature and for themselves, if they had discovered their limitations, and had kept within the sphere of the choral and simple anthem. Some of their chorals and anthems are replete with the religious awen, and will stand comparison with the best chorals of any other nation. It is given to but few to produce a living congregational tune. Let the reader count how many of our chorals have entered into the very heart of the people, and he will find that the largest number are relegated into "innocuous desuetude."

It is these "tried and true" chorals that will save the names of their authors from oblivion. How true this is of John Ambrose Lloyd, the genius of the choral and anthem? Will "Wyddgrug," "Alun," "Rhyl" and others from his pen—chorals characterized by the strength of simplicity and the living impress of a sincere soul—will these ever die? Not as long as the soul of religious Wales response to the thought of God. Again, for his anthems—"Teyrnasoedd y Ddaear," "Duw a Ddaeth o Teman," "Anthem Manchester," and the "Mab Afradlon"

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—museful effusions as they are—John Ambrose Lloyd will ever find his name enshrined in the hearts of his people. Even so will it be (and is) with our living, and more scholarly musicians of the last forty years —in just so far as they have spoken in song from a sincere and burning soul will they be rewarded and remembered. The law of the "wheat and chaff" is still working. The late, lamented, and prolific genius, Gwilym Gwent, will be longer remembered, we believe, for his classic solos "Pa Dduw Sydd Fel Tydi" and "God Be Merciful Unto Us" than for his glees, light and popular as these may be. Confusion and shame to the present Eisteddvodic committees and choirs who neglect these and other product of the Welsh awen, and go worshiping foreign idols so recklessly.

"Many of the Moody and Sankey hymns have a note of vulgarity in them" declared Rev. Joseph A. Milburn of Plymouth Congregational Church before the Chicago Congregational Club in the Auditorium banquet November 18, 1901.

"There is no literature," he continued, "which has the true note of universality nor is there any preaching, but it is found in music. We should require that not only the preacher should be sincere but that the musician should be sincere, and should have the spirit of universality. They need better evangelists. The majority of them are men witn but one talent. They need men with two talents—one must be a man of passionate and soul looking upward seeking God; the other must be the exhaltation of the soul. How seldom we find him. He is looked upon as a curiosity, as though he had something wrong with him. The church needs men that can quicken it and stir it and raise it up. It doesn't want any more evangelists who are derelicts on the sea of salvation. It must be stirred or else it must go to the wall. It is deficient in power, in seriousness, in enthusiasm. If a man goes to a banquet and hears a joke, good or bad, he laughs; when he goes to church he is dull and listless—you can't rouse him; he is dull because he lacks in spirituality.

"It is the dollar, it is the money, that which we can hold in our hands, that is ruinous to-day. It is that which is separating us from God more every day."

The above proved to be a bomb shell in the camp, and a necessary one. Many of these travelling revival and convention evangel-singers are fearful quacks. We have quite a number of them in Chicago, who issue almost monthly books and booklets of pure trash—but great money-producers. The religious conventions, Sunday Schools included, can more easily be humbugged, and fed on poorer so-called songs than any other part of communities. These venders of worthless song-books are all "well-to-do" people. They have become rich by impoverishing the taste for good music. The late and lamented Dwight L. Moody is not to be blamed for all the sordid stuff published for his great work, but, he showed admirable tact in selecting

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the best and most suitable of the tunes for his purpose. But most of the compilers and "composers" of these Sunday School, prayer-meeting convention and "revival" books are in the business for money. In that they have succeeded, and also, in deteriorating musical taste to an alarming extent.

Last November 22, the Atlantic cable carried over from Berlin to our American papers the following message:

"Because two-thirds of Germany's 150,000 music teachers are alleged to be incompetent, the reichstag during its approaching session will be asked to pass a law compelling music teachers to undergo a state examination. The movement is indorsed by the National Federation of Vocal and Instrumental Instructors, which asserts that Germany's high reputation among the world's schools of music is in danger through bad systems of training employed by numerous individuals and so-called 'conservatories.' Leonard Liebeling, Berlin critic of the American Musical Courier, says:

"Yankee students have the liveliest interest in the proposed legislation, because, being the most numerous body of foreign pupils, they are obliged to pay the most fancy prices for education. In Berlin alone they spend 3,000,000 marks ($714,000) a year for lessons. Some of the instruction received is little less than criminal. A large per centage of the teachers not only fail to teach anything, but they also spoil the talent of their pupils.

"A typical case is just now agitating the American student colony. Two young Chicago women went to a well-known professor of singing, who told them to exercise their throats three or four times a day with miniature steel shafts in order to produce the desired tone and quality of voice. The doctors now find that the pupils' vocal chords are severed and bleeding, and that all chance of their ever becoming singers is gone."

The above Leonard Liebling is a brother to the eminent Chicago pianist, Dr. Emil Liebling. There is great need of the same legislation in America, in the large as well as small cities.

Miss Gertrude May Stein is the most dramatic mezzo-soprano, and one of the truest singers we have as yet heard with the Thomas Orchestra. Even the players dropped their instruments at the close of her two selections, in order to cheer her again and again. She possesses a voice trained sanely, having none of the ruinous vibrato, but excelling in purity of tone, perfect control, and with sufficient feeling to make Berlioz's recitative and aria from "The Trojans," and the recitative and aria from Tschaikowsky's "Joan of Arc" such song-readings as to be remembered with pleasure for years. It is a great lesson to hear a superb interpretation of a song-poem. Miss Stein "sings," whatever that is.

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FIELD OF LETTERS

TRAETHAWD AR DDADBLYGIAD yn ei Berthynas a'r Cwymp, yr Ymgnawdoliad a'r Adgyfodiad, by the Rev. D. Adams, B. A. Caernarvon: National Welsh Press Co. Price 1s. 6d.

This Essay was awarded half the prize and honors at the National Eisteddfod held at Pontypridd in 1893, and it was published by special request. Prior to this, the Welsh had hardly anything published dealing with the theory of Evolution; therefore some advocates of the advancement of scientific learning cordially advised the author to publish this first attempt at a Welsh version of Evolution. At first it created considerable commotion by reason of its novel views regarding theology. The Essay had been more serviceable and less offensive had it been more strictly scientific and less controversial. However, this Essay in book-form contains much material for serious thought, and cannot fail to suggest more liberal views of God's ways. Our people need a wider and profounder knowledge of science.

GOSSIPING GUIDE TO WALES, North Wales with Aberystwyth, Part I. and II., with Thirty-Four Maps and Plans, &c., and Photographic Illustrations: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, London. Henry Blackwell, New York. Woodall, Minshall, Thomas & Co., Oswestry and Wrexham. Whole Edition (Two Volumes) 3s. 6d.

The present edition of the Gossiping Guide has been thoroughly revised, and much of it re-written, and much fresh information added. A glance at its contents will show that its materials are practical, convenient and complete. Particular care also has been taken so to arrange the information as to enable the reader to discover all he wishes to know. A full and classified Index is added.

Vol. I. contains On and Off the Cambrian—Shrewsbury to Welshpool with excursions to the Vyrnwy—Welshpool to Brecon—Aberystwyth, Dinas Mawddwy—Aberystwyth to Devils' Bridge, Towyn, with excursions to Talyllyn—Dolgelley, Barmouth, Harlech, Criccieth, Portmadoc, Pwllheli, Nevin, Cwm Bychan, Bardsey. The Festiniog Railway: From the Dee by Sea by Great Western—Chester, Wrexham, Ruabon, Llangollen, Bala, Corwen, Bettws-y-Coed, &c., &c.

Vol. II. or Part II.—With the Wild Irishman—Chester to Rhyl, Rhuthin, Denbigh, Llandudno, Pensarn, Colwyn Bay, Bettws-y-Coed, Dolwyddelen, excursions to Capel Curig, Bangor, Penmaenmawr, &c., &c., to which are added Botanical Ramblers in Snowdonia, a Botanical Ramble over the Great Orme; Remains of the Great Ice Age in North Wales, and a valuable amount of information about Wales, its history, &c. The two volumes are about the most interesting and entertaining book a Welshman or an Englishman who visits Wales can possess. They contain innumerable facts.

In the December "Cronicl," the Welsh Congregational monthly, Eynon under the caption "Why?" discusses the question of the paucity of candidates for holy orders in the Church of England. One reason he gives is that the Church has ignored Welsh worthies through

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the ages. Some of the best men Wales ever had have been neglected and even persecuted by the Church, and its best livings bestowed on aliens and apostates. Eynon also suggests that the Church is in a worse state of division and dissension than the Dissenters, since it has high, low, broad and all manner of creeds and religious practices within its walls. They are merely kept together by the state and social advantages involved. He quotes Canon Barnett as saying that the lack of candidates for holy orders is caused by the spirit of worldliness. Commercialism over-rides everything.

The Editor of "Cymru'r Plant" promises other tales for the coming year by Winnie Parry. Sigma will furnish philosophical short essays for the children; and brief articles descriptive of the great powers of Europe will be written especially for "Cymru'r Plant." "Cymru'r Plant" will also contain stories of Wales, prepared to interest and enlighten the young ones. A better monthly could not be placed in the hands of the children of Wales.

The contents of the "Cerddor" for December: "Musical Expression" by D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac.; "Old Lyrics," by D. E. Evans; "My Recollections," by W. Ivander Griffiths; Reviews, Reports of Eisteddfodau, Concerts, Musical Conferences, &c.

No. 66 in the Musicians Gallery is R. Lloyd Jones (Llwydmor). He is a native of Llanllechid, a musical neighborhood, born November 19, 1853. In 1895 he was made a fellow of the Tonic Solfa College, and a member of the Council, and in 1898 an examiner in technical instruction by the County Council of Glamorgan. In his paper on "Welsh Lyrics," D. E. E. thinks that Taliaiarn, Ceiriog, Mynyddog, Elfed and Dyfed have produced as fine lyrics as any we possess in Welsh; but the old songs although deficient in art, have some elements which are lacking in those of our times. They have more of the impress of nature; there is more of the music and aroma of the field in them. Poets now sing what they have learned; the old sang what they felt.

The contents of the "Ymofynydd" for December are interesting. "The Rev. Thomas Emlyn Thomas" by D. Thomas (Dewi Hefin); "Faith in Christ;" "The Crow's Nest;" "The Gains of the Century;" "Events of the Month;" The Editor's Column. Under the Crow's Nest, the Crow reviews the Rev. Cynddylan Jones's latest sermons just published. Credit is given to Cynddylan's theological genius, his fascinating style, his power of persuasion, but the Crow rises from their perusal as if from a dream; for he says that the theological teaching is as unsubstantial as a dream, from the standpoint of the "Ymofynydd." Cynddylan holds that unbelief or scepticism is the greatest sin, the sin of sins; the Crow takes the opposite view, and supports it with some very interesting instances. Unbelief or scepticism may be a mysterious form of faith. A story is told in this discussion of the Rev. A. J. Harrison, D. D., who was a Church of England "Missioner to Doubters" how intimately acquainted he was with Charles Bradlaugh, the infidel. Of Bradlaugh, Mr. Harrison said that he had an immense faith, and that he was an unconscious worker for Christ, and that he expected to see him saved. Other anecdotes are also related to support the Crow's opinion that doubt is not so radically bad and ruinous as Cynddylan's remarks would lead one to think. Belief is the chief support of superstition as of orthodoxy; but it must be evident to every careful thinker, and history shows the fact, viz., that there is an element of doubt at the root of progress. Orthodoxy is a stumbling block to advancement. There is a kind of scepticism that serves progress and civilization. There is a withering belief as well as a progressive doubt, and

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there is great truth in the response of Theodore Parker, who said of a certain sceptic, "that although he denied God, yet he lived His law." There are passages in the Bible which seem to regard unbelief with graciousness when it is accompanied by love of justice and mercy. The good Samaritan was despised by the orthodox Jew, yet our Lord honors him for his merciful act.

In the "Dysgedydd" for December, after the usual department devoted to religious and theological subjects, the Editor in his "Monthly Notes" pays his respects in a spirited manner to Richard Croker, of New York, and his army of corrupting politicians, known as Tammany. The Editor gives a fairly correct description of that notorious political society, which has done much to degrade the administration and the morals of New York City. Then he proceeds to discuss an incident which has aroused the indignation of the Welsh people throughout South Wales. On the occasion of a meeting held at Barry, the Rev. J .E. Flower, Secretary of the London Congregational Aid Society made a most serious charge against the morality of Welsh churches. He said that he could take his audience to churches among the Welsh wherein there was no discipline of any kind, their pastors even frequenting clubs and saloons with the reputation of tipplers and drunkards. When closely questioned for specific information, Mr. Flower admitted that he knew of only two ministers of the kind, and those two belonged to another, a denomination he did not wish to mention. This reminds us of the proverbial mouse and mountain fable. A mountain had a great inward commotion which threatened an awful eruption, but presently a mouse appeared!

"Y Drysorfa" for December has a few papers and articles of much interest to the general reader. The number opens with a sermon on the text, Heb. xii. 23, by the Rev. Willilam Powell, Pembroke; then follow "Some Historical Crumbs," wherein is narrated the following interview with an aged man who had seen and heard that thundering Welsh preacher of more than a hundred years ago, Howell Harris, of Trevecca. It is related of the Rev. Owen Thomas, D. D., when young that he, accompanied by a Rev. John Herbert, visited an old timer living in one of the valleys of Montgomeryshire, who had heard that fiery man of God, that Boanerges. After they had entered the bed-room where the aged pilgrim was, Dr. Thomas asked him if he had ever heard Howell Harris preach, to which he replied quietly that he had. "What kind of a preacher was he?" inquired Dr. Thomas. "Preacher? What kind of a preacher? in truth!" responded the old man excitedly. "You never heard the like of him in your life. Howell Harris preached what he had himself felt and seen, until people fainted away under his sermon. He preached as if he had heard the Great Judge pronounce the eternal sentence on all sinners! He preached of hell, as if he had been there and heard the groans of the lost; and of heaven until the people could fancy they heard the joy and hallelujah of the blest. Wonderful preacher! Powerful preacher!" he kept repeating in admiration. The interview took place 70 years after the death of Howell Harris. Other stories of the great old preachers are related, which are truly fascinating. The other papers are "Islwyn's Storm," by Dyfed; "Ruskin and Social Reform;" "The Prayer Meeting;" "The Forward Movement;" Sunday School Lessons; The Cardiff Association; Reviews, &c.

There is certainly now-a-days a need for a scientific study of the Welsh language. In "Ruskin and Social Reform," the writer makes use of the word "Economwyr." There are words in Welsh which are far more comprehensible.

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There is a tendency among our writers to form mongrel words which are neither fowl, fish nor flesh.

"Trysorfa y Plant" gives its readers a portrait and a brief but substantial sketch of the life and career of the Rev. John Roberts, Taihen. He is the son of the late W. Roberts, a venerable deacon of the Calvinistic connection in Anglesey. His father's home used to be a meeting place for preachers when John was a child, and afterwards an observing youth, and it is supposed that the society of these made a deep impression on his tender mind. He soon evinced a desire for preaching, and was eventually sent to a preparatory school kept by Dr. Hughes at Llanerchymedd, whence he went to Bala, where he studied for three years. His first charge was Abermaw, whence he had a call to minister to the churches at Cemaes, Moriah and Rhosbeirio, where he has remained for the last 46 years. Of late, he has confined his labors to the small church at Rhosbeirio by reason of his advanced age. Mr. Roberts has not traveled extensively through Wales, nevertheless he is held in high esteem by the connexion in the Principality. His address at the Association meeting at Amlwch gave complete satisfaction to the audience, and its inspiring influence upon all will be long remembered. His pulpit eloquence is not of the sensational class, but it rather flows like a deep river blessing the land through which it traverses. His wife is the daughter of the late Thomas Jones, Plas Bodewryd, of Rhosbeirio. Mr. Roberts's face betokens a man of weight and deliberation.

In the "Haul" for November we find that candidates for holy orders in the Church of England are becoming scarcer every year. The "Haul" is ignorant of the cause of this falling off. It may be that the prospect for salary is uninviting. That is certainly a worldly reason. It cannot be a Christian reason, when we think of the Master and his Twelve Apostles, all poor, and not even expecting a regular salary or wages. They depended on the labor of their hands, and the kindness and hospitality of followers of Christ. Their salary was the satisfaction they derived from the performance of duty. As soon as religion became an institution, many things conspired to make the performance of simple evangelical work difficult. Preparation for the ministry became expensive; the preacher had to learn Greek and Latin in order to preach the good tidings and the simple truth of love towards God and man. The simple work of doing good and persuading others to go likewise became surrounded with rites and ceremonies by which a guild was formed—a fraternity licensed by governments, or religious institutions to perform preaching and endow with special privileges, not to enlighten and improve the world, but to hold it in darkness. With the Reformation, this false idea of serving God and Christ became discredited and simple-minded people touched by the spirit of Christ recurred to the primitive Christian way of untrameled teaching and preaching. Sacerdotalism his since gradually lost its power, and simple instruction has increased in power. One of the reasons for the falling off of candidates for the ministry is the increased light which has shown the mediaeval ways inconsistent with modern views. As soon as the ministry of the Church will be lifted level with modern ideas, so that educated and self-respecting minds can approve of its views and methods honestly and sincerely, the work will be again clothed with power and performed with success.

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Tin-plates were manufactured at Melingriffith in the seventeenth century.

According to statistics, suicides are less frequent in North Wales than in any other part of the United Kingdom.

Llandovery has a unique record in mayoral salaries. The town pays its mayor one shilling a year, while the treasurer gets 10s.

Since April of this year the Welsh colliers' wages have fallen 12½ per cent., but they are still nearly 50 per cent. higher than the 17½ above the 1879 standard which they earned three years ago.

According to a Wilkesbarre paper, Mabon weighs three hundred pounds, and closely resembles King Edward of England. Doubtless, this opinion has been based on the American newspaper portraits of the two.

Death has made sad havoc among brilliant young Welshmen of late years. Tom Ellis, Professor Tom Jones, Professor Alfred Hughes, Dr. John Williams, and Principal Viriamu Jones—it is a notable list of great careers cut short.

"Why," inquires a correspondent, "do Nonconformists always name their chapels after places mentioned in the Bible, as, for instance, Tabor, Hermon, Gilgal, &c., whereas the Church uses saints' names for the purpose?"

It is not generally known that in the Royal Crown there is a real Welsh jewel, a pearl from the Conway River in North Wales. It was presented by Sir Richard Wynn, of Gwydyr, to the Queen Consort of Charles II.

There is no headstone on the grave of the late Rev. John Phillips, of Bangor, a man who by his own unaided efforts collected between £10,000 and £11,000 in one year for Bangor College.

The library of Aberystwyth College is a beautiful room, finished at great expense in oak panellings and carvings, and it is recorded on one of the walls that the necessary funds were provided by Welsh compatriots in the United States and Canada.

Mr. J. D. Brown, M. A., secretary to the Welsh Language Society, has a handbook in the press, the object of which is to enable teachers to employ the direct method of teaching Welsh. It is a pictorial course, and is one of the Modern Languages series of handbooks.

The Deanery of Bangor, vacated by the death of the Very Rev. Evan Lewis, is in the gift of the bishop of the diocese, and not of the Crown, as is the case in England. The only Welsh dean appointed by the Crown is Dean Howell, of St. David's, who owes his deanery to the accident of the vacancy occurring between the death of Bishop Basil Jones and the appointment of Dr. Owen to the see.

Llwyd ap Iwan, one of the two dele-

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gates who came over to Wales from Patagonia to lay the case of the Welsh colonists before the British Government, has an important work on the Colony ready for the press. It is dedicated to the memory of his father, the late Principal Michael D. Jones, and his wife, Mrs. Jones, of Bodiwan, Bala. In addition to giving a sketch of the history of the settlement, the book gives an account of several expeditions into the Andes and elsewhere, of which Llwyd ap Iwan was chief.

A very useful discussion will be introduced into the "Geninen" at the beginning of the year. The editor (Eifionydd), has asked the question, "Are old Welsh customs and manners worth preserving?" The first to enter the lists will be a South Wales man, and he is understood to be in favor of an affirmative view. If this be the case, it is to be hoped that even in the pages of an orthodox Welsh magazine there may be an opportunity to defend "modern" games and sports, on the ground that they are the degenerate descendants of some of the "Pedair camp ar hugain," or "Twenty-four games," of Mediaeval Wales.

"Still they come!" This is a cry which may be very properly applied to biographies in Wales. We have had quite a host of memoirs during the last few years, and two or three more are on the verge of publication. One is by Dr. Pan Jones, of Mostyn. He has been engaged for a long time on the biography of the late Principal Michael D. Jones, of Bala, a man who occupied a prominent place in the history of Independia for a quarter of a century. The chapter dealing with the Old and the New Constitution is likely to be an exciting one, and could not be written except by "Pan" himself.

The bevy of modern Florence Nightingales presented at Marlborough House recently, would, of course, have been singularly incomplete without a Welsh contingent. Miss Alicia Williams, sister of the town clerk of Brecon, was one of the Welsh nurses who rendered such valued aid in the South African War, and also Miss Williams left Brecon, in order that she might form one of the number of nurses who would attend Marlborough House in order to receive from the King of England a medal in commemoration of good work well done. Miss Williams has had an extension of time, but will be returning to South Africa soon.

Here is a young Welshman destined to help in uniting the two races in South Africa. The Rev. Henry Richard Lloyd, of Conway, went out some months ago from the North Wales College, Bangor, under Dr. Probert, and the appointment has been more than justified. Mr. Lloyd in about three months had acquired sufficient knowledge of the Dutch language to be able to conduct Dutch services. With the Rev. T. J. Galley he has a very large district in which to labor, but naturally the restrictions of martial law somewhat hinder their work. He bears very warm testimony to the unabated loyalty of the colored people. More men of the same stamp will be needed by all the Free Churches for South Africa.

Dr. Zachariah Williams was befriended in his old age by Dr. Johnson, and at his death the doctor wrote thus of him: "On Saturday, July 12, 1755, about twelve at night died Mr. Zachariah Williams, in his eighty-third year, after an illness of eight months, in full possession of his mental faculties. He has been long known to philosophers and seamen for his skill in magnetism, and his proposal to ascertain the longitude by a peculiar system. He was a man of industry, indefatigable, of conversation inoffensive, patient of adversity and disease, eminently sober, temperate, and pious, and worthy to have ended life with better fortune."

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Mr. O. M. Edwards in "Cymru," states that a very great inconvenience in Wales is that nearly all the people have the same names. Mr. Jones, especially, is omnipresent. The reason is clear. In the olden days it was by his family, and not his neighborhood, a man was known in Wales. The styles of the names was Rhys ab Tewdwr and Gruffydd ab Cynan. But it was by their localities the Romans were called—Hugh of Montgomery, Gilbert de Clare, Martin de Tours. When Welshmen lost their old family system, and when land became the possession of the few instead of the whole community, they did not borrow their names from the land, but clung to the old method. By that time they had taken the names of Normans and of saints, such as John, Robert, Richard and Thomas.

"The death of Dean Lewis, of Bangor," writes a correspondent, "raises the question as to whether his successor will be chosen from among the Welsh clergy. Unlike St. Asaph and Llandaff, where the English clergy are not always overlooked, Bangor and St. David's have been more nationalist in the matter of preferments, and will probably remain so. It was from North Wales that a storm of disapproval came when Bishop Ollivant nominated Dean Vaughan to Llandaff. It would be a graceful exchange of feeling if some successful English clergyman who has served the Welsh Church well were to be given the Deanery of Bangor. Who more deserving, for example, than the late eloquent Vicar of Cardiff?"—"Mail."

The theory that Welsh was the language in the Garden of Eden is by no means new. An ingenious advocate of this view—a Welsh divine of the Middle Ages—strengthened his arguments in the following curious manner. "The two great books of the world," he contended, "were the Bible and Homer's Iliad. The first word in the Bible was the Hebrew word 'bara,' and the first word in the Iliad was the Greek word 'menyn.' These two languages—Hebrew and Greek—had their origin in the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. The one original, pure, and undefiled tongue, he held, was the Welsh, and for witness there was—'bara menyn'—Welsh for bread and butter."

Young Wales has done very well at the older universities this year. At Oxford and Cambridge the following graduated first-class honors in their different subjects: David Miall Edwards, theology; Norman Jones, Semetic languages; J. C. Evans, mathematics; Idwal Griffiths, mathematics; Olwen Rhys, modern languages; Chris. Preece, eleventh wrangler; R. J. Richards, thirteenth wrangler; H. Madge, twenty-second wrangler; Jadie Price, modern languages; David Phillips, first in first-class honors mental and moral science. If any names are omitted, perhaps some correspondent will let us know. One of the most successful in this list hails from Glamorgan, and his distinction is all the more creditable from the fact that before entering college he was a collier.

Mr. O. M. Edwards's "Wales," in "The Stories of the Nations," is now in the hands of readers. This work has been eagerly looked forward to by Mr. Edwards's numerous friends, and a feeling exists among them that it will not be the least interesting of the "Stories" that have already been published. So fascinating has been the task to him, indeed, that he already contemplates issuing a larger book dealing with the same subject immediately he has discharged his undertaking to the publishers of the above work. Now that we are writing of Mr. Edwards, we may remind readers that in his serial "History of Wales," published from month to month in "Cymru," he has come to "Owain Glyndwr's" period, and his portrayal of the stirring incidents in the life of

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this national hero is particularly vivid and stirring.

(By request, Mr. J. T. Jacob has given an English rendering of "Islwyn's" popular Welsh hymn, "Hapus Dyrfa." The following is the result:)

Look beyond time's clouds of darkness,
O, my soul, behold the sphere,
Where the breeze is ever gentle,
Where the sky is ever clear,
Hosts seraphic
In its peace enjoyment find.

Wells of life therein are springing,
Peaceful rivers through it flow;
Watered thus, its lovely valleys
In immortal beauty grow.
And salvation
There is breathed for evermore.

Stormy winds in death's dark valley
There shall lull themselves to rest;
Sorrow's groans be turned to anthems.
Sung by souls for ever blest.
The last tear-drop
Shall in Jordan's waves be lost.

My sad heart is wildly bounding
As I now rejoice on earth,
In the hope I shall inherit
These possessions of great worth.
Happy mortals
Are they all who seek that land.
Cardiff, May 3. J. T. Jacob.

Water of Douereyn.—This is the written form of a place-name in the parish of Swansea, descriptive of the boundary limit in one of the surveys of Gower between 1400 and 1450. It is clear that the scribe was not acquainted with the Welsh language, but he deserves the credit of having done the best he could by writing the name in such orthography as represented the nearest approach to the sound of the name as pronounced to him, probably by a native, and to make sure he evidently ascertained its meaning, as he, when writing it down, added a part English translation to it. In the first syllable of "Douer" he fairly caught the phonetic sound of the Welsh word "Dwr" water, which it means, by writing Douer, but added "water of" to prevent mistakes possibly. He was not, however, so successful with the second syllable "eyn" in Douereyn, which in Welsh is "hynt," a way, a course, so that the original Welsh form of the name is "dwrhynt," or "dwfrhynt," a water-course, a dale, through which a river runs, and from which the word "dyffryn"—a valley—is derived. This instance of an imperfection in the writing of Welsh place-names in ancient documents by writers wholly ignorant of the Welsh language, exemplifies the difficulty we have to experience in tracing the origin and meaning, as well as the derivation of Welsh place-names which have been, through the ignorance of the writers, handed down to us in such an orthographic garb as to entirely disguise the original Welsh form of the name. In another form, the word "Dwrhynt" is mentioned in the "Welsh Laws" as "Dyffrynt," a valley through which a river flows, as mentioned above, as will be seen from the following extract: "O derfydd bod ymryson am ynysoedd yn nyffrynt"—if there arise a quarrel about islands in a river."

PECULIAR OLD WELSH HYMNS.

The following hymn, it is said, was composed by the well-known Welsh poet Robert Davies, of Nantglyn, on his deathbed a few hours before he died:

Dad, rho nerth i dreulio heddyw
Yn dy ofn ac er dy glod;
Dyma ddiwrnod ge's o'r newydd,
Ni bu 'rioed o'r blaen mewn bod.
'Nhragwyddoldeb maith, diddechreu,
Ddoé yr ydoedd heb ei roi;
'Nhragwyddoldeb maith, diddiwedd,
Y bydd fory wedi ffoi.

It is also said that hearing the following being sung at a place of divine worship induced the Rev. W. Williams, of Pantycelyn, to turn his thoughts to write hymns:

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ever complicated the extreme conditions may be, they have arisen through a process of gradual evolution.—"P. M. Science."

There has long been a controversy as to the cause of the autumn leaf's coloration. Some botanists have attributed it to frosts. We are finding that light frosts, not sufficient to kill leaves, greatly facilitate their coloration by causing an increase within them of a normal chemical ferment, which attacks the color compounds or color generators in the cells. We are finding that the oxidation of these color compounds by this ferment causes the various shades of color, especially the purples, oranges, etc. The yellows are normally present in the leaf.—Woods.

An artesian well in Grenelle, France, took ten years of continuous work before water was struck, at a depth of 1,780 feet. At 1,259 feet over 200 feet of the boring rod broke and fell into the well, and it was fifteen months before it was recovered. A flow of 900,000 gallons per day is obtained from it, the bore being 8 inches. At Passy, France, there is another artesian well 1,913 feet in depth, and 27½ inches diameter, which discharges an uninterrupted supply of 5,500,000 gallons per day; it cost $200,000. An artesian well at Butte-aux-Cailles France, is 2,900 feet in depth, and 47 inches diameter. These are all surpassed by an artesian well in Australia, which is 5,000 feet in depth.

A system of wireless telegraphy, the messages of which it is stated cannot be tapped, or received by any instrument other than that for which they are destined, has been invented by a London electrical engineer, Mr. Johnson. Each transmitter in this system has differently tuned reeds, and when it is desired to send a message, the tune of the receiver to receive the same must first of all be ascertained, and the transmitter must be adjusted accordingly. Each receiver has a different tune, thus rendering it absolutely impossible for messages to be tapped. The Admiralty has examined the system, and are so impressed with its advantages that three battleships are being fitted with it for the purpose of carrying out experiments.

Most American cities own their own water-works and socialism fills our very wash bowls for us. We think it would be too socialistic for cities to own their gas works; but in England where it would also be thought too socialistic for them to own the water-works, they often own the gas, and Manchester and Glasgow furnish it to the people at less than half the price which the people of New York pay to the companies. By the same principle, a writer thinks, not only much of the production and all the transportation, but much of the trade might be conducted by government; and he cites the case of South Australia, where the state has depots for receiving and export, and the farmer may consign his produce to the agricultural department and receive his pay, without any trouble or loss by middlemen.

THE USE OF SCENT.

Each sense may suffer offense and there is no reason why each sense should not be equally defended in this regard. And the use of scent on the pocket-handkerchief, which is where we commonly find it, is calculated to exercise a higher office than merely to please the sense of smell. The handkerchief may easily prove a source of infection, for it is made to be the common receptacle of secretions from the nose and mouth, and the employment of an antiseptic handkerchief is perfectly consistent with the dictates of common bacteriological evidences. The liberal use of scent on the handkerchief is calculated to make it antisep-

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tic and to destroy the germs in it, owing to the action partly of the spirit of the scent and partly of the essential oils dissolved in the spirit. Before, therefore, we condemn the persons who use scent upon the handkerchief for practicing a foppish or luxurious habit we should remember that they may actually be doing good to their neighbors by checking the distribution of infectious materials.—Sci. American.

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THE SOCIAL SYSTEM.

Mr. Edmond Kelly's best argument in his "Government or Human Evolution" for the advantages of collectivism is that it would be an immense economy of labor, and so bring to men the blessing of ease and leisure. It would do away with the waste which private competition brings us in so many ways; as, for instance, in the case of twenty different grocers' wagons going through the same street, when one might deliver all the goods, as the postman delivers his. It would do away with the work of commercial travelers and salesmen to push their rival wares; and he says 35,000 such have been set free for more productive work by the mere organization of trusts in place of private competitors. It would save the nearly $500,000,000 a year that are said to be spent in that advertising which is not needed to give information to the people, but is merely to enable one manufacturer or dealer to get the start of another, and to force his particular soap or baking-powder into circulation. It would save the countless millions that are spent in building two or more rival railroads where the business could all be done by one. It would, he thinks, save the vast sums invested in insurance; since his millennial state would provide for widows and children without the need of life insurance and most of the losses by fire would already be equalized by falling upon the public instead of private owners. He says that in the single year of 1897, the premiums paid to New York companies amounted to $105,727,002; or, in other words, "the whole labor of 157,500 men was lost to the nation through the wasteful necessity of insurance alone."—Henry M. Simmons in "Unity."

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RIGHTHANDEDNESS.

The question why are we ordinarily righthanded is one which possesses an apparent interest for mankind. It was discussed long ago by Dr. Daniel Wilson and others, and it formed the subject of one of the sectional addresses delivered at the recent meeting of the British Association. There seems to be little doubt that the conclusion which scientific men are tending to support at the present day is that our righthandedness is the result of the location of the speech faculty in the left side of the brain. Most of our readers know that each half of the brain governs the opposite side of the body. The left half of the brain is therefore functionally a more active lobe than its right neighbor. The causes or conditions which have brought the left speech centre to the front over the right one, which practically lies dormant, are those which have produced righthandedness. That is to say, given the fact that the left half of the brain covers the right side of the body anything tending to raise that half as regards its duties would naturally confer upon the parts covered by it a greater degree of activity. Our righthandedness in this view of matters is the direct result then of the speech centres being located on the left side of the brain. This explanation is so far satisfactory that it deals with the facts as they stand. It may perhaps be assumed reasonably enough that in lefthanded persons the speech centre of the right side is that which represents the active one, and there is thus a transference of the muscular powers ordinarily possessed by the right arm to the left arm.—Dr. Andrew Wilson.

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PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

HON. WILLIAM ABRAHAM (MABON).

Mabon, who has completed such a successful tour among the Welsh of the Eastern States, was born at Cwmbychan, Glamorgan, South Wales, in 1842, of poor but respected parents, and when

Hon. WILLIAM ABRAHAM (Mabon.)

yet a mere child, he entered the mines to work to help the family. Consequently he enjoyed no school advantages, excepting what he had in the Sunday School, which was at that time, the public school system in Wales. However, he had a good and pious mother, who taught him what is more valuable than common education, viz., practical religion. He grew up a good, energetic and virtuous young man, who by dint of labor and patient study gained a position of trust among his fellow workmen. He very early showed in his life and doings the qualities of a leader, and soon the coal-miners selected him to represent them before the coal-owners and employers.

Mabon was different to the majority

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of workmen's representatives and agents, in the fact of his complete life, being a professed and practical Christian, a leader of children's meetings, then called Bands of Hope, temperance juvenile societies, a good singer, inclined to public speaking in the interests of religion and morality. When 25 he moved to Cwmbwrla, near Swansea, and became the general secretary of the Miner's Union, which started him on his successful career. He was elected salaried agent of the district.

In 1877 he moved to the Rhondda Valley, the great center of the coal region in South Wales, where he rose rapidly in the affection and confidence of his fellowmen by his excellent work in behalf of the miners. It is highly creditable to him that he has retained the confidence of the miners for so many years, and that he is to-day the miner's president, and a representative of labor in the Parliament of Great Britain. He is the only member for labor in Wales. With the parliamentary extension of the franchise, Mabon was nominated by the colliers in the Rhondda District and enthusiastically elected, in spite of the opposition on the part of mine-owners and others, who placed in nomination the son of a prominent and popular coal-proprietor and employer. He has been re-elected since; and his majority in the last election was the largest of any candidate in Great Britain. He is as popular to-day as ever, and is widely known as king of the Rhondda Valley.

During his long stewardship in Parliament, largely through him and the English and Scotch labor members, many measures for the benefit of the coal miner have been passed, and the situation of labor in South Wales has been greatly relieved through his influence with the employers and his valuable representation in Parliament. The condition of the miners has been improved immensely during the last 20 years. The hours have been shortened, the surroundings and the inner conveniences of the coal mines rendered much more comfortable.

We should not overlook the personal character and his national labors on the general lines of civilization. Mabon fills a prominent and national position as a leader and entertainer of the Welsh people in their annual gatherings, called the Eisteddfod. He has been a singer of power and inspiration, is a writer of popular verses, a man of versatility, and above all a preacher of sweetness and light. These manifold duties he performs with alacrity and pleasure. In his position as Miner's president and representative of labor he is pre-eminently a man of peace, and a persistent advocate of arbitration.

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PRINCIPAL ERNEST H. GRIFFITHS.

Mr. Ernest Howard Griffiths the new Principal of the University of Cardiff, S. W., descends from a Welsh Congregational stock, being the son of the late Rev. Henry Griffiths, for many years principal of the Brecon Theological College, and grandson of the Rev. James Griffiths, who in his day was one of the best known ministers of Congregationalism in West Wales. The new principal of Cardiff was born in Brecon in June, 1851, during his father's tenure of the Brecon principalship, but he was only two years of age when his father left his native country for Liverpool, and since then the connection of the new principal with Wales has been a very intimate one. He received his early education at private schools, and at the age of 17 entered Owens College, Manchester, and in the autumn of 1869 proceeded to Cambridge, where he obtained his degree in 1873. In that year he took up his residence permanently in that centre of learning, and soon established a reputation as a most successful private tutor. Some thousands of undergraduates passed through his hands during the years 1873-1901, and he has thus had extensive experience as teacher and organiser, and a close

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and intimate acquaintance with university methods. In 1890 he was appointed to the position of a recognised lecturer in the University, and five years later, in 1895, his eminent services to scientific research secured for him a fellowship of the Royal Society. His fellowship of Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge, dates back to 1897. He is a member of the council of the Physical Society of London, the Board of Examinations, and the Board of Physical and Chemical studies in the Cambridge University, the committee on electrical standards, and other scientific committees, and he is also a vice-president of Section A of the British Association. Mr. Griffiths, as become a Welshman, finds delight in wooing the muse, and recently published a book of songs, "Lyra Fumosa," both the words and music in which are from his pen. He is much interested, too, in yachting matters, and he is the owner of the yacht Lorna Doone. He is married to a daughter of the late Mr. George W. Clark, of Bowdon, Cheshire. He will enter upon the duties of his office in the second week in January.

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MISS MARGARET ANN THOMAS.

"Life is ever lord of death."

At the close of the year, it is natural to look back in retrospection over the distant slopes of the past, while the memory still views with interest the prominent objects which appeared on the landscape. We bowed our heads in submission when we learned of the death of the good old Queen Victoria; we deplored the murder of President McKinley with uplifted arm and hand closed to retaliate upon the assassin; but when we recall the sudden departure of one of our dearest friends, we mourn, a silent tear rolls down the cheek; we dwell upon their many virtues, and review their noble characters.

One whose life we wish to pass in review is that of Miss Margaret Ann Thomas, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John O. Thomas of Youngstown, O., whose death occurred January the 20th, 1901, after a brief illness of pneumonia. The announcement of her demise was a great shock to her many friends and acquaintances, because the Sunday previous she officiated at the organ in the Elm Street Sabbath School. When she was eight years of age she suffered the irreparable misfortune of losing by death her dear and tender mother. From childhood she developed admirable traits of character; a well balanced mind, a modest and even disposition, and a cheerful and courteous consideration of others, which features were evidence that she was a descendant of those staunch and sturdy old pioneers, Rev. Daniel Howells, Park River, Wis., and David Jones, Bangor, of the same State.

Margaret Ann Thomas.

It may be stated that on her father's side, she traced her ancestry to the illustrious people of Brynberian, Cardiganshire, Wales, one of whom is her uncle, Dr. W. O. Thomas, Minneapolis,

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Minn. Miss Thomas received careful training in the way she should go, at home, while attending Sabbath School, at the Christian Endeavor meetings, the means of grace afforded at the Elm Street Congregational Church, and evinced a sincere, pious and devoted spirit. Her willingness to serve the Master and His cause won for her the esteem and love of all her acquaintance. Her life was cut short in her 24th year, but it was long enough to leave an indelible impression upon a large circle of admiring friends. Amid the profusion of flowers which the deft fingers of love bestowed upon her casket, there breathed the sweet fragrance of hopeful assurance of blessed immortality that awaits all the "just made perfect." The beautiful sentiment of Whittier is appropriate.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!

Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of Death,
And love can never lose its own!"

John M.

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THE DEAN OF BANGOR.

The Very Rev. Evan Lewis, Dean of Bangor, died at the Deanery, Bangor, November 24, having just attained his eighty-third year. He had been a strong and vigorous character and of powerful physique. After curacies at Llanddeusant, Llanfaes, Cwm, Penmon, Llanfihangel-ysceifiog, he was appointed curate of Llanllechid, near Bangor, in 1847, remaining there till 1859, when he was preferred to the vicarage of Aberdare. During his residence at Llanllechid he set to work on the study of music, and on acquiring proficiency in the art taught a choirmaster, the well-known "Eos Llechid," with whom he subsequently set to work to train a church choir with such success that he was able to initiate in Wales a series of Welsh choral services. His example was rapidly followed by other churches in his diocese, and finally spread throughout the Principality. The Llanllechid choir, however, owing to the dean's powerful incentive and superintendence, became such an accomplished body of singers that visitors from miles around attended the church to hear them sing, and during one of her visits to Penrhyn Castle the late Queen Victoria accompanied by the Prince Consort, paid a visit to the church, and was so pleased with the singing that she presented the church with a silver cup in token of her appreciation. The late Mr. Gladstone also frequently visited the church when at Penrhyn Castle, and frequently expressed his appreciation of the singing there. From Llanllechid Dean Lewis passed to Aberdare, and in the course of his pastorate there built a handsome church for the Welsh congregation. From Aberdare the dean went to Dolgelley, and on the death of the late Dean Edwards he was offered and accepted the Deanery of Bangor. During his tenure of this office the musical portion of the services at the cathedral reached a wonderful pitch of excellence, especially under the regime of the present organist, Mr. Westlake Morgan. Dean Lewis was an ardent controversialist in his prime, and published several treatises.

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Original and Selected Miscellany:

Many Christians want pillows in church, while what is needed are pillars.

Thoughts of heaven prevent discontent with our present lot.—Charles H. Spurgeon.

"What is your opinion of city people?"

"They live too close together and too far apart."—Chicago Record.

Mrs. Wade (reading): I see an American has invented a buttonless shirt.

Wade (sarcastically): That's nothing new. I wear them regularly.

The moral side of his character was very pronounced. He was by nature a right-minded man. There was no guile in him. There never was the suggestion of an inclination to accomplish even a good result by improper means. —John D. Long on McKinley in "Century."

"Ah," said an old Highland piper, "there was ane nicht I shall ne'er forget. There were eighteen pipers beside mesel all in a wee bit parlor, all playin' different tunes. I just thocht I was in heaven."

During the trial of a criminal case in Reynolds, Miss., the audience took a hand, fired 100 shots, floored three men and cleared the court room. And yet they say justice is not swift.

John Ruskin, at 75, had as keen a sense of taste as most men have at 20, and greatly enjoyed new flavors. "My palate," he once said, "serves me so well, because when I was a child I was given only the plainest food. When I was a boy, too, I had but one or two toys and no amusements. Hence the keen delight which I take now in every kind of pleasure."

A little fellow who had his wits about him when the collection was passed round administered a rebuke to his mother, who, on the way home, was finding fault with the sermon. "Well, mother," he said innocently, "what could you expect for a penny?" —Selected.

A clergyman occupying the pulpit of an Abingdon church, as an exchange, on opening a hymn-book, found the following written on the fly-leaf:

"Why is this church like a railway track?"

"Because it has so many sleepers in it."

A Western Kansas editor published this notice the other day for the guidance of delinquent subscribers: "If you have frequent headaches, dizziness, fainting spells accompanied by chills, cramps, corns, bunions, chilblains, epilepsy and jaundice, it is a sign you are not well, but are liable to die any minute. Pay your subscription a year in advance and thus you make yourself solid for a good obituary notice."

The following story of Kipling is worthy of repetition. He was once induced, through the powerful influence of a cheque for a big sum, to write a story of Indian life for a ladies' paper

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in Philadelphia. The third instalment brought a letter from the editress, who said it was the unvarying rule of the journal to strike out the name of any intoxicating liquor, and that in one chapter two of the characters are said to have consumed a bottle of champagne between them. Kipling wrote back: "Strike out champagne and make it 'Mellin's Food!' "

The late Lord Morris did not at first make a favorable impression in the House of Lords. One conspicuous member is said to have inquired what language the noble and learned lord was speaking. Lord Morris himself was asked how he had got on. "Well" he replied, "I made wan mistake. I should have practized spakin' to a lot of gravestones before I addressed their lordships."

An optimistic Confederate officer who had been wounded, and who lay in a temporary hospital, with a leg amputated, heard his black body servant wailing, and said: "Pomp, why are you crying so?" The servant answered: "I's cryin' case you'se only got one laig, Massa." "Then stop your foolishness," the officer replied, "and be glad you'll have but one boot to clean hereafter." A spirit such as that sees everything from the viewpoint of a practical philosophy capable of ridding life of half its sorrow.

"Once when I was a girl at school," said Kate Roby, according to an exchange. "Schoolmaster Crawford had given out the word 'defied,' which had been misspelled several times when it came my turn. Abraham Lincoln stood on the opposite side of the room and was watching me. I began 'de-e-f,' and then I stopped hesitating whether to proceed with an 'i' or a 'y.' Looking up, I saw him, a smile on his face, pointing with one forefinger to his eye. I took the hint, spelled the word with an 'i' and it went through all right."

The busy worker must rest, or his life will degenerate into a long and lingering death. In these days of "Morganisation," when Yankee financiers threaten to buy up continents at a stroke, and when the brain reels through overwork, a season of rest is imperative. Of course, men who enjoy 365 Bank Holidays a year, and 366 during leap year may dispense with all this. Men who are pro-nothing and anti-nothing, and who never give out any nervous force in the great conflict between right and wrong, do not deserve a holiday. But the great majority of hard-worked Britons pant for the annual rest just as the hart pants after the waterbrooks.—Rev. Ossian Davies.

There are two Socialisms, one has for its motto, "Down with everything that is up;" the other, "Up with everything that is down." "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." The way to stop the socialism of destruction, of selfishness, of the devil, is to introduce the socialism of Christ. "Looking not each of you to his own things, but each of you also looking beyond your own interests to the things of others;" asking to whom I can be a neighbor, mine is thine in the pathway of righteousness with good-will toward men. We are members one of another, the good of one spiritually is the good of all, the hurt of one is the hurt of all.

When General Grant was in Paris, the President of the republic, as a special token of respect, invited him to occupy a place on the grand stand to witness the great racing, which occurs in that country on Sunday, relates the Presbyterian. It is considered a discourteous act to decline such an invitation from the head official of the republic. Such a thing had never been heard of but General Grant in a polite note declined the honor, and said to the French President: "It is not in accordance with the custom of my country

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or with the spirit of my religion to spend Sunday in that way." And when Sabbath came that great hero found his way to the American Chapel, where he was one of its quiet worshipers.

Bishop W. F. Mallalieu says:

The Lord recognized the use of the intellect when he said, "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." And the use of the intellect in the consideration of the gospel is commended in that memorable passage where it is said "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." But the gospel requires faith and belief, because there are depths and heights of divine wisdom that can never be fully grasped by the human understanding, and because human reason may not be able to perfectly adjust all the relations of revealed truth. "For ye walk by faith, not by sight."

Not long ago a Boston clergyman received an evening call from an elderly man and woman who expressed a wish to be joined in the bonds of matrimony then and there.

"Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the man, an honest-eyed, weather-beaten person of seafaring aspect.

"Never, and never wanted to be before," was the prompt reply.

"And have you ever been married before?" the question came to the woman.

"No, sir," she replied with equal promptness; and with a touch of humor that appealed to the clergyman at once, she added, "I never had a chance!"

The marriage ceremony was speedily performed, and the clergyman refused to take any fee, telling the bride, with a twinkle in his eye, that to officiate had been a privilege which he would have been sorry to miss.

AN EDITOR DEFINED.

The Harvard (Ill.) "Independent" defines an editor in a way that is calculated to put the Century Dictionary to the blush. An editor, it says, "is one who reads newspapers, selects miscellany, writes articles on all subjects, sets type, reads proof, works the press, folds, packs and directs papers, and sometimes carries them, prints jobs, runs on errands, saws wood, works in a garden, takes care of babies and rocks the cradle, talks to all his patrons who call, patiently receives blame for a thousand things that never were and never can be done, has scarce time to enjoy nature's restorer, sleep, and esteems himself particularly fortunate if he is not assaulted by some unprincipled demagogue who loves puppet shows and hires the rabble with a glass of brandy to raise him to some petty office. That's an editor." And yet there are people who are so unreasonable as to wonder why we are making so little headway in our efforts to elevate the literary tone of the editor down the state who is thus so graphically defined and described.

———o:o———

BEAUTY IN SPIRIT.

The people who win their way into the innermost recesses of others' hearts are not usually the most brilliant and gifted, but those who have sympathy, patience, self-forgetfulness and that indefinable faculty of eliciting the better natures of others. Most of us know persons who have appealed to us in this way. We have many friends who are more beautiful and gifted, but there is not one of them whose companionship we enjoy better than that of the plain-faced man or woman who never makes a witty or profound remark, but whose quality of human goodness makes up every deficiency.

And if it came to the time of real stress, when we felt that we needed the support of real friendship, we should choose, above all, to go to this plain-

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faced man or woman, certain that we should find intelligent sympathy, a charitable construction of our position and difficulties, and a readiness to assist us beyond what we ought to take. If you could look into human hearts, you would be surprised at faces they enshrine there, because beauty of spirit more than beauty of face or form, and remarkable intellectual qualities are not to be compared with unaffected human goodness and sympathy.—The Watchman.

———o:o———

SLOW.

The patrons of a section of railway in England complain of the slow time made by the trains. Their discontent is not unreasonable if the state of things is bad enough for these current stories to inspire belief. The passengers may well have been impatient on that train which, it is averred, was watched with interest by a man who was evidently unused to its appearance and rate of speed.

He stood at one side as the train crept slowly by, and was seen solemnly to remove his hat. He intended his salute for a funeral procession.

A gentleman refused to provide a ticket for his dog. He said the animal could just as well run beside the train. Finally the affair was settled by tying the dog to the last compartment, and under this compartment he ran, as a coach dog follows a carriage.

The engineman is credited with a secret willingness that the dog should be strangled and thus pay the penalty for his audacity in trying to equal the speed of the train. But at Sevenoaks the dog seemed perfectly fresh, and not at all inconvenienced by this mode of travel.

Then the speed was put to the extreme limit known on this line.

At the end of the route they found the poor dog very tired with waiting. He had bitten through the rope and run on, and now greeted his master with an air that seemed to say, "Well, you have got here at last."—Youth's Companion.

———o:o———

One day while Mr. French, the sculptor, was working on the bust of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the venerable philosopher rose suddenly and, walking over to where the artist was working, looked long and earnestly at the bust and, in his inimicably droll way said: "The trouble is, the more it resembles me the worse it looks." And when asked to give his opinion of the completed work, his reply was equally characteristic: "Well, that is the face I shave."—Selected.

———

Andrew Langs seems to have inoculated London society with the virus of a new fad, which the same is crystal-gazing. He has been recommending everybody to acquire a sphere of crystal and peer steadily into it until he sees things. He says it is best to go into a room in which there are no other persons, sit down with one's back to the light, place the crystal on a piece of dark cloth in such a position that reflections are excluded, and stare steadily at it for about five minutes. Mr. Lang says he has known persons thus to see pictures of events happening miles away, and other remarkable visions. Perhaps, if Messrs. Hill, Bryan, Cleveland, Tillman and a few other prominent Democrats should provide themselves with crystal balls and stare steadily at them for about five hours, one or another might be able to read the answer to that burning question, "What is a Democrat?"

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

February.

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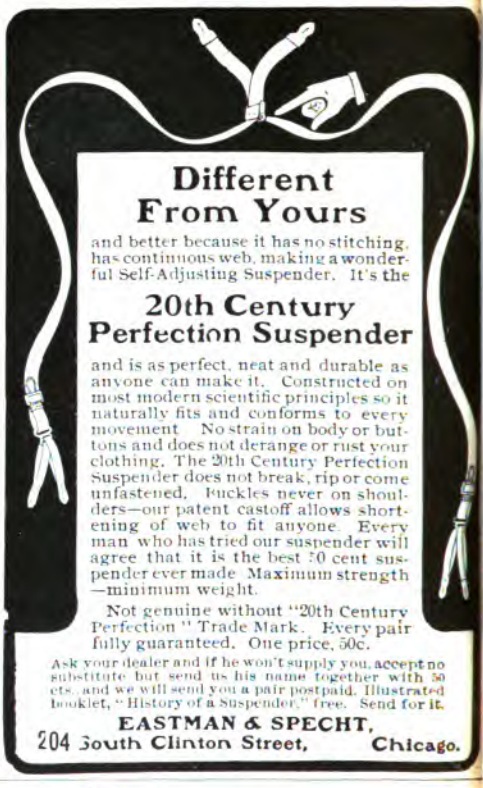

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THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII. FEBRUARY, 1902. No. 2.

MEMORIES OF CARADOG.

By Rev. J. A. Thomas (Ioan Arma), Kingston, Wis.

Who is this man who struck the bell of fame such a blow that it vibrated through all the habitations of a nation, and whose name passed with the brightness and rapidity of a meteor throughout the musical world? Caradog, who reigned supreme as a musical conductor, was born in the Rose and Crown, Trecynon, Aberdare, S. W., December 21, 1834. His father's name was John Jones, son of Rev. J. Jones, vicar of Llanishen, Llysfaen and Llaneden, near Cardiff. His mother was a daughter of Mr. David Hughes, a lay preacher with the Baptists in North Wales, whose residence I have failed to ascertain. At an early age Griffith's faithful companion was the violin, and the feats he performed on it were interesting and amusing, which never failed to win the greatest applause. One of his accomplishments was to get his fiddle to imitate the inhabitants of the farm yard. His instrument seemed as full as Noah's ark. He certainly gained admirable agility and swiftness of action in the execution of great composition. When his choir failed to sing a very difficult passage of a great chorus satisfactorily, he would seize his fiddle and tell us "Sing those flats and sharps as natural as this violin plays them."

Youth is the season of surprise and delight, and one of my keenest musical impressions is connected with Caradog's performance on his violin at a concert when I was a young lad. Wave after wave of sweet inspiring music flowed on and vibrated through the hall with perfect ease and perfect time until I fell into a kind of a dream. From an artistic standpoint he may have been deficient, but the common people in South Wales regarded him as a sort of Paganini on account of the tricks and feats he accomplished. This, however, was an excess of appreciation and bordering almost on the ridiculous.

The Chorister.

But let us think of Mr. Griffith R. Jones as a conductor of great choruses, because it is in this capacity his name will go down to generations unborn. Of all the able conductors of Wales, it can be said of one however that he was never beaten in a contest in the leadership of

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the great choruses of the immortal masters. Messrs. Silas Evans, Eos Morlais and a few others might be considered his equal in the leadership of glees and lighter music, but in the rendition of the great choruses we must deliberately award Mr. Griffith R. Jones the palm of supremacy. The Aberdare United Choir became the despair of all competitors. From 1853, when he won his first prize at the Aberafon Eisteddfod on "Hallelujah to the Father" (Beethoven) to his splendid victory at the Crystal Palace, London, 1872-3, his life was a brilliant series of unique successes.

Caradog took a portion of his choir to the National Eisteddfod at Carmarthen in 1864 or 1865, to compete on "Y Ddaeargryn" (Owain Alaw), and the anthem "Manchester," where he was beaten by the well known Mr. Helmore. In 1867 he again took his choir to Carmarthen, the test pieces being the Madrigal, "In Going to my Lonely Bed," and another glee which I have forgotten. The prize was divided in three equal parts between the Castellnewydd Emlyn, Merthyr and Aberdare choirs. The adjudicator stated as a reason for not giving the whole prize to Aberdare that the conductor had overtrained the choir. The verdict caused a storm of dissent which blew vigorously in the South Wales press.

When the National Eisteddfod was held at Aberdare in 1861, Mr. David Rosser (who resides now in Chicago), with the Dowlais United Choir entered the arena against Caradog for the principal prize. The chorus was "Thanks be to God" (Mendelssohn), and the musical adjudicators were Ieuan Gwyllt, Owain Alaw and another. The competition was decidedly close, and the prize was divided between the two choirs. Llew Llwyfo, I think, won his first crown then. At the concert the next evening the Dowlais choir outshone Caradog's choir, and received a magnificent ovation. It was the star evening of the National Eisteddfod, which was principally due to the taking pieces sung by the Dowlais choir.

Permit me to relate one of the most daring acts of musical leadership that your readers, probably, ever heard of. Let your fancy transport you to the Crystal Palace, June, 1872, where the South Wales Choral Union stands up in two choirs in Handel's Orchestra with open copies to sing the double chorus, "In Tears of Grief," by Bach, and the most stubborn and complicated of the test pieces. Caradog having seen that all parties were ready, glanced at the great orchestra and counted three beats as a signal for a start. To our surprise the orchestra did not respond. Presently the director of the orchestra stepped towards Caradog and said, "Mr. Jones, will you please beat six beats instead of three?" The choir master reflected only for a moment, when he replied, "All right, I will beat six to the orchestra with my right hand." Then looking at his two choirs he said, "I want you to look at my left hand only at present, with which I shall

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beat three beats. Pay no attention whatever to my right hand." And with perfect ease and accuracy he beat six to the orchestra and three to his choir (or rather choirs), while the most difficult of choruses were rendered. Certainly that was one of the most dramatic episodes in the annals of conductorship that came to a glorious consummation that memorable day. He always landed on his feet, with his feet forward.

The Expositor.

Caradog is a pregnant hint to young conductors. It was his thorough study and correct analysis and interpretation of the great masters that made him the head chorister of his nation. It was the rarest treat of my life when the choir began to learn a new chorus to hear him giving us an exposition of the author's thoughts in those mysterious strains of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, &c. You cannot tell what is in a song or chorus until you have heard it interpreted by a master. His exposition of a chorus was always an important adjunct to the training. In this capacity Caradog stood easily our greatest commentator of the great masters. This is not an arbitrary opinion of a few, but the consensus of criticism of distinguished critics of Wales, and some of England's. He enabled his choir by interpretation to give not only fine sound, but sense that never failed to fascinate with a breeziness that was distinctively Caradogian. After an exposition, then came a rendition, during which we could hear the fall of water, the stir of leaves, the songs of birds, the wild shriekings of the storm, and the sighings of the zephyr at eventide. Dr. Joseph Parry, D. Emlyn Evans and Eos Morlais, whose stars are scarcely less bright, confessed that Caradog's rendition of the great works bore the unmistakable stamp of a genius. He profoundly shaped the course of choral singing in Wales. As Eos Morlais taught us how to sing a song, Caradog taught us how to render a chorus. It is fair to say that he produced and benefited perhaps a larger number of able directors and singers, and organists of all grade that are a blessing in all parts of the world, than any other man in the Principality. Some of them, like Tom Stevens, Gwilym Cynon, Hywel Cynon, Eos Dar, Gwyn Alaw, William Thomas, Abraham James, Richard Jones, Dan Griffiths, Jenkin Howel, are stars (or rather satellites) adorning the musical world. The old star Caradog was bold, enterprising, and a path-finder in the untrodden field of music, and he improved greatly the conditions of advance and civilization. If young conductors would take a hint from the life of Mr. G. R. Jones, it would tend to enable them to lead their choirs with ease through the most complicated passages, instead of wearily plodding along a dull, unknown road.

A Solitary Figure.

This choir-master stands alone in the fact that his achievements were not the results of advantageous environments. Who can tell Caradog's teachers or predecessors in the di-

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rectorship of choral festivals? Did he reflect the age behind him when as long ago as 1853 he led victoriously his choir on a great chorus like Beethoven's "Hallelujah to the Father?" The present able conductors of Dowlais, Merthyr, Rhymney, Aberdare, &c., could be predicted in the light of the old pioneers Rosser, Beynon, Abraham Bowen, Heman Gwent and Caradog. Their coming must have been prepared by gifted predecessors. But Caradog is inexplicable, and stands the most detached and sharply defined personality in the history of Welsh music. He stands out in bold relief against a past that neither suggests nor interprets him.

He was of a sunny disposition, and life seemed to him all roses, without thorns. I really believe that he never took profoundly and heartily to our too much minor music. He could not. Once at a concert the writer had sung a solo that contained considerable minor strains, as I was leaving the stage he entered, and with a scowl remarked, "Did you come here to weep? Throw that silly dirge away." I did. I heard him complain of the too much minor in our hymn-tunes, and calling them funeral dirges, and that it will be the lofty mission of some musician to transpose a host of them to the major key, at least, the closing cadences, so as to give a suggestion of hope. He was bubbling over with humor, quaint anecdotes and stories, the recital of which created much mirth. His victories at the Crystal Palace thrilled the nation in 1872-3. The Prince of Wales then, now Edward VII., the Royal Family, dukes and lords honored him. Welshmen of London presented the choir with a gold cup. R. Fothergill, M. P., presented the choir with medals. The Welsh of America and Australia gave the conductor a gold baton, which, if my memory rightly serves me, generous Caradog later presented to the University of Aberystwyth. Time will not permit me to relate the choir's march visit to the Prince of Wales' palace headed by the famous correspondent Morien, carrying a Welsh banner, and the reception, dinner and after speeches by some of the great men of the world.

The immortal conductor died December 4, 1897, and was buried with the greatest honors in the Aberdare cemetery; where also lies the sacred dust of Telynog, Hugh Tegai, Alaw Goch, Brythonfryn, Doctor Price, Canon Jenkins, and other Welsh celebrities. Representative men of Wales, and some from England, attended the funeral, and evidences of respect and grief were everywhere from Pontypridd en route to Aberdare, which town with its forty thousand inhabitants seemed to have joined the funeral procession. Hon. J. S. Curwen, London, inventor of the Tonic Solfa Notation, travelled all the way from London to pay his respects to the great tone-poet of Wales. He with Dr. J. Parry and Mr. Tom Stevens formed from this mass a large choir whose lives the illustrious leader had

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enriched, and amid the tolling of church bells and hymn-singing they slowly bore away the beloved remains, and thousands of spectators along the streets whispered brokenly the name they loved and admired. A touching feature in the funeral procession when it reached Aberdare was quite a number of the veterans of the Crystal Palace Choir were visible by their medals. What thoughts, what emotions, must have possessed the throng as they were passing the old Temperance Hall, the cradle of modern choral singing in South Wales, and the drill ground of Caradog's victories? I wonder if the spirits of Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, Bach and other great masters whom the departed conductor successfully interpreted lingered not within those historic walls and chanted a requiem.

THE LATE REV. R. TROGWY EVANS, OSHKOSH, WIS.

By Lizzie Owen, Denver, Colo.

"The Master is come and calleth for thee."

Such was the message, such the call,
In unmistaken note;
The beckoning voice said "Servant, come,
For thee I will promote."

From earth to heav'n from death to life,
From toil and pain to rest;
And thine the vict'ry, thine the crown,
And home among the blest.

We do not breathe a sad farewell,
Mid tears that ceaseless flow,
But rather hail the dawn of day,
And yonder radiant glow.

Today we can not scale the heights,
Nor see that distant shore,
Where lives this nobleman of God,
In peace forever more.

But forward, onward to the goal,
His admonition heed;
His life and labors emulate,
His hope, his faith, succeed.

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IDRIS LLWYD.

(A Tale of Welsh Life—Prize Story.)

By E. R. Evans, Carnarvon, N. W.

CHAPTER I.

There were disquieting rumors of a strike in the air; and a strike in an industrial district meants poverty, and want, and suffering, and hardship. The summer was on the wane, and winter with its cold days and long nights already cast its shadow upon the district. Old and experienced men shook their heads in doubt, the leaders of the Welsh quarrymen advised them to be cautious; but the young, and the irresponsible clamored for war.

Those who had gone through the bitter experience of the last strike, five years ago, who had suffered the bitter pangs of hunger, watched their wives and children enduring for their sakes, and who had themselves borne the brunt of the struggle for independence, knew that the fight was inevitable. The quarry was ripe for a strike. Alien managers rendered life unbearable, and petty stewards for the sake of promotion and hopes of gain, ruled with unnecessary officiousness, magnified trivial breaches of rules into serious irregularities, and caused friction when they ought to have allayed the feeling of the men.

One fine morning towards the end of October William Davies, one of the quarry officials, went on his daily rounds through the galleries in his section of the work. The sun shone brightly overhead, and there was a touch of frost in the air, the wind was keen and sharp, and the men might have been expected to be busy at work even were it not but to keep themselves warm. Instead of that he found they were idling their time away, standing in groups discussing the situation, and flinging their arms back and fore to keep up the circulation.

"What does all this mean, Dafydd Hughes," he asked sharply to an old workman, who seemed to be the leader of this particular gang or "crew."

"These young fellows say they'll stand no more of it, Mr. Davies."

"No more of what?"

"No more bullying from the overlookers," replied one of the men, a big, husking fellow standing six feet high.

"You wait till you are spoken to, Griff Jones," the official observed. Then turning and addressing Dafydd Hughes he added:

"And what have the overlookers been doing?"

"Doing? Doing? Why they are continually doing something to create a bother. They cut down our wages, they sneak to the office with lying tales about us, they domineer over us as if we were slaves, and

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they pick up quarrels unnecessary," replied Dafydd Hughes warming to the subject. "It's a wonder to me some of these younger chaps have not thrown them over the cliff for their arrogance."

"Beware, Dafydd Hughes, of what you are saying. Remember that to threaten an official means dismissal from the quarry."

"Ah! There it is again. The same old spirit seems to have taken hold of each one of you. Every official is a king in his own estimation, and the poor workman is nobody."

"I shall let you know that an official is somebody if you talk like that to me," said Davies warmly.

The old workman bowed his head. He could not afford to quarrel with an official and endanger his livelihood. He had a wife and seven children dependent upon him; and it would fare badly with them if he were turned away. The official knew this, and turning towards him said dictatorially:

"You proceed with your work. Don't foster a spirit of insubordination among the younger men. If you do you will have to leave, that's all."

Dafydd Hughes raised his head as if to reply, but before he could do so a young lad barely twenty years of age strode forward and looking the official full in the face said:

A corner of Llechigleision.

"He has not fostered insubordination. He has done his duty by you, Mr. Davies, and by the management, too long. He has endeavored to get us to work; and done all in his power to induce us to pick up our tools and proceed. I, for one, am not going to stand here and see him bullied nor threatened."

"Hurrah," shouted the others; and the cheer was taken up by other gangs at work in other parts of the quarry, who knew not why. But the spirit of excitement was in

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the air, and the whole quarry was ripe for a revolt.

Officious though he was, William Davies was wise also. He knew the spirit of the workmen, for at one time he had been one of them. He was far too cautious to risk a scene in the gallery at that moment, so turning on his heel he simply said, though inwardly quivering with rage,

"If you have any grievances send them to the office and they will be attended to."

Left to themselves the men began anew to discuss the situation. They knew that someone would suffer for this. Old Dafydd Hughes called the lad to him saying,

"You should have held your tongue, Idris."

"Held my tongue when he threatened to turn you away—the coward!"

"But he will turn you instead, now."

"Let him do so. I can find work elsewhere."

"What will your mother say?"

"My mother! She will be glad that I took an old man's part, when he was being badly treated. Why should we crave and cringe to these officials, and treat them as if it was a favor to be allowed to work under them? We are as good men as they are, as honest, and as worthy."

Mary Price.

"Ah, my lad, thou art young; and knowest not the ways of the world."

Idris laughed lightheartedly. Turning to his comrades he asked,

"Shall we work, or shall we send up our grievances to the office?"

It was agreed that work should

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be resumed for the time, but that next day a list of grievances should be prepared and sent to the management with a demand for redress.

Dinner hour came; and just as the men were settling down in the quarry cabin to enjoy the mid-day meal a messenger came to say that Idris Llwyd was wanted at the office.

The talebearer had been at work:

Idris's Home.

and Idris knew why he was needed, but his courage did not forsake him, and leaving his homely meal of bread and cheese and warmed up tea untouched, he went towards the dreaded office.

The village of Llechigleision had grown up gradually around that portion of the mountain where for one hundred years or more the Carnarvonshire quarrymen had eked out a slender living for themselves, and helped to fill the coffers of the wealthy squire with gold. Tradition had it that in the olden days the mighty mountain belonged to the commoners, and that it had come unto the possession of the squire—a haughty, English aristocrat—by means which were not altogether straightforward and honest. Of course, no one doubted the legal right of the present owner. The property had been handed down to him by his father, who had enclosed one portion after another until by the law of England, and owing to the ignorance of that law among those who lived at hand, who allowed him undisturbed possession of what was rightly their own, it actually became his. Then he let it out on short leases of forty and fifty and sixty years, so that his

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quarrymen might erect houses on the land, and cultivate the gardens and improve the mountain, and treble its value. He asked for a nominal ground rent, knowing of course, that in the course of time, the land, the houses, the cultivated gardens, and all the improvements, would revert to the estate when the lease ran out. Thus was he able to enrich his family, and to make his son one of the wealthiest of British aristocrats, without risking a penny of his own money, nor troubling about the result. Talk of the sweating system! There is nothing in it to be compared with the mountain grabbing system of Welsh and English landlords, nor more iniquitous laws in all the world than the land laws of Britain.

The village grew. Sturdy quarrymen, masons, joiners, blacksmiths, worked hard for years to build it. Families lived in peace and prospered for a while. There was every indication of a prosperous community springing up around the mountain; and the landlord was congratulated on all hands. Chapels and churches were built, though the former outnumbered the more imposing churches; schools were established, and shopkeepers found it convenient to open stores in the main street. For forty years peace and harmony prevailed. Then the leases began to fall in, rents were raised, the people began to grumble, a coolness arose between those who attended chapel and those who worshipped in church. The chapel folk complained that the churchgoers were favored at the quarry, that merit was disregarded, and men promoted more for attending church than for ability. The old squire had died; and his son ruled with an iron hand. All the quarry officials were the friends of the parson and the enemies of those who dared follow the dictates of their consciences by attending Nonconformist places of worship. Hatred, born of sectarian prejudices, begat discord and discontent among the employers, and evolved eventually into open friction.

The father of Idris Llwyd had been a staunch Nonconformist—an officer bearer in one of the chapels, a man whose integrity and belief were beyond doubt, and who had ingrained into his son principles, such as those which made Wales what it is to-day. He had died when the lad was barely able to work, leaving him to be breadwinner for the widowed mother and his younger brothers and sisters. They lived happily, though at first it was a bitter struggle to keep the wolf from the door. Many a time had old Betsan Llwyd wondered where the next meal would come from, and prayed to God for strength to help her. Yet they had never been in want—never hungered for bread; and now Idris had grown to be almost a man, and, with his brother, could take a "bargain" in the quarry, and work it equally as good as the best man there.

Idris obeyed the order as we have already seen. He entered the office with head erect, and faced the manager without fear.

"I hear," said the manager pom-

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pously, "that you are one of the discontents at the quarry; and that you are one of those who endeavor to create friction between the men and the officials."

"There is no truth in such an assertion," replied Idris fearlesssly; and he related exactly what had occurred.

"Davies is a bigger fool than I took him to be," observed the manager. "What does he want to pick quarrels with the men unnecessarily? You can go; but bear in mind that while I manage this quarry the officials are not to be interfered with. They must be obeyed."

"But, sir, it is the officials who create discord."

"Nonsense; they simply discharge their duties."

"Is it their duty to threaten people, to carry tales to you, sir, to cheat the workmen of their hard earned wages, to taunt us, to favor those who cringe to them at the expense of those who are too straightforward to do so, and to lie about us?"

His eyes flashed fire as he spoke, his right arm kept accompaniment to his speech, his words flowed from the lips direct from the heart, and he was being carried away by that eloquence he had acquired in the "society" at the modest little chapel of week nights.

The manager stopped him and said:

"Beware, young man; such indictments as these must be proved."

"I can prove them, sir, to the hilt."

"You are too excited just now. Cool down. Meet me here to-morrow, at noon, and I shall have inquired into some of the charges you have made. If they cannot be proved you must bear the consequences."

Thus Idris left and joined his comrades, but he was remarkably reticent as to what had happened at the office.

CHAPTER II.

That evening Idris went to the singing meeting which was held in the village schoolroom after service in the chapel. He formed a member of the choir that had been established by John Prydderch, who intended to compete at an Eisteddfod to be held in an adjoining village on Christmas day. Prydderch had gathered around him all the local talent of the neighborhood; and the choir had a reputation for miles around. Prydderch was a model conductor. He had led his choir to victory a dozen times; and possessed more Eisteddfodau trophies in the form of prize bags with silk ribbons, silver medals and gold mounted batons than any other conductor in the country; and he had even once competed at the Nationa Eistedldfod and secured a second place for his choir. Had it not been for the fact that the adjudicator was related by marriage to the uncle of the other choir leader's wife, some people said Prydderch would have won hands down.

Be that as it may, there was no denying the fact that Llechigleision United Choir was excellent. The quality of the voices was rich, and

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everybody admitted it. Like a wise conductor, Prydderch knew no difference at rehearsals between the steward's son and the poor "rybelwr," nor between the vicar's daughter and the girl whose mother cleaned the chapel, provided they attended regularly and practiced singing at home and did not gossip when they should attend to the wielding of the baton and his advice as to the rapidity with which the piece was to be rendered. In the choir there was no difference of creed, of sect, of politics, nor of social standing. All were of an equality; and it is this commendable feature which has saved Wales's noblest institution from passing away.

Practice was over at last; and the lads and the lasses wended their way homeward in couples. It was "Nos Calangauaf"—All Hallows Eve—when witches were to be seen on every stile, when Young Wales made merry. Idris had forgotten, for once, the incident at the quarry earlier in the day, and thought only of the enjoyment of the hour.

It was a fine moonlight night—just the evening for a long ramble. As yet he had not thought much of marrying, not because he was too young, for many of his comrades at the quarry younger than he were already mated. Such is the foolish custom in some parts of industrial Wales. Young men and maidens marry before they are out of their teens, thinking but little of the responsibilities of wedlock. Idris had a happy comfortable home, a fond mother and her care, but even he was beginning to think he was old enough to commence lovemaking. No girl had yet attracted him as had young Mary Price, the rector's daughter. She was a bright, merry, winsome lass, with a wealth of golden hair hanging in clustering curls over her shapely shoulders, and falling in careless disorder down her back. The village gossips coupled her name with young Ivor Davies, the steward's son, for had he not been seen with her more than once walking arm in arm on the banks of the river?

Ivor had been to the rehearsal; he possessed a capital tenor voice, and Mary led the sopranos. As the company marched out of the dusty old schoolroom, Ivor made towards her intending as usual to escort her home, but she turned from him with a proud toss of the head, and a scornful look on her face.

"I can walk home alone, thank you, Mr. Davies," she said. "Perhaps the manager's daughter wants company."

Mary had heard on her way to the rehearsal that Ivor had been at Brynonen the day previous; and intended letting her lover know that she resented his fickleness.

Evidently, he cared little for her indignation for he forthwith turned round and said,

"Very well, Miss Proud, I'll just go and see."

He went; and Mary started homewards. Idris had been a witness to the short passage of arms, and, seizing the opportunity walked briskly up the lane, overtaking Mary Price

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before she had gone far. Their way homewards lay in the same direction, and she did not consider it ungentlemanly nor presumptuous on his part to accompany her. They had known each other from childhood, and had been at all times on friendly terms, but no words of love had passed between them. Indeed, Mary had always regarded Idris as a "very decent fellow," a little ignorant, perhaps, but that was due to his lack of opportunities. She took a friendly interest in him and his mother, but she never regarded him as a possible lover.

Nor did Idris until this night. He had regarded Mary as in a circle outside his own, a lovely maid, who would some day adorn some mansion as its mistress perhaps. But to-night he felt differently. He could not explain why. She linked her arm in his, and they walked homewards side by side, conversing about the singing and the probable chances of winning at the Eisteddfod, until they reached the little wicket gate of Idris's home. It was his intention, of course, to proceed as far as the Rectory with her, but for some unexplained reason they stopped by the gate.

"Just let me run in, and tell mother I'm coming with you," said Idris.

"I'll come with you, Idris. By the way, you may as well come to the Rectory to supper. It's Nos Calangauaf, you know; and we must have some fun. I'll just let your mother know you are coming."

Opening the door they found old Betsan Llwyd sitting in an old arm chair by the side of the hearth, busily knitting with her hands while a large-print family Bible lay open on the well scrubled round table at her elbow. The kettle sang merrily on a bright fire. The stone-flagged floor had been beautifully chalked, and the oak furniture and the fire irons were bright and spotless.

It was a cosy old kitchen; it had no carpets, nor was it painted; but it was homely and comfortable. A framed sampler with a Scriptural text hung over the fireplace; and on each side there were pictures of Biblical scenes, crude enough, and cheap enough in all conscience, but yet useful as means of illustrating Scriptural history to the children. On another wall there were oil paintings of old Betsan and her dead husband in gilt frames, taken when they were in the prime of life, and another old photograph of the children when they wore short frocks. The oak dresser occupied the other side of the room; and the crockery glistened in the bright light of the fire.

"Come in, my girl; come in and warm," said the old dame heartily when she saw Mary standing by the door. "Come, I am sure you must feel cold."

Mary advanced a few steps, whilst Betsan, putting down her knitting, fetched a chair for her, and with her apron brushing off an imaginary speck of dust, bade her sit down.

"No, Betsan Llwyd; I shall not remain. I simply dropped in with Idris to let you know he is coming home with me to-night. Nos Cal-

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angauaf, you know. He is going to stay to supper with us; and will not be home till late."

"Dear, dear; well you are kind Miss Price. Yes, indeed, now. Who would have thought."

"It isn't kindness at all. It's simply friendliness. We shall be very glad of his company, and my father will be delighted, I am sure."

"Thank you so much for him, Miss Price. But, indeed, now, he ought to put on his Sunday clothes. You'll be having fine company."

The girl laughed heartily, and said, "Not a bit of it. Just a few friends, you know. But we must not stay here too long."

Idris, meanwhile, had been standing by the door watching intently the girl's face, and admiring her as she talked with his mother, but not venturing a remark of his own. As they started out again, old Betsan came to the door saying,

"Good night, Miss Price, and thank you so much. Idris, mind you don't stay too late."

When they reached the Rectory, the welcome Idris received was warm and cordial. After supper there were some songs and story telling, and then the inevitable diving after apples in the tub of water in the kitchen. The fun lasted for a couple of hours. Then there were some more tales of ghosts and Tylwyth Teg, and a few more songs, the evening being wound up by the cracking and burning of nuts.

Idris was delighted. This was his first visit to the Rectory, and he never thought he could make himself so much at home; but then there was Mary, who seemed ever so much bonnier, and handsomer, and merrier at her own fireside than he had seen her before. She seemed to be here, there and everywhere, endeavoring to make each one happy; and his love towards her, which until now had laid dormant, broke out into a flame.

"What luck with the nuts, father," she asked, and threw one into the blazing fire. It crackled immediately, and a piece of the shell jumped out of the fire and settled on Idris's knee.

"That points out your future husband," replied her father with a smile; while Mary blushed crimson, and Idris became fidgetty and uncomfortable.

"You throw in a nut, Idris," said Mrs. Price, "and see if the tradition is true."

Idris took a nut from Mary's hand, his own trembling nervously, and threw it in. No; it did not crackle. It turned red in the fire and burnt up—a sure sign of bad luck.

The lad was superstitious, as were most people in Wales those days; and in this he saw a sign of coming trouble. His cheerfulness gave way to sadness, and his heart was heavy.

"Don't take on so, my lad," said the kind old rector. "It's only a silly old superstition. What bad luck can come to a young fellow like you, who has always done his duty?"

"Of course," Mary added; "there's nothing in it, any more than there

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was in the one I threw in, which, according to superstition, says that I'll be your wife.

She tried to laugh it off; but Idris could not shake off the presentment of coming evil; and shortly afterwards he left, feeling sad and anxious though Mary did her best to brighten him, and came with him to the door to wish him "Good night."

CHAPTER III.

Discipline at the quarry was strict—much too strict, so thought the workmen, and this was one of the grievances they wished redressed. The punishments meted out for petty and trivial offences were unnecessarily severe, and rendered the harder to bear owing to the way they were administered.

The morning following his visit to the Rectory, Idris failed to reach the quarry when the signal to start work was given. He was half an hour late, and this was duly reported to William Davies the steward. Now, Davies, had been in consultation with the manager, since the latter's conversation with Idris, and he knew pretty well what the lad had told him. His son, Ivor, had also seen him going home with Mary Price, and in a jealous mood over his father's supper table had succeeded in prejudicing the steward's mind against Idris.

During breakfast time, half an hour snatched to gobble an apology for a meal mid-time between the hour of starting and noon, Idris was summoned to the presence of William Davies.

"So I hear you are late again, Idris?"

"Yes; I was late this morning. I did not feel well last night, and overslept."

"A very fine tale! That comes from staying out late. I suppose the company of Mary Price proved too much for you last night."

The young man's eye flashed with anger at the other's presumption; and being of a hasty temperament he broke forth into a torrent of rage. Why should this man pry into his private concerns, and interfere with matters that appertained not to the quarry? Why should he taunt him, and seize upon every opportunity to injure him? What business was it of his how he spent his leisure hours, and with whom he kept company? He would stand it no longer, and he told the steward so.

"Indeed," replied the other with a malicious sneer. "Your are a fine one to tell me what my duty is. You who yesterday threatened me, who afterwards went to the manager and lied about the officials."

"I did not lie," retorted Idris angrily.

"Who comes to work half an hour late," added William Davies ignoring the interruption, "and now comes here to abuse me. I must teach you a lesson, young man. You are suspended for a month."

"Suspended!" in surprise.

"Yes. You need not return to work until the next bargain day."

Idris was stupefied. A month's suspension for so trivial an offence, was unreasonable. He returned to

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his comrades downhearted and discouraged. "This, then," he thought, was the bad omen I had last night."

He told the men what had happened; and was preparing to depart from the quarry quietly, but the men would not have it. With one accord they threw down their tools, raised him on their shoulders, made a hero of him, and marched in triumph past the manager's office, shouting and cheering until the cliffs re-echoed. Such a disturbance was a thing unheard of, and the manager came out of his den wondering what could have happened. He tried to appease the maddened crowd, but they would have none of it.

"Not a stroke of work until Idris is reinstated," they shouted.

"Who dismissed him?" asked the manager.

"Davies, the steward," roared a hundred voices in unison.

The disturbance created in one gallery, the hallooing and the cheering, had brought other men from other galleries upon the scene, and the words "Davies, the steward," heard by fully a thousand men sounded and resounded on every hand. Not a tithe of them knew what the steward had done, nor did they care to know. They were frantic, desperate and determined. They had a vague notion that something had gone wrong, and that Davies, the steward, was responsible for it, and they were too impatient to wait. In vain the manager entreated them to be calm and to go back to work, in vain he promised to listen to their grievances and give them full consideration. The mad spirit of revolt had possessed them. They would listen to no arguments.

Suddenly someone shouted "There he is," and pointed with his finger towards a figure retreating hurriedly down the hill side. With a wild shout the maddened miners rushed after him, leaving Idris alone with the manager.

"For the love of God, sir, save him. They will kill him! Look at the stones they are picking!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

COMFORT IN THE CRUCIBLE.

While tossing to and fro
Upon her couch, she said,
"Now, dolly, you must go
Immediately to bed."

So out of anguish sore
Flowed forth the sweetest joy,
Just as the smelting ore
Yields gold without alloy.

—J. V. S.

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THE QUADRIMILLENNIAL EISTEDDFOD OF THE CYMRY.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips, M. A.

On the right we discover the distinguished American delegates, among whom we notice Captain Jones, who commanded the Mayflower with its precious cargo across the Atlantic from England to America in 1620; Thomas Rogers, Stephen Hopkins, John Alden and John Rowland, who with some others came in the Mayflower under the command of Captain Jones, December 21, 1620; Rev. Roger Williams, who came to this country in 1631, and who, finally, when persecuted in Massachusetts, fled to Rhode Island, where he shaped the destiny of the State both religiously and politically; Richard Henry Lee, who made the motion, in Continental Congress for the separation of the colonies of America from Great Britain, and asked for their independence as confederated States of America; Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America, and who was the third President of the United States; John Adams, who championed on the floor of Congress the Declaration of Independence, written by Jefferson, and who was the first Vice President, and second President of the United States of America; Mrs. Martha Washington, the consort of the first President of the new republic, who was a grand-daughter of a Welsh minister of the gospel.

Among the representatives from Massachusetts were John Adams and Samuel Adams; from Rhode Island Stephen Hopkins; from Connecticut, William Williams; from New York, William Floyd, Francis Lewis and Lewis Morris; from New Jersey, Francis Hopkins; from Pennsylvania, Robert Morris and George Clymer; from North Carolina, John Penn; from Virginia, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison, Richard E. Lee and Francis E. Lee; from South Carolina, Arthur Middleton; from Georgia, B. Gwinnett; from the Continental Army under Washington 14 generals, 7 colonels, 6 captains, and one lieutenant; among these military heroes were Anthony Wayne, Charles Lee, Daniel Morgan, John Cadwalader, James Williams, Henry Lee, Thomas Marshall and Ethan Allen; and among the Presidents of the United States were John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, William Henry Harrison and Benjamin Harrison; Daniel Webster, the gifted statesman; Noah Webster, the great lexicographer; William Penn, who founded Philadelphia and gave his name to Pennsylvania; Yale, who founded Yale College, now grown into an University; the eloquent and fearless President Davies, of Princeton College; the peerless thinker and metaphysician, as well as preacher, Jonathan Edwards; Rev. Edward A.

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Parks, the famous theologian and teacher as well as preacher; Dr. Lyman Beecher, the eloquent preacher and teacher; Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the peerless pulpit orator and platform speaker; Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" Wendell Phillips, the peerless platform speaker and reformer; Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the famous platform speaker, writer and philanthropist; in short, representatives from all the professions and the avocations of life—from the state, the pulpit, the platform, the press, the school, the study and the studio; from all the family names contained in the alphabet, noble men and women, worthy representatives of the Cymric nations from across the Atlantic.

Along with these representatives who now bear or once bore the Cymric name as well as Cymric blood were representatives from other nations of Cymric origin, but now bearing another nomenclature, the learned and intellectual Scotch, from the witty and eloquent Irish, from the volatile and gifted French, from the cool and sturdy Dane and Belgians, from the free and conscientious Swiss, and from the many other nations of Cymric blood, grand delegations filling the spacious platform to overflowing, and eager to join the great celebration.

Across the platform from one side to the other were suspended in large letters, "The Quadrimillennial Eisteddfod of the Cymric Nations." Under this, and just above the speaker's desk was the national flag, with the leek, the national emblem, formed in gold, filling the centre, and smaller leeks, formed also of gold, occupying the four corners. On the right of the platform was suspended the motto, "Tra mor, tra Brython" ((While the sea, while the Briton). And on the left of the platform was suspended the motto, "Oes y byd i'r iaith Gymraeg" (The age of the world to the Welsh language). Oer the main entrance of the grand auditorium was the motto which had come down from the fourth or fifth century, "Y gwir yn erbyn y byd" (The truth against the world). Among the mottos placed here and there within and without the great amphitheatre were that of Powys, "A laddo a leddir" (He that killeth shall be killed); that of Gwent and Morganwg, "Duw a phob daioni" (God and all goodness); that of Dyfed, "Calon wrth galon" (Heart to heart); and that of Gwynedd or North Wales, "Iesu nad gamwaith" (Jesus suffer no wrong). These and other mottos which everywhere met the eye and attracted the attention of the vast multitude who attended the Eisteddfod, had a wonderful influence upon them. In the hall and out of doors they constantly and eagerly studied them with patriotic interest and inspiration.

As the hour arrived for the Eisteddfod to commence the welcome voice of the royal trumpet filled the place with the announcement, and the vast assembly within and without the grand auditorium hushed into silence and pressed into position to see the first scene and hear

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the first utterance, and as the committee of arrangement through their chairman, announced the Prince of Glamorgan the President of the day, and Iago of Powys the conductor, and these were conducted to their seats, there were a loud clapping of hands and deafening applause worth of the Cymry and the occasion. When silence had been restored, and expectation encamped on the faces of the audience, the Prince spoke in substance as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen: It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge the conspicuous honor which you have so kinly bestowed upon me, and it shall be my endeavor to the utmost of my ability to perform the duties of the office (hear, hear). Eisteddfodau, if I am not entirely mistaken, are peculiar to the Cymry. Among other nations we cannot find the least trace of their existence. Among the Cymry they their pride and glory. They run in their veins and form the blood of their existence. Their National Eisteddfodau furnish food for thought and development of character. What the Grecian games were to the Greeks the Eisteddfodau have been to the Cymry (great applause).

"Eisteddfodau are not only peculiar to the Cymry, but are also of remote antiquity. Their origin dates back to the age of myth, before history was born they had their existence, and existed their influence on national character. As the veil of oblivion lifted from the buried past, Eisteddfodau came to view and revealed their existence. Their nature and character stood forth against the horizon of fable and reflected the sunshine of history. Ever since the dawn of history, whatever they may have been before, they have developed their energies and exerted their influence with increasing force and efficiency. From the fourth, fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era they have come down to us with added score and lustre. Prince and people, king and subjects have united their effort to make them successful, and vied with each other to win the prize. To see and appreciate their great popularity, extensive sway and royal dignity you have only to recall Prince Maelgwn Gwynedd, Prince Rhys ab Griffith, Prince Llewelyn, the last Prince of Wales, King Henry VII., King Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth, together with many others of eminent learning, high position, royal authority, and universal sway who endorsed, sanctioned, attended, sustained, conducted and presided over them for so many centuries (applause).

"Eisteddfodau are not only peculiar to the Cymry and of remote antiquity, but also of great significance. They are designed to perpetuate and perfect the Cymric language and Cymric literature; to reserve and transmit the customs and habits of the Cymry; to encourage and inspire patriotism in the defense and for the advancement of Cymru; and to foster and intensify national love and national unity everywhere. Especially is this the design, and I fond-

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ly believe will be the result of the Quadrimillennial Eisteddfod, which we have now the honor to commence(Prolonged and deafening applause). The eyes of the Cymric nations, of the civilized world, and of the God of nations are upon us; and I am persuaded their hearts are with us to approve our action and cheer our success (Renewed applause). As one of the representatives from Glamorgan and of my father's kingdom, and also as the first President of the Eisteddfod I extend to you, one and all, my hearty welcome and congratulation, as well as pledge my to do all within my power to make it a grand and glorious success." (Prolonged applause).

As the President took his seat, the conductor, Iago of Powys, and his twelve associate conductors, one from each county, stepped to the platform, and announced all the committees of the Eisteddfod, and the chairman of each committee, who would see to all the arrangements for the convenience and comfort of the vast assembly, as well as for the success of the Eisteddfod. After these announcements had been made an anthem was sung by the united choirs of the Principality on "Welcome to the Sons of Gomer," which was grand and magnificent, and when the vast assembly of one hundred thousand voices joined in the chorus, it was ready to take you from your feet. After the anthem was sung, a poem was read by Iolo Goch on the Cymry Fu, the Cymry Sydd, and the Cymry Fydd, which like anthem was much appreciated and applauded. After the poem came the first subject before the Eisteddfod in the competitive line, which was naturally, "The Cymry Before They Came to Britain." On this one subject the committee on adjudication received 631 essays. All of these essays manifested genuine patriotism and worthy effort, and deserve high commendation. And committee are only too sorry that they cannot award the first prize to them all. One hundred of the essays show wide reading, great thoughtfulness, and considerable merit. Ten of the one hundred stand forth among their competitors as familiar with the subject, more discriminating in their judgment, more candid in their treatment, and more skillful in their expression. They seem to be specialists pre-eminently fitted to make the research, sift the materials, grasp the facts, state the case and clothe the subject. Of the ten who ran in the van of all the rest three seem to lead the seven who came close behind them. And of the three one seemed to take the lead of the two, who vie with each other to be the second in number to the first. But the third outstrips the seven, the second the third, and the first the second with considerable distance between them. "All these essays," said the the conductor, "deserve to be read before the Eisteddfod, but owing to the pressure of other subjects we shall be deprived the pleasure and confine our attention to the reading of the essay which has won the first prize." Having said this the conductor took in his hand a sealed letter and the essay which had won

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the first prize, and handed it to the chief scribe of the Eisteddfod, who, having read the non-de-plume on the essay and on the letter, and having broken the seal and opened the letter, announced the author of the essay which had won the first prize as D. ab Gomer (Prolonged and deafening applause).

When silence had been restored the President congratulated the successful competitors, the first, second and third, and appointed a committee of six to conduct them to the platform, and when they had discharged their pleasant duty in the midst of tumultuous applause, he introduced them to the audience as the three worthies and victors of the first contest in the Eisteddfod. After their introduction to the assembly the essay which won the first prize was read to the audience by an elocutionist who was a master in the art, amid tumultuous applause and clapping of hands.

THE SINS OF THE SAINTS.

By George James Jones, Ph. D., D. D.

II. Prayer and Environment.

Many blessings of God descend upon men daily as the rays of the sun. Other blessings are promised on conditions. The conditions are specific and explicit. It is madness to expect the promised blessings while the conditions are unfulfilled. Are not the promised blessings to be enjoyed after the conditions have been complied with? It is madness also to doubt the fulfilling of the promises when the conditions have been filled. God's answer to prayer transcends human expectations. Words do not stand in all relations for precisely the same thing. Take the word "prosperity" and it may be variously used in the prayers of the saint as occasions require. It was used recently by two men at the throne of grace, but what one really asked for by the use of that word was not what was asked for by the other. One was praying for spiritual help, the other for physical vigor. The character of the occasion changes the moral context of the word. One may be engaged in a laudible transaction, building a house, constructing a railroad, planting a tree or gathering the fruit, and he may with propriety ask for prosperity. While the immediate import of the word is the successful culmination of the enterprise, its real import is commercial advancement, or in common parlance, worldly gain, used as illustrated. The man making such use of it is certainly within the realm of prayer. Another may be writing a book, and may ask guidance and direction in thought, or in the expression of that thought, and use the word "prosperity" to mean either or both. May

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be he might use it in asking success in finding a publisher. Perhaps he is sufficiently fortunate as not to need the profits from the sale of the book for personal use yet the sale is a vital item in making the venture and the labor prosperous. The man may hope to write something to lead others to higher thinking and living, and prosperity in securing public attention is an item of importance. Another man is at the mid-week prayer meeting, a sense of the great need of the church militant comes over him with overwhelming force, and no word expresses the inner consciousness of his soul as the word prosperity, and he lifts up his voice in the words of another, "O Lord, send now prosperity." Yet we may ask, what was the real thing for which he prayed? Did he ask for the conversion of unbelievers, or for the increase of piety and faith of those already members? Or did he ask for greater liberality in the free-will offering of the people, that much necessary work now left undone for the want of means may be at once accomplished? Or did he ask for greater and more vital spiritual experience on the part of the members of that church that a more health and a more holy influence may be exerted upon the community. The man may have had but one of these particulars in his mind when he made use of that word, and yet the word was rightly used. At the same time the word is sufficiently comprehensive to embrace all things necessary for the magnifying and the glorifying of the church of the Lord Jesus Christ in the world. Possibly, that is the true import.

Almost invariably when the word "prosperity" is used in prayer the impression is made that the great need of the church is a more vital union with God, a more tangible evidence of the presence of the Holy Spirit, and that is the need. Yet when that relation has been attained it is possible that the power of the Spirit will be felt not so much in more praying or in the increase of the number of praying men and women, not so much in earnest personal pleading with men to renounce sin and to seek forgiveness as in more liberal cash contributions. Withholding from the Lord his just dues is a sin readily besetting vast numbers. The higher life expresses itself sometimes most beautifully in consecrated "golden eagles." God does not recognize a highly spiritual mood, a happy joyous feeling, if it were sincere, as all of worship. Bowed heads and sweetly worded sentiments do not constitute all of prayer. As the suppliant bends at the throne, asking for forgiveness and for strength, for clearer visions of duty and a firmer faith in God, the omnipresent eye scans his fields, his bank accounts, his benefactions, his business methods, his social relations, his offerings, his kindness and charity to the suffering, for all these enter into the genuine prayer. That suppliant is recognized at that awful throne, not for what he appears to be to men, but for what he is in the sight of God. His deeds are wings or weights to his prayer.

Often are we told that when the

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Spirit has come radical changes will take place. Ought we not to ask, will the Spirit in all his quickening powers ever come before radical changes have already taken place? Are such changes not among the conditions of its coming? Are there not many changes within the power of the church to make without additional light or strength? Is she now using all the available force and knowledge within her? In time gone by the injunction was, "Cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling-block out of the way of my people. For thus saith the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones" (Isa. 57: 14, 15). "So Jotham became mighty, because he ordered his way before the Lord his God" (2 Chron. 27: 6). Are there not many weak and dying Christians to-day which would become strong like Jotham did they too order their way before God? The language of the book shows that God will visit his plantation when the people are in a condition to receive him. The Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., very strikingly puts one face of the matter as follows: "There is no persecution now, no obloquy attending the profession of Christ, no offenses of the cross are ordinarily borne; hence the mingling of the church and the world. Fairs and festivals, amusements and amateur theatricals, and all kinds of literary and social entertainments have come in as did the heathen festivals in the beginning. When we see whereto all this is tending—the disgraceful secularizing and demoralizing of the church of Christ, it is time for somebody to call a halt. Is not the banishment of socials for gain, puerile entertainments, secularizing the holy place within the province of the church without additional light or strength? Ought not attending to these things take place even before prayer for greater light and higher power be made? Will an oration before God be accepted as prayer in any event? The "pots of Egypt" must be banished before the church can look for a revival. It is high time that Christians examine the foundations of their hope. 'Tis true that certain manupilations of figures say show a respectable advance in church work over ten years or more ago when totals are compared with totals. But here, as elsewhere, the old maxim, "Figures do not lie," is no more true than its corollary, "Liars do figure." Thoughtful men are asking with all seriousness how is it that the Christianity of Christ is not making greater progress, while every now and then it is asked, is that which is represented by the churches of the present century what the Christianity of Christ is? To find our relative progress, if progress it is, we must count on some things beside numbers. Bigness is not greatness. Were we able to estimate correctly the ability of Christians to do and to give, say

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fifteen years ago, and make a correct estimate of the ability to-day, we might put totals against totals, and they would mean something but not all. The degree of piety, faith, devotion, selfdenial of a people are moral factors beyond our power to estimate. We are told by men of authority that religion does not find so large a place in our lives as it did in the lives of our forefathers. If such be the case, our progress is onsided, while essential features are either forgotten or willfully ignored.

More is expected of the present generation than was expected of any former one. In the providence of God people's not of our kin and tongue have been freed from the thraldom of tyranny consequent to the honest conviction of duty imposed upon us. The world stood amazed at the valor and dashing success of our brothers at "the front." What had been called "The Western Wilderness" and "The land of the setting sun" became the center of the universe from which radiates an influence making for the elevation and the power of the human race. We have accepted from the hands of God a larger work. It is ours now to plant the standard of the cross wherever the American flag has gone; there is a natural affinity between them. The education, the conversion, the redemption of these people have become peculiarly a part of our work. The horizon of our activities as the servants of God has broadened so that it reaches from the rising to the setting of the sun. The victories of Americans will become triumphs of humanity only when Americans will have performed full duties with those entrusted to their care. How much we ought to do, how much we ought to give, how earnestly ought we to pray can not be measured by anything in the past. We live in a new world, and have burned the bridges behind us. We should seek to understand the bearings of these wonderful developments on the future aggrandizement of the human race, and our relations to that aggrandizement, and act the men of faith, of heroism, of love, and that will bring us to the examination of our moral and spiritual equipments as messengers of the king. The mental concept of the prayer for "prosperity," the special force of the term used, the hold it may have on the promises of God, its reflex influence on our life and conduct depend largely on the vision we have of our moral relations to the circumstances in which we find ourselves to-day, and in which we may find ourselves tomorrow. The prayer of faith rests not on a blind belief, but on an intelligent understanding of the conditions God has imposed upon his followers. It would be well for us to ascertain our relations to our environments, and the relations of our prayers to those environments, then pray, "O Lord, send now prosperity."

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JOHN JONES, GLANYGORS.

By Catrawd.

John Jones, or as he was better known in Wales, "Jack o Langors," was a native of North Wales. He was born in the parish of Cerrygyduridion, in Denbighshire; but for the greater portion of his life he lived in London. He was endowed with rare poetical genius, and his poems are exceedingly rich in natural wit and humor. His most popular songs are full of satire, some of a scathing kind, and it is generally admitted that nothing in the Welsh language will compare with his "Dick Sion Dafydd" in that respect. We are not aware of the cause that induced him to leave his home, Glanygors, at an early age and turn his face towards the Metropolis, but although he left the country of his birth early, he never forgot the land of his fathers nor its language. His poems, which are so well known, contain his contempt for those who, leaving their native Wales to seek their fortunes in English cities, had completely forgotten their mother tongue.

He was for many years landlord of the inn known as the King's Head, Ludgate, where the London Cymrodorion held their regular meetings, and seems to have been one of the most active of their members. During his life in London he manifested the greatest concern in everything pertaining to "Cymru, Cymro, a Chymraeg." It is said of him that he was an excellent man of business, and the King's Head, while he lived there, was a pleasant place of resort to the Welsh in London. He made a good deal of money at the place, most of which, it is said, he gave to support the Welsh Society in London, which liberally helped poor Welshmen living in the Metropolis, and the advancement of Welsh literature and music at our national gatherings, &c.

The Rev. Evan Evans, a Baptist minister, speaking of him (John Jones) after his death, before the Welsh Society in London, said: "He was a man who loved everything that tended to comfort, prosper and cheer his own countrymen everywhere. He loved the Welsh language, and no man did more according to his ability to defend it from the attempts which at that time were so frequently made to annihilate it, by even his own countrymen, whom he called and are ever since known as 'Dic Sion Dafyddion,' and although he had acquired a very fair knowledge of the English language, he never had any regard for it, speaking of it invariably as 'Yr iaith fain.' He is the author of the proverbial and familiar line,

"Nid yw y goeg Saesoneg ond sur."

In "Seren Gomer," book iv., page 247, we find his death recorded, which took place on the 21st of May, 1821, in the 52nd year of his

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age. He was buried in the Church of St. Gregory.

An elegy was written to his memory by one of his contemporaries, from which we take the following:

Ba les i frodyr heb lais hyfrydwch
Ni cheir beuLydd ddeunydd diddanwch;
Trosom i gyd daeth oriau tristwch,
O'i farw mae cwyn ac edifeirwch;
Fe gilodd i byrth diogelwch—Cor Gregori,
Gwir o'i ddodi, yw'r gair dd'wedwch.

We made an effort some time ago to obtain some information about his parentage, and the early days of this mirthful child of the Muse, but our enquiries so far have been fruitless. Much smaller men than Jones of Glanygors have been honored with a place in Williams's "Eminent Welshmen," and "Welsh Encyclopaedia," but for some reason or another he has been overlooked. Some years ago I made an endeavor to collect the whole of his poems, and the following is, I believe, a complete list as far as it is possible to make out from what is published of them.

In the year 1795 Mr. Jones published a little book which he entitled "Seren Dan Gwmwl," which favored Republicanism, and attacked fiercely monarchical government in general. This made the country frown upon the author, and for a time he had to hide himself from the Metropolis. He is said to have spent his exile at Bala, and in his native county. The book was criticised in the "Geirgrawn," which was published in Holyhead, in 1796. And in the same year, in the same magazine, the author defends himself in a masterly written letter, to which no one seems to have replied. His songs are: "Dic Sion Dafydd;" "Sessiwn yn Nghymru;" "Offeiriad Sir Aberteifi;" "Bess yn Teyrnasu;" "Miss Morgan, Fenor;" "Y Gwr Boneddig o Lundain;" "Priodas Siencyn Morgan;" "Cerdd Gweno Bach;" "Priodasgerdd Duc Norfolk;" "Bessie o Lansantffraid;" "Penillion Wrth Weled Geneth Pump Oed yn Marw."

OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the rain-drops gold and gems,
He may change our tears to diadems—
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in
Strong, pure thoughts which will banish sin:
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall besweeter than that of the vine—
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware—
Open the door!

British Weekly.

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MUSIC NOTES.

By William ApMadoc.

It is worth calling attention, once more, to the varied attainments of Miss Hannah E. Morgan, of Picketts, Wis. At the Cambria, Wis., Eisteddfod, last December 25th, she not only won the prize for singing the contralto solo by interpreting the thought-subject in an excellent way, but won the prize for the translation from English to Welsh under the adjudication of Rev. John C. Jones, of Chicago, and, also, the prize for an essay on the "History of Wisconsin" under the adjudication of Hon. Llewelyn Breese. We may rightly describe Miss Morgan as a scholarly musician, with a solid literary background —an essential thing, we believe, in the study of music.

The young Bohemian violinist, Jan Kubelik—accent on middle syllable—has been the rage and sensation of the hour. How well the press has been manipulated by his "proprietors," in his favor! Kubelik himself is a genius, needing but little of the bombastic trumpeting of his Yankee managers. What an "artistic" exhibition it was to take this artist through the Chicago stockyards, to be surrounded by blood, bones and filth, and to witness the exquisite art of killing hogs, sheep and oxen! What an opportunity for the cartoonists! Kubelik is summed up thus in the Boston Musical Record and Review: "Kubelik is quite young, but he has developed his technic abnormally, so he astonishes, as do many who play in public before they are sufficiently advanced in years. In artistic qualities he only shows faint indications which may be more in evidence with added years."

This young Bohemian is named by his "proprietors" as the successor to Paganini, 1784-1840. It will interest the reader to compare the following remarks of the great critic Francis Joseph Fetis on the playing of Paganini with the above quotation from the Boston "Record and Review." Of the great Italian, Fetis writes: "Many overleap the bounds of reason in expatiating on the poetry of his playing, particularly of his singing. What I experienced in listening to him was astonishment—unbounded admiration; but I was seldom moved by that feeling which appears to me inseparable from the true expression of music. The poetry of the great violinist consisted principally in his brilliancy. There was a fulness and grandeur in his phrasing; but there was no tenderness in his accent."

It will amuse many, perhaps, to have the englyn opinion of an old Welsh poet upon the playing of Paganini. It always pleased the late and lamented Llew Llwyvo to recite it. Here it is:

Pa gan hon? Paganini—a lygrodd
Holl Loegr a'i ffidl-di;
Swn un tant fel swn cant ci—
Cwn anwn 'n canu ini!

Our opinion concerning what musical journals give the best readings, criticisms, and news-items of the world's doings, has been asked many a time. The writer cannot find any monthlies more agreeable, entertaining, instructive literary, musical, newsy and illustrative than the Oliver Ditson's Company's "Musical Record and Review," edited by Thomas Tapper, price 50 cents a year, a monthly gem. It is a pocket edition concocted by the brightest editor of America. "The Etude," the splendid monthly published by Theodore Presser, Philadelphia, should be seen in every musical home in the land, also "The Musician," published in

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the same city by the Hatch Music Company—price of each $1.50. Music-journalism to-day is a marvel, and who can estimate the educational advantages of such magazines?

During January the newspapers and journals made and quoted sharp and just remarks upon the "foreign craze" as manifested in recent years in this country. It was the Springfield Republican which led in the attack upon this folly, under the captions, (1) the rage for foreign grand-opera in a few large cities, (2) the reluctance to give opera in English, (3) the prevalence of foreign-born players and singers in the United States. We trust that the last clause does not include the kerchief-covered heads and black-eyed beauties of the organ-griding fraternity. As to giving "opera in English" we protest for the simple reason that it is impossible to understand the "English" of those who now try it. Let them sing in any language but the English—Italian, German, French, or Choctaw—it is all the same to the masses. Some time ago, we patiently sat out two operatic evenings—in English—in the city of Chicago. The operas were "Romeo and Juliette," and "Lucia di Lammermoor" —grand operas too—and we actually caught two English words during the two performances, they were "beloved" and "dearest." This discovery created quite a sensation, and much discussion!

The editor of the New York Musical Courier is a master of sarcasm as many singers and instrumentalists can testify. In the following manner he describes, in a late issue, the efficacy of a "crazy foreign name:"

"American singers are not able to make any money, even when they give great recitals of great and new songs, such as George Hamlin, with his Richard Strauss cycle, presented last week, and with $16 receipts, in New York City. Had it been Georgibusky Hamlinski of Gregorowitchkiville, Umbillicumunkey, Turkestan, singing in a language which no one could understand, he would have had $1,600 in the house; the name alone would have done it, and with long hair hanging over his unshampooed skull $408 more would have been taken in at the door."

The Springfield Republican goes on to say that most of the best American players are of foreign birth or extraction, like Joseffy and Godowsky on the piano, Kneisel, Bendix, Spiering on the violin, Schroeder, Schulz, and the late Fritz Giese, on the 'cells. It says that America is not ready to stand alone as yet. Such a "young country" ought not to be expected to stand alone. "There are good American names," it says, "Maud Powell, and Leonora Jackson among the violinists, William Mason and William H. Sherwood among the pianists. Yet none of them has attained a place in the foremost rank, and, taken together, they represent but a fraction of what is needed by this great country of 70,000,000 people. We can not dispense with the foreign artist yet a while."

The London Musical Times for January is full of meat and drink—a remarkable number in matter and illustrations. It contains a fine picture of Dr. Henry Coward, of Sheffield, one of the greatest chorus-masters of the day. But the most precious supplement is a fac-simile of Mendelssohn's recitative—Handelian form—composed August 28, 1846, for the noted English tenor Charles Lockey, who died lately, the first tenor soloist of the "Elijah," who sang the solos with Mendelssohn himself wielding the baton. What a privilege, and what an honor! We learn that the great master was so charmed with him that, in a letter to his brother, describing the performance, the composer said: "A young English tenor sang the last air ('Then shall the righteous shine forth') so beautifully, that I was obliged to collect all my energies so as not to be affected." The information given by Mr. Lockey to several musicians, Dr.

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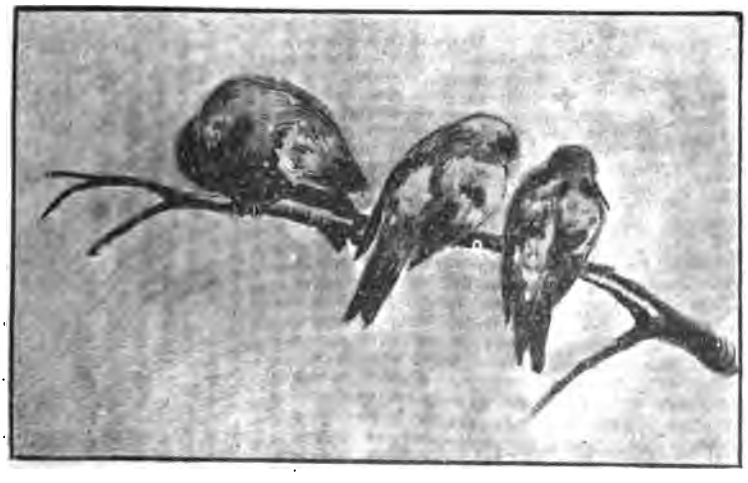
Stanford among them, on the subject of the tempi of the solos according to Mendelssohn, should prove precious to all oratorio students.

In the death of that superb organist, composer and teacher, Joseph Rheinberger, at Munich, November 24 last, the music world lost a lovely personality. He had among his pupils such Americans as Saar, Parker and Huss. His partsong, "The Stars are Shining in Heaven" is the utterance of a poet-musician of the first order.

Never despise the day of small things, nor of small songs, either. We owe it to that most charming contralto, Jessie Bartlett Davis, of Chicago, the lesson that a simple melody becomes a power for good, and "good luck," if it is sung "with all your heart," and with intelligence. Mrs. Davis confesses to being a little superstitious—just a little bit. She tells the following story to a Boston Herald man of her belief in the influence of a song: "I believe in luck, yes, and do you know that an old ballad and a favorite one with me has always been the means of bringing me lucky results? The song is a chestnut, but it procured me every good engagement I ever had: it is 'Sweet Genevieve.'

"I went to see Mr. Davis when he was manager of the Chicago Church Choir company. I wanted more money than I was getting, and I applied for an engagement. I sang 'Sweet Genevieve,' and got the part of Little Buttercup. I frequently sang it by request, and Mr. Davis fell in love with the song and married the singer. When the American Opera Company was getting into shape, I went to see Theodore Thomas, and when he said he would like to hear something I knew how to sing I gave him 'Sweet Genevieve.' 'Well,' he said, 'any girl who can sing a love song like that can sing in American opera,' and he engaged me. When I applied for an engagement in the Mapleson Grand Opera Company, Mr. Mapleson made an appointment for me to meet Mme. Patti, and I gave her 'Sweet Genevieve.' She heard me through the whole song, and applauded by clapping my face between her two hands. Mr. Barnabee admitted me to my present position on the strength of the lamented Genevieve, and he pays me the mischievous compliment of getting out his handkerchief every time I sing it. Of course he only does it to break me up, but I shall sing 'Sweet Genevieve' till my voice cracks."



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FIELD OF LETTERS

WALES, by O. M. Edwards, Lecturer on Modern History at Lincoln College, Oxford. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Illustrated, 12 mo. By mail $1.50 and $1.75.

This is No. 62 of the series, "Stories of the Nations," or Historical Studies intended to present in graphic narratives the stories of the different nations that have attained prominence in history. In the Preface Mr. Edwards confesses the difficulties encountered in reducing a complex story into a volume of 400 pages without obscuring the outlines of a simple and definite development. It certainly was a task to select material of interest and instruction, and we believe Mr. Edwards has succeeded remarkably in making a short history of Wales which will become popular among students and readers. In the first half Mr. Edwards has sketched the rise and fall of a princely caste; in the second the rise of a self-educated, self-governing peasantry. In Chap. I. a description of Wales and its pepole is given which is somewhat different to what the Welsh have been used to believe about themselves. This is certainly fresh and novel, and contains not a few suggestive thoughts.

Chap. II furnishes the part of the story pertaining to the conquest of Britain by the Romans, and the Roman occupation, closing with a brief reference to the Arthurian legend. Then follow Chapters narrating the story of the Welsh Kings, the Norman conquest, the work of Griffith ap Conan, the age of Owen Gwynedd, Llywelyn the Great, the last fight for independence, down to the time of Owen Glyndwr, and the end of the Old Days, when old Wales passed away to gradually make room for something better—more peaceful and beneficial. The first half of the volume furnishes food for serious thought, because during that long and ruinous period of Welsh history, the people were making a determined and protracted but hopeless struggle for independence, a dream they were never destined to attain and which history shows they were not fitted to enjoy. Again and again, when they had all but attained independence, they would turn their victorious arms against each other and commenced a fratricidal war. In this story of Wales, this fact becomes painfully patent, again and again. The second half relates the gradual falling of Wales under the power of England and the increased blessing thereby. If the people of Wales had become heartily united with England, its progress and prosperity would have been much greater. Greater and happier Wales dates from the Reformation when the people having awakened from their nightmare of impossible and impracticable dream of independence, begun to realize their situation and their relation to England, and became conscious of their moral and spiritual duties towards themselves. This volume shows these leading momentous thoughts, viz., that Wales was possessed of valor and rare qualities of heart and mind, but lacked the national instinct and the invaluable spirit of unity. She groped for unity through the ages, and finally found it under the British crown. The Story of Wales will be read with pleasure by every lover of his country, and

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the Welsh student will not fail to derive precious lessons from its perusal. It should be in every Welshman's library.

The author's personality, his patriotism, his extensive knowledge of Welsh history, his remarkable familiarity with Welsh thought and literature, his style, all have fitted him to produce a popular book. The volume is illustrated with 40 views of Welsh scenery and contains seven maps drawn by Mr. Edwards.

The double Number of "Cymru" for January is crowded with reading of great interest to the Welsh student. Among the papers and articles are "The History of Wales," continued by the Editor; "Old Ballad Singers," by Glaslyn; "Honoring the Lexicographer Evans," by Professor Rhys of Oxford; "A Story," by Winnie Parry, a charming Welsh writer; "The Oldest Congregational Minister in Wales," (with a beautiful portrait); "A Story," by Gwyneth Vaughan, another enthusiastic Welshwoman; "Daniel Owens' Companions," by the Rev. Ellis Edwards, M. A.; "Education of Old at Cefn-coed-y-cymer"; "The Chalk System," by the Rev. D. Lloyd Jones, M. A. (illustrated); "A Trip Through the Woods," by R. Morgan (illustrated); "A Glimpse of Wales," by Carneddog; "Daniel Owen" (with fine cut of his birthplace at Mold), by the Rev. John Owen; "William D.," a veteran preacher of Oneida Co., N. Y., by Moriel Mon Hughes; "The Independence of the Welsh Church," by the Rev. T. J. Jones, M. A.; "John Keats"; "The Literature of the North" (with cuts), by Thomas Darlington, M. A.; "Jerusalem" (with fine cut of the City in the time of its destruction), by Robert Bryan; "Some of Ceiriog's Letters"; "Lan yn y Ffynonne," in the Glamorgan dialect, by W. B. Davies; The Late Tom Jones, M. D., a leading Welsh surgeon who went to South Affrica, some time ago and died there, mourned by every Briton; also a variety of brief articles, and poems of high order. The musical number is "Little Wales," music by W. George, Ystalyfera, and words by Rev. R. Eurog Jones, Utica, N. Y.

It is O. M. Edwards' intention to publish a series of small Welsh classics, and has already through the pages of "Cymru" made an appeal to Welsh lovers of literature for a thousand subscribers. In this number of "Cymru" he states that subscriptions are reaching him slowly, but he has faith in the accomplishment of his desire. Each volume wil cost 1s.1½d., which places the series within reach of the poorest Welsh laborer. Mr. Edwards should get a hundred subscriptions from the Welsh in the States. Every Welshman has duties to perform towards the old language, and this is one of the chief, and this opportunity (and privilege withal) should be seized. The first of the series (Dafydd ap Gwilym) is out, and "Goronwy Owen" will be published during January.

"Cronicl" opens the new year with promises of instruction and entertainment for the future. D. B. Davies, of Swansea, writes a sketch of Egypt from the time of Hezekiah to the Captivity at Babylon; Keinion continues his story of his trip to Canaan; Notes from South Wales, by J. D. J.; "Old Thomas's Letters," which are truly humorous and suggestive, wherein his aunt figures as a woman of good sense. Some one has said that there is too much education and consequently people are getting too clever and smart, Thomas's aunts think there iy not a bit too much education, and that what we need is a little more of God's grace to make the proper use of our schooling. She thinks that an hour with Jesus would do a man more good than a year at an ungodly school.

Thomas and his aunt have a droll way of looking at things. Anent preachers moving in response to calls, Thomas finds that critics will blame

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them whatever they do. If they answer calls, they go after more money; if they don't, they want to pretend that they are better than other people, and to make believe that they think more of the cause than of money. He appears to sympathize with that Rev. Flower who pulled all Wales about his ears by stating that Welsh religion is immoral and devoid of discipline, and in concluding, states that there are church members who seem to hold that selling intoxicants, especially in casks, is legitimate business, and therefore consistent with Christian morals.

Contents of "Yr Ymofynydd:" "Capel Pantydefaid," with portrait by the Rev. T. Thomas, J. P., Green Park; A Review of O. M. Edwards's "Wales" by J. Gwenogfryn Evans, M. A., D. Litt., a friend of Mr. Edwards, who writes entertainly of him, and his book on Wales. In this review Mr. Evans describes Mr. Edwards's personal appearance, and likens him to a monk, but a monk with a wife. He talks also of his great popularity as a lecturer at Oxford, his rooms being always crowded with eager students of history. Several of his lectures of late he has been requested to repeat. Mr. Evans himself had been looking on eagerly for this book, he says, and when it came into his hands he had to lose a night's sleep in order to read it through, which gave extreme pleasure. He advises every Welshman that can read English to buy this interesting volume, and the reader is sure to find it a kind of book that he must read over and over many times. Mr. Evans commends Mr. Edwards and his new book highly, which testimony may be relied on, because Mr. Evans himself is a scholar and a good friend of the best literature. Then follow other papers upon subjects of great interest to the general reader, viz., "An Inquiry as to what Calvinism Means," "Archaeological Notes," "Proff. Harnack and the Rev. William James, Aberdare," "A Symposium," "Why is it that people are so slow in accepting light upon the Bible and religion?" This number contains many thoughts that deserve serious consideration. The publication is professedly rational, which suggests the thought of something novel in the line of thought from the ordinary Welsh paths.

At the threshold of its 14th year, the Editor of the Welsh musical monthly, "Y Cerddor," congratulates it as a success. In a country so musical and music-loving as Wales, a publication like the "Cerddor" should be highly prosperous and a profitable enterprise, but the Welsh are not book-loving. Although by nature music-loving, they are not deeply interested in the art and philosophy of it. The "Cerddor" has done much to inspire the Welsh with a love of the art of music, and it deserves the greatest support. It impresses upon the mind of the Welsh musician the duty of deeper study and devotion.

No. 67 in the Musician's Gallery is Prof. James Haydn Morris, of Mount Vernon, N. Y.; who took the prize for the best cantata at the Merthyr National Eisteddfod of Wales. Mr. Morris is a native of Llanbedrog, near Pwllheli, N. W., and commenced his musical career under the tuition of Prof. John H. Roberts, Mus. Bac. (Cantab), now of Liverpool. He studied organ and piano under E. W. Thomas, Bangor, and Hayden, Carnarvon. Later, in 1879, he entered the University of Aberystwyth, where he studied under Dr. Parry. In 1881 he immigrated into this country, and was appointed organist at Calvary Church, New York; he is also organist of Christ Church, Riverdale, and choirmaster. One of his latest works is "The Song of the Pilgrim," which was in competition at the Buffalo Exposition Eisteddfod.

"The Traethodydd" for January is valuable. "The Life and Letters of Dr. Lewis Edwards," a review by the Rev. W. James of Manchester gives an enjoy-

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able account of the life and labors of one of the best known men of Wales, Lewis Edwards of Bala. To him belongs the honor of introducing the world's culture among the Welsh. As Socrates is said to have brought philosophy from heaven down among the Greeks, so Lewis Edwards was the first Welshman to make philosophy and foreign thought popular in Wales. His "Traethodau" and especially his "Doctrine of the Atonement," created a new era of thought in Wales. He was a most substantial and dignified scholar, author and preacher, and had a wide and deep influence over his people.

"The Influence of the Sunday School on Welsh Literature" is an instructive and attractive paper. Wales is indebted chiefly to Gouge, Griffith Jones and the Rev. Thomas Charles of Bala. Gouge commenced the work, the Rev. Griffith Jones, with the substantial assistance of Madam Bevan made the idea practicable, but the Rev. Thomas Charles was the real founder of the modern Sunday School among the Welsh. He gave it the impetus and the force which has made it a success until to-day. Mr. Charles pre-eminently was the heart and soul of the movement, and no single man has benefited the Principality so much, in a religious sense. It was his activity that led to the instituting of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Mary Jones, the young Welsh maiden, who walked 30 miles with the scant savings of some years, to buy a Bible from Mr. Charles, comes in for a part of the honor for the enlightenment of Wales. Who would have dreamed that that simple conference between Mr. Charles and Mary Jones would have such a world-wide influence? Mr. Charles was a tremendous worker. In the course of 12 years, he published 320,000 books to supply the needs of the people of Wales in connection with the Sunday School. In fact, he created a great demand for sacred books, and labored incessantly to supply the demand. He interested old people so deeply that the demand for spectacles became enormous. There never had been such a sale of spectacles, for hundreds of people over 70 years of age, and even up to 80 were learning to read in his Sunday Schools. All the Welsh of to-day, and there are very few that cannot read the vernacular, were taught it at Sunday School. As a consequent of this, the literature of Wales to-day is the purest of any country.

The "Old Elegies of Wales" is pleasant reading, some of them of a high order. The ex-president Paul Kruger of South Africa is described by one who visited him a short time time before he issued his celebrated ultimatum. The other papers are "The Printers of Wales;" "The Shepherd" (a poem); Henry Sidgwick; Reviews, Literary Notes, &c.

"The Monthly Treasury" is the English organ of the Calvinistic Methodist of Wales. The January number has a fine portrait of the Rev. Thomas Owen, Portmadoc, with an interesting sketch of his life by the Rev. D. E. Jenkins. An article that is attractive is the one entitled "The Uniqueness of the Earth in the Light of Revelation and Science" from the prolific pen of the Rev. D. Lloyd Jones, M. A., of Llandinam. The remarks are based on the Scriptural text "Rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth, and my delight were with the sons of men," from the eighth chapter of Proverbs. "The Earth," he says, "possesses characteristic features which distinguish it from all the other heavenly bodies." "The Earth is an unique body, and none of her sister planets bears any very close resemblance to her." She stands by herself without a rival as the only globe which the Creator has honored with the mysterious presence of His Incarnate Son. The other planets are either too hot or too cold to be the homes of beings like men. Mercury and Venus are too warm, and Mars and the

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far planets are too cold to be the abode of living organisms. Venus, its nearest neighbor, receives two and half times the heat the earth gets, and Mars the nearest of the exterior planets is extremely cold. The coldest spot on the earth surface is considerably warmer than the cruel average of Mars. The Earth is the only planet which has a temperature comfortable for living and intelligent and immortal beings.

There, certainly, are many serious considerations which are left out of Mr. Jones's theory. Our terrestial conditions may have little to do with the denizens of other planets. As the Apostle says, there may be life terrestrial and life celestial; and one planet may differ from another in "life" as well as in glory. Is not the law of probability against Mr. Jones's theory? Is it probable that all God's worlds, excepting this earth, are uninhabitable? Are all the dwelling-houses of the city of creation, except this small cottage of earth, unoccupied? Is this the only one that God has been able or has thought fit to furnish?

"Dysgedydd" has a fine portrait and sketch of the life of the venerable preacher and poet William Rees (Hiraethog), a native of Llansannan, Denbigh. Hiraethog was one of the ablest men Wales ever produced. He was a most eloquent speaker, a most prolific writer and a man of great versatility and humor. The other papers and articles are "The Theology of the Sermon on the Mount;" "The Fatherhood of God;" "The Doctrine of Regeneration;" "The United Congregational Church;" Temperance; Biographical Notes; Events of the Month; Reviews, Lessons, &c.

—In "Events of the Month," the Editor recurs to the trouble raised by the Rev. Mr. Flower in the meeting at Barry, some weeks ago. A committee was appointed to visit Mr. Flower regarding the serious charges made by him against certain Welsh churches and certain ministers who were wont to make regular visits to dram shops. The committee returned satisfied with Mr. Flower's statement, but "Dysgedydd" thinks he should have been compelled to divulge the names of the churches and ministers involved. It seems that the committee left the work half done. Such charges should be thoroughly sifted or ignored. Regarding Lord Roseberry's speech at Chesterfield, "Dysgedydd" thinks it will not reach far politically. He thinks Roseberry's leadership after Gladstone's death was a misfortune. Although parts of his speech are commended, he believes that Roseberry's influence is not equal to the task of forming a new Liberal party. It is the "Dysgedydd's" opinion that the Boers must be completely subjugated or given their independence. He is bitter on the question of free speech in Pro-Boer political meetings. David Lloyd George met with such a tumultuous reception at Birmingham that "Dysgedydd" thinks it veritably barbarous. He takes occasion also, to denounce the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes and others who advocate the cause of their country.

"Cwrs y Byd" has an instructive paper on Taxation, a sketch of the way the people have been burdened in Wales from the times of the Roman invaders until to-day. Among the various taxes imposed by the Romans was a burial tax. It was less expensive to continue to live than to get buried. This was meant to keep a man alive, because a live man is worth something to the lords of the land, while a dead man is a clean loss. In Wales of late, a Nonconformist could not be buried without paying tax to the clergyman who owned the burial ground. Things are improving slowly but surely. Under the Normans a tax was imposed on a house according to the number of windows which led to the building of houses with as few windows as possible. Taxes have interfered more with civilization

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than any other folly. In the Middle ages, which are called also the dark ages, taxes and church tolls met a man from his birth to his death. The church met him at his coming into the world and escorted him out of it. The church and state, on either side, kept depriving him of the little cash he had, until he felt relieved to die and escape out of a world so burdened with taxes, tolls and fees of all kinds. The state taxed, the church tithed, which was much the same to the poor man.

In some sense, "Cwrs" is the only magazine among the Welsh that discusses questions of political economy. Our periodicals generally devote all their space to abstruse subjects in theology, and things pertaining to religion.

HENRY V., THE TYPICAL MEDIAEVAL HERO, by Charles L. Kingsford, M. A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Cloth $1.50, Half Leather, $1.75.

This volume is one of the series entitled "Heroes of the Nations," which presents the lives and work of certain representative historical characters, who have been accepted by the traditions of nations as their several national ideals. Among the most popular of these national ideals is the glorious English prince and King, Harry of Monmouth, Hal as he was affectionately called, and afterwards Henry V. "Owen Glyndwr" and "Henry V." make two companion volumes which every Welshman should procure, because one discusses the life and struggles of the then acknowledged and extremely popular "Prince of Wales," and the equally but more successful and glorious Prince and King of England. Both were great in the affection of the two peoples, then bitterly opposed and for some years at open war. They were both great national heroes, and remained so in the hearts of Welshmen and Englishmen. Shakespeare has done much to make Henry dear to every Welsh heart, because he was Welsh in birth and training, and himself a great admirer and patron of Welsh chivalry. He ate Welsh food, drank Welsh water and breathed Welsh air, and became greatly attached to poetry and music. His Welsh name of "Harri o Fynwy" serves to introduce him to a Welshman ecause Mynwy is and ever will be nothing but Welsh. There were three things in Harry which would endear him to a Welshman of to-day, viz., he loved music, poetry and theology. He could, like a Welshman, argue divinity with the ability of a prelate. Does not the passage from the chapter "Popular Tradition" describe a Welsh hero: "He had a natural taste for music, had been taught to play the harp, and in the eyes of his biographer, devoted too much of his leisure to music," which is the common failing of a Welshman. These two volumes give a complete view of English and Welsh life in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, most interesting and momentous in the history of the two neighboring peoples.

This volume consists of 25 chapters, containing all that the reader would desire regarding the life and work of Henry, the author having consulted all and the best sources from which anything of interest and information could be derived. The material is abundant, and the story has the charm of a romance. In this biographical form, it is more attractive than if read as history. The incidents and events in the life of the hero are chosen and arranged with care, and the whole story is replete with facts and truths of great interest. The tale found on pp. 88-9, and others reveal Anglo-British qualities which have make Great Britain what it is as a civilizing power. The volume is a continual pleasure and enlightenment.

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Goronwy Owen's first six months' salary as rector of St. Andrew, Brunswick, Virginia, in 1761, consisted of 560 pounds of tobacco.

The collection made in connection with the recent self-denial week established by the Forward Movement branch of the Calvinistic Methodist connexion amounted to £1,224 9s. 3d.

The total number of lunatics in the inter-counties asylum at Carmarthen chargeable to Pembrokeshire is 248; to Cardiganshire, 249; and to Carmarthenshire 446.

English Royalty (remarks the "Saturday Review" in a disrespectful allusion to the Red Dragon) has now made friends with the savage animal that, on the banner of Prince Owen, so long mocked Harry of Monmouth from the towers of Aberystwyth and Harlech castles.

A Worcester paper of 1801 chronicles this item: "Marriages.—Last week, after a courtship of upwards of 50 years, Adam Wathen, butcher, and Letitia Bevan, spinster, Talbany Hall, Pembrokeshire, whose united ages amount to 120 years."

"From Caergybi to Caerdydd" is an old saying. It is interesting that in the list of Welsh towns of 10,000 people and over (given in the "Western Mail Almanac") Cardiff should be at the top and Ho'yhead (10 072) at the bottom. Holyhead we may tell the uninitiated, is English for Caergybi.

The Archdruid, Hwfa Mon, sent the following englyn printed on his private Cnristmas card to his friends:

Yn chwimwth canwch emyn—o galon,
Ac eiliwch dlws englyn;
Plethwch swyLol garol gwyn,
Nadolig ar fwyL delyn.

The number of licensed houses in the six counties of North Wales has been diminished by 374 since the year 1881. In Anglesey the number has been reduced from 264 to 185; Carnarvonshire from 578 to 455; Denbighshire from 643 to 603; Flintshire from 524 to 486; Merionethshire from 200 to 137; and Montgomeryshire from 279 to 248.

The "Trefecca Magazine" remarks: The unexpected, even undreamt of, honor paid to the University of Wales by King Edward, who offered to adopt the title of "Protector" of the University, will give Welsh scholars a task. Since we already use "Amddiffynydd" for the other title, "Defender of the Faith," what word shall we have for "Protector?" "Noddwr" is hardly satisfactory.

Mr. Hirwen Jones is given a prominent place in 'Candid Friend." Mr. Jones is a Cardiganshire man, and started his musical career in the Eisteddfod. He studied voice production under Mr. Shakespeare and Signor Randegger. One of his first successes was at St. George's Hall, in Liverpool, where he took the place of Mr. Edward Lloyd at short notice. Since then Mr. Jones's career has been one of continued success. He has twice toured the prov-

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inces as a member of Madame Patti's concert companies, and was a member of Madame Patti's company on her farewell, which ended so tragically in Sheffield. Next spring Mr. Jones is going through Canada and the States.

A very interesting figure in local circles at Caerphilly has passed away by the death of Mrs. Mary Jones (Mary the Harp) in her 79th year. She was the widow of the late Edward Jones, grandson of Edward Jones, harpist, and composer of "Caerphilly March," who had the honor to play before George III. at Abergavenny. The harp he used is now in the Cardiff Museum, having been transferred from a pedal harp into a box harp by John Jones, harpist, in the year 1834, so as to fulfill the conditions of a competition at the Cardiff Castle Eisteddfod, held under the presidency of Lord Bute, grandfather of the present Marquis.

The reference made by Lord Rosebery, in his speech at Swansea, to the Welsh being so passionately fond of music recalls a story of one Jack Owen of old having gone to London to see an opera, while a student at Oxford. He was so agitated at the performance that he drew the attention of an Italian gentleman in the pit, who addressed him first in his own language then in broken English, "Signeur, sir, sir, be you von Italiano?" "No," said Jack Owen, not liking to lose a note of the music, "don't tease me, I am a Welshman."

"No colonists throws himself more readily than the Welshman," writes the latest historian of Wales, "into the life of his adopted country; but the new country will have an Eisteddfod and a Sunday School." The past week's South African mail might have furnished our historian with a concrete illustration of his point. In the closing days of November, undeterred by the din and terror of war, the Cambrian Society of Cape Town held an Eisteddfod which appears to have been in every respect a successful function. Later-day home traditions even were so far observed that, in the absence of Royalty, the Governor of Cape Colony was secured to preside over one of the meetings.

Although Welsh Disestablishment is now only a hazy memory, it was at one time something very real indeed. Mr. Carvell Williams writes: "I can well believe Mr. George Russell's story, that Mr. Gladstone declared, 'I could wind up the Church of Scotland in half an hour,' for it exactly corresponds with what he once said to a friend of mine who was keen on Welsh Disestablishment: 'Why don't you go against the Scotch Establishment? It could be knocked over with an umbrella!' When told the story I replied, 'Yes; but it must be Mr. Gladstone's umbrella!' I believe that he was somewhat contemptuous in estimating the political strength of the Scottish Establishment, and rightly or wrongly, I suspected that his view was colored by the fact that it was not Episcopalianism, but Presbyterianism, that was established in Scotland."

In addition to its value as illustrating Vale of Glamorgan Welsh in the eighteenth century and the twaddle which did duty for poetry in that age, the verses discovered on a tombstone at Llanbedr-y-Mynydd Churchyard suggest the possibility of the existence of some really good verses in certain churchyards in the Vale. On the other hand, it is equally possible that some change effusions may exist in out-of-the-way corners. Here is one which an old toper, whose passage through life was full of "ups and downs" in more senses than one, wrote for inscription on his own tombstone, "if he would have any:"

Treuliais fy myd yn hynod iawn,
'Rown weithiau'n llwm ac weithiau'n llawn;
Yn awr mewn clai 'rwyf wedi'm cloi,
Ar bws diweddaf wedi 'i roi.

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One of the happy things said by Lord Tredegar at the Cymmrodorion dinner in London was spoken after the reporters had left. In proposing the president's health, Dr. Henry Owen had made graceful allusion to his lordship's Welsh ancestry and Welsh name (Morgan). Acknowledging the toast, Lord Tredegar observed that he had found the name useful. In the company of uncompromising Nonconformists he could refer to his well-known Pelagian namesake; in that of zealous Churchmen he with equal propriety referred to Bishop Morgan, the translator of the Welsh Bible; in the company of men of enterprise and adventure he made the most of Henry Morgan the Buccaneer; and amongst those of Stuart tendencies he did not fail to mention the merits of David Morgan the Jacobite. This humorous sally was received with much laughter.

It is worth bearing in mind that the average height of the Briton is 67.63 inches, whilst his average weight is 158.2lb. The Scotch are the tallest, the general average being 68.61 inches. Next come the Irish with an average of 67.90 inches; the English are third with 67.36 inches, whilst last are the Welsh, with 66.66 inches. The Scotch also take first place in the matter of weight, their general average being 165.3lb. The Welsh are second with an average of 158.3lb.—a fact which proves that if the Welsh are short, they are sturdy. The average weight of the English is 155lb., and that of the Irish 154.1lb. The lowest average height in England—66 to 66½ inches—is to be found in Shropshire, Herefordshire and Monmouthshire, and in Wales in Carmarthenshire and Pembrokeshire. The highest standard of weight—160 to 165lb.—is found in North Wales. The lowest—145 to 150lb. —is found in Shropshire.

In reply to the students of St. David's College, Lampeter, who had written to a Welsh newspaper complaining that preference was shown by the four Welsh Bishops in the ordination of ex-Nonconformist ministers over men who had been life-long members and workers in the Church of England, the Bishop of Llandaff has written to say that he cannot admit the truth of the allegation. He is not aware that he has ever declined to accept a student of St. David's College who had completed his course there and received satisfactory testimonials from the authorities. Further, during his episcopate of over 18 years he has, out of about 80 applicants who were ex-Nonconformist ministers, ordained 18, and 25 per cent. of these read the Gospel at ordination, which meant that they had passed the best examination of all the candidates examined; that all of them were placed in the upper half of the examination list, and that, to the best of his belief—save one who returned to the denomination from which he had seceded—all were doing excellent work in the parishes to which they had been appointed.

"The final credit for Lord Rosebery's statement that the tumultuous character of Welsh politics was due to the national singing must be given," writes a correspondent to the "Mail," "to Plato, who, in the 'Republic,' represents Socrates as saying that nothing has such power to effect revolutions in States as modes of music. Thus, as the Dorian mode incited to war, the Welsh minor mode incites to political discord. By the way, was it not unkind, having regard to the present troubles of the Liberal party, to make the Swansea choir sing for Lord Rosebery's benefit the lugubrious hymn,

'Beth sydd i mi yn y byd,
Ond gorthrymder mawr o hyd?'

But, pleasantries apart, is it not high time to protest against this continual abuse of our most sacred hymns for the entertainment of strangers? Some time ago, when the late Lord Herschel

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was to address a Liberal meeting at Brecon, the Builth Choir, which was to entertain his lordship, had not arrived. So the audience whiled away the time by singing "Jesus, lover of my soul.' "

"The most characteristic feature of the Gaelic League in London," writes Francis A. Fahy in the "Gael" for January, is its classes for the study of Irish. Beginning with a single class, in an underground room in Chancery Lane, lent by a friendly association, it now holds no less than two dozen classes in various halls in the different parts of the city and suburbs. A visitor to these rooms at class time would see a curious sight. He would find the whole floor occupied by semi-circles of human beings—men and women, young and old, boys and girls, and even little children, learning Irish away for the bare life—some on the threshold of their A, B, C's, some deep in the intricacies of aspiration and eclipses, and some fluently reading "Claidheamh Soluis," "Seadna," "Tadg, Gabha," "An Gaodhal," or other publications, all earnest, eager, enthusiastic, as if their salvation depended on it.

"All sorts and conditions of exiles are here—a very microcosm of 'Ireland in London.' Two little boys, a professional singer, a carriage lady in ermine, a dock-laborer with his work paints on, three savings bank lady clerks, bent old greybeard learning to read in the tongue that has been the solace thraugh years of exile or a matron eager to know sufficient Irish to teach her children; journalists, parliamentary reporters, domestic servants, engineers, doctors, clerks, poets, artists, mechanics and civil servants of every age and degree. Were it not for lack of teachers, the League would he one hundred times as widespread as it is."

There is a valuable lesson here for the Welsh. We have a hundred that will sing "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," or will shout "Oes y Byd i'r Iaith Gymraeg" for each one that does any service to keep it alive. Our Celriog struck the Welshman's duty when he said that every Cymro should

> Learn first his mother's tongue
> And then that of Victoria.

I remember some few years ago the late Rev. Dr. Hall of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York speaking in the Welsh Church of New York on a visit through England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales which he had taken. He said that while staying over Sunday in a small but very romantic village called Beddgelert, he looked through the window of the hotel Sunday afternoon and saw crowds of very old and gray haired people, leaning on their walking sticks, some of them being very spry. His curiosity being aroused, he went and asked the landlord of the hotel where the church was located. He was guided there, and to his great astonishment found the Sunday School in session. There he beheld old and young, averaging from 3 years old to 99 years. He said it was the grandest sight he had seen in his life. The chapel was a very plain stone building with wooden benches. What a mansion, and what a Godlike family! He saw at a glance that all were glad to see him, a stranger, and a few came forward to shake his hand, and every one, old and young, looked at him. He was asked to say something, and he told them he was sorry he could not speak their language, and the majority of them could not speak English. There were between 250 and 300 at the school, and at the close they catechised the children, and as all answered and were found to show their knowledge, he was very forcibly impressed with the truth of the Scripture passage found in Proverbs, "That the soul be without knowledge is not good." —Mrs. John Lewis, Utica, N. Y.

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PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

THE BETHESDA CENTENNIAL.

Bethesda Welsh Congregational Church of Utica, N. Y., celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its organization the afternoon and evening of January the 15th, 1902. There was a large attendance at both services, and there were many present from the other Welsh churches of the city. The church was handsomely decorated for the occasion. The chancel was completely filled with beautiful palms and above in large white letters was suspended the word "Centennial." On the wall to the left of the pulpit was a list of the pastors the church has had, and to the right a list of its organizers. The services were very interesting, especially to the older ones present, some of whom remembered many of the events which were brought vividly to mind by the exercises.

The afternoon session was opened by Griffith Griffiths, the presiding officer. Mr. Griffiths congratulated the church upon the completion of its hundredth year and said it was free from debt. He hoped it would survive another century.

Rev. H. C. Williams, pastor of the Broadway Baptist Church, read the scripture lesson and offered prayer.

John H. Rees, the chorister of the church, sang a centennial hymn, composed for the occasion by Rev. T. Cynonfardd Edwards of Kingston, Pa., the music being that of "Love Lies Bleeding," by Parson Price of New York.

Following, W. W. George read a brief history of the church. He said that the oldest Congregational Church in this country is that at Barnstable, Mass., organized in 1816. The first Welsh Congregational Church was organized in Ebensburg, Pa., in 1797 by Rev. George Roberts, uncle of S. R. and J. R. The first Welshman to come to Utica, as far as any record goes, was one William P. Jones. That was in 1795. He was followed by others, so that in 1800 there was a numerous settlement of Welsh in the city. The first church to be established was the Broadway Baptist Church, in 1801. Bethesda Church was organized January, 1802, at the home of one Mrs. Jones on Main Street, fourteen being present at the meeting, as follows: Nathaniel Davies, Watkin Powell, David Thomas, William Thomas, Evan Powell, John Jones, Thomas Phillips, James Phillips, John Nicholas, Jane Davies, Rebecca Powell, Sarah Richards, Martha Thomas and Jemima Morris.

Rev. Daniel Morris was the first pastor. He was a bookbinder as well as preacher, and there is in the possession of W. W. George to-day a hymn book, printed by Ira Merrill, and bound by Rev. Mr. Morris, which was the first Welsh book printed in the country. Rev. Daniel Morris was pastor until 1810. During his time a larger house of worship was erected. He was succeeded by Rev. Howell Powell and in 1823 Rev. Robert Everett came to the city. He was a man of great ability and noble character, an advocate of abolition and temperance. He left in 1833. The following year the brick house of worship, now the House of Israel, at the corner of Whitesboro and Washington Streets, was built. There the congregation worshipped until 1870, when it moved to the present edifice on Washington Street, south of Pearl. A long line of able pastors succeeded Dr. Everett and the church continued to exert an influence for good in the community. It brought to this country, by

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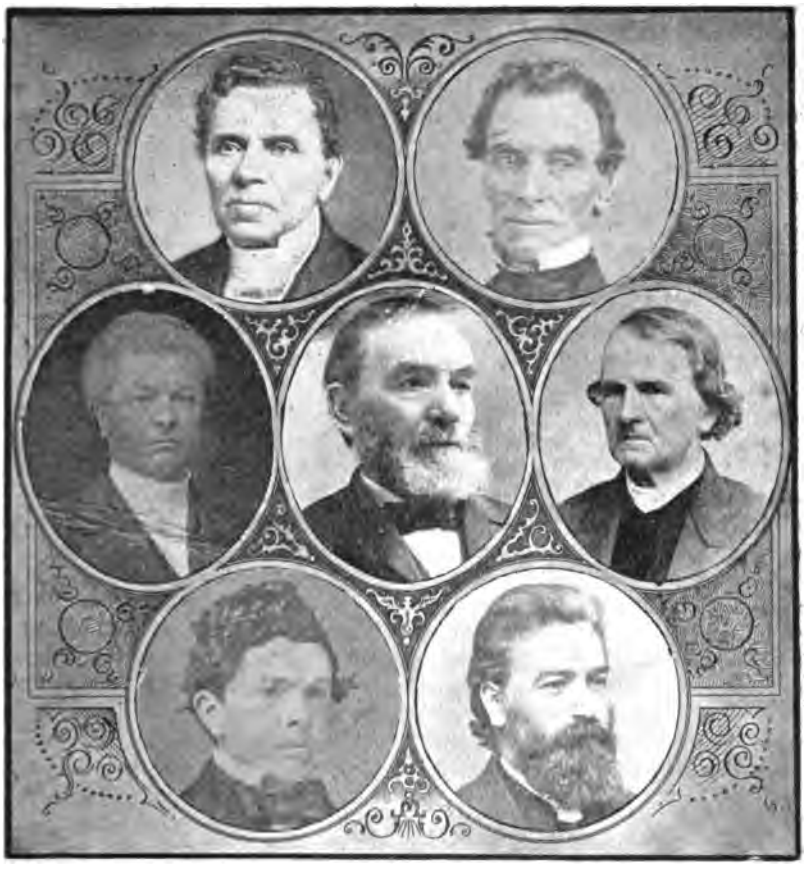
calls from Wales, some of the best Welsh pulpit speakers. Rev. James Griffith occupied the pulpit from 1833 to 1849; Rev. Evan Griffith from 1849 to 1855; Rev. David Price from 1857 to 1862; Rev. Griffith Griffiths from 1864 to 1866; Rev. Rhys Gwesyn Jones, D. D., from 1867 to 1879, and also from 1883 until his death, September 5, 1901; and Rev. Watkyn B. Joseph from 1881 until 1883. In 1862 a second Welsh Congregational Church was started, with Rev. James Griffiths of Cattaraugus, as pastor, but in 1869, during the first pastorate of Dr. Rhys Gwesyn Jones, the two churches were united. Soon after this the present church edifice on Washington Street was built.

Among those who have entered the ministry from the church are Rev. Llewellyn D. Howell, who died in 1864; Rev. Thomas M. Owen, who died at Bristol, R. I., in 1901; Rev. John F. Humphrey of Beekmantown, N. Y.; Rev. D. Lloyd Jones, who returned to Wales; Rev. Henry P. Roberts, Williamsburg, Ia.; Rev. Thomas T. Davies of Sandy Creek, N. Y.; Rev. W. Roberts of Mis-

MINISTERS OF BETHESDA CHURCH—1823 TO 1901.



Dr. Robert Everett. James Griffiths.
Evan Griffiths. Dr. Gwesyn Jones. David Price.
Griffith Griffiths. Watkin B. Joseph.

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souri; Rev. Henry R. Hughes, Plymouth, Pa. Rev. Edward Morris, D. D., and Rev. T. Newton Owens, Bristol, R. I., were members of the Sunday School, but entered the ministry later from other churches. In 1806 the Welsh Baptists and Congregationiists united in holding a gymanfa, an arrangement which continued for many years. A branch of the American Bible Society was organized in 1816. The house adjoining the church was bought some years ago and is now the property of the church. After the reading of the above sketch Mrs. John H. Rees rendered a solo, and then Edward H. Jones, secretary of the church, read letters of a reminiscent nature from Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, Treasurer of the United States, Rev. E. D. Morris of Columbus, O., and Margaret J. Evans of Northfield, Minn.

After the letters Mr. Jones read the following list of the church's deacons during the century: John Nicholas, John Roberts, Nathaniel Davies, William Rees, John R. Jones, Evan Ellis, Henry Roberts, Daniel Evans, David E. Morris, Thomas Jones (wagon maker), Llewelyn Howells, Howell Howells, Lewis J. Lewis, John Griffiths, Ellis Thomas, Richard Jones, Schuyler; Owen Roberts, Checkerville; Henry Foulkes, Robert Jones, Francis Griffiths, Rowland Williams, John D. Jones, David Price, Ellis R. Roberts, Griffith S. Thomas, David E. Williams, David Anthony, Thomas G. Jones, Oswego Street; William W. Williams, Griffith D. Williams, Robert Griffith, Frankfort Hill; Hophni Davies, Owen Baxter, William Vincent, John Jennings, Robert Hughes, Ebenezer Lewis, Henry Lewis. The present deacons of the church are: Rev. William O. Williams (William o Fon), William E. Williams, Moses Williams, William W. George, David D. Griffiths, William E. Jones, Schuyler, and Edward H. Jones.

Miss Annie Hughes sang "A Hundred Years Hence," and to close Chairman Griffiths called upon a number of ministers and members of the church who all had experiences, recollections and interesting facts connected with the cause to relate. In the evening the Rev. William J. Richards of Wilkesbarre, Pa., preached the centennial sermon, and Mr. David Pierce, an old member of the church, followed with the reading of a paper wherein he paid a high tribute to the memory of the organizers and departed pastors of the church, concluding with a touching poem.

———o:o———

HUGH R. HUGHES.

We are pleased to introduce to our readers the genial face of the president of the Denver Cambrian Society, and to put on record some of the facts of his busy life.

Mr. Hughes's birthplace, in effect, is Cambria, Wis., because he was brought there from "Mon, Mam Cymru," when but ten months old. His father's name was Benjamin R. Hughes, a very well-known gentleman in literary and musical circles years ago in Cambria and its vicinity—he was an excellent bass singer, and it is the life regret of his son that he, also, is not a singer and a basso. His father died in 1873. His mother, Mrs. John Jones, Oakland, Cambria, is now living—a mother whom the son adores, and one who is respected by all. Mr. Hughes lost his only sister, Miss Jennie Hughes, five years ago. His early education was not neglected. Up to his seventeenth year he attended the Cambria common school, and after that, attended the Oshkosh Normal School, where, in a quiet way, he acquired much familiarity with literature, especially wi... the poets. He is much too modest to indulge publicly in this sense. But it was our pleasure, and surprise, to hear him three years ago, reading with a poet's appreciation the masterly stanzas of Joaquin Miller to "Colorado," which, in justice to our subject, we quote:

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She sits forever in the sun,
  Great gold-ribbed walls half gird her round.
About her feet her black herds run,
  The tawny Plains are her play-ground.
The air rings clear as clear church bell,
That you may see her, see her well.

Before her silver gates in siege,
  An hundred thousand soldiers' tents!
What valiant loyalty and liege
  To Fortune on her battlements!
Oh! never was there siege of old
Like this against her wall of gold.

The Crusades knew not braver knight
  Than these brave men before her walls—
The noblest in the old-time fight
  Matched not the humblest here that falls.

And never were there won such scars
As these won in these nobler wars.

These bloodless wars that bring no pain;
  These priceless victories of peace;
Where Pride is slain; where self is slain;
  Where Patience hath her victories.
Where, when at last the gates are down
You have not burned but built a town.

Hugh R. Hughes.

Mr. Hughes taught school in Columbia County, and Columbus, Wis., for two years previous to his going out West—Denver being his goal, like many thousand of other cultured gentlemen. He has resided in Denver since 1882, and long ere this, he has become well-known to all prominent citizens, and in the best private circles. His first position for three years was in the

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Clerk and Recorder's Office, County Building. In this position he came in contact with most of Denver's citizens, winning their respect by his tact and affability. Afterwards he became the Secretary and Manager of a local Abstract and Title Company. This led up to his present partnership in "The Record Abstract Company," and is, also, its secretary. This company has its office in the California Building, on 17th Street.

Mr. Hughes possesses the rare gift of not only remembering the faces of the thousands who deal with his company, but knows the names of each one and all. Such a trait becomes a positive power and influence in dealing with men. It is very pleasant to be greeted frankly by name, and Mr. Hughes can do this at all times with Chesterfieldian grace.

No one has been more faithful to the interests of the Denver Cambrian Society than our subject, who has been deservedly honored with its presidency for two years. His predecessor for two years also, was Josiah Hughes, whose portrait is seen in the last December number of "The Cambrian." The members of this, one of the best conducted societies in the country, are wise in electing Welshmen of note and influence to preside over the affairs of their organization. Such action begets prestige, and prestige assures the best kind of success.

———o:o———

An Eisteddfod under the auspices of the Cape Cambrian Society took place, some weeks ago, in the Good Hope Hall, six thousand miles or more from the birthplace and home of Eisteddfodau. The building was crowded to the door with a genuinely Welsh audience and many friends of the Principality. Those present included his Excellency the Governor, with Major Deane (Military Secretary) and Captain Gordon, A.D.C.; Mr. W. Thorne, who is at once mayor of the city and president of the Cambrian Society; his Grace the Archbishop of Cape Town, and many other prominent citizens.

The programme (says the "Cape Times") was distinctly creditable to both those who arranged it and to those who took part. It included several exclusively Welsh numbers, and the manner in which these were rendered must have been a source of gratification to those who rightly regard the encouragement of bardism and music and the maintenance of the Welsh language, as amongst the chief objects of an eisteddfod. Madame Griffith Vincent, who was in excellent voice, sang the Eisteddfod song, "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" ("Land of My Fathers") with much sympathy and feeling, also rendering later in the evening the song, "Yn iach i ti, Gymru" ("Farewell to Thee, Camoria"), with telling effect. An excellent number was the selection of Welsh airs, played by a strong orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Barrow-Dowling and Mr. Percy Ould. The remaining items on the programme were all in the nature of competitions.

The composer of the Welsh National Anthem has, in his 69th year, just passed away in the person of Mr. James James (Iago ab Ieuan), Hawthorne terrace, Aberdare. Deceased was a native of Argoed, his father being Evan James (Ieuan ab Iago) a poet of no mean fame in the early part of the last century. His father, when Iago ab Ieuan was still comparatively young, removed to Pontypridd, and here his son for many years assisted him in his trade as a weaver. It was during this time that the son composed the music for the Welsh National Anthem, "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" ("The Land of my Fathers"), his father having written the words.

An English englyn:

"So well he'll sing a solo—in a field
With a full crescendo,
Rolling in ending, you know,
A tender ralientando."

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SCIENTIFIC

A generation ago, the term life was considered synonymous with soul. To-day, the unity of life is recognized as it was in Christ, and the church, like its Master, seeks not only to pronounce the work of pardon, but to heal the sick, to open the eyes of the blind and the ears of the deaf. It seeks not so much to save men out of the world, as to save the world itself in all its relations.

Industrial schools are needed. They are a necessity for boys and men. The school that offers classes in plastering, blacksmith's work, bricklaying, &c., will not be empty. The economic progress in Germany is conceded to be due to the industrial school system. True charity is kindred to education. With our charity organizations, there could be training schools in which people might be helped back into lives of useful and self-restraining activity.

The name fetishism" is derived from "feitico" (made, artificial)' a Portuguese word; and the term, used of charms and armlets worn in the Roman Catholic church of the period, was applied by the Portuguese sailors of the 18th century to the deities they saw worshipped by the negroes of the West Coast of Africa. De Brosses, a French savant of the 18th century, brought the word "fetishism" into use as a term for the type of religion of the lowest races.

The saloon-keeper makes a show of hospitality and generosity. A man can often borrow money from a saloon-keeper, and the saloon is frequently the only place where a poor man can "get trusted," and this he does not forget. To the proprietor, loss upon such loans as these is more than made up in the ultimate return. Very often the saloon is the laboring man's post office. From all this will be seen the influence which the saloon-keeper has gradually acquired.—"The Saloon as a Social Centre."

No town is considered complete without its public library, and the rich and poor, educated and uneducated, point to it with pride. The library supplies the public with its reading material, and the public appreciates the fact, whether taking advantages of it or not. And it is the library that supplies the homes with books. "Lend me some books or magazines so that my husband or my son may have something to read and to occupy his mind without having to go to the saloon" is the form the request takes.

Among the leaders of geology in the first half of the 19th century was Von Buch. He was a kind of a Iolo Morganwg. He would start off from Berlin, make an excursion to perhaps a distant district or foreign country, for the determination of some geological point that interested him, and return without his friends knowing anything of his movements. He made most of his journeys on foot, and must have been a picturesque object as he trudged along, stick in hand. He wore knee-breeches and shoes, and the huge pockets of his overcoat were usually crammed with note-books, maps and geological implements. His luggage, even when he came as far as England, consisted of only a small baize bag.

If a minute piece of hard boiled egg or meat, or fragment of biscuit or a fly be placed on the middle of the leaf of Venus's Flytrap, a native of Carolina, the glands of the tentacles on which it rests at once begin to secrete a "ferment" and an "acid;" these two

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together (precisely as our own digestive organs) dissolve out the nitrogenous properties and the glands absorb them, rejecting everything else, such as the hard chitinous coats of insect and starch grains from biscuits, etc. Soon after the "food" has been laid upon the middle tentacles those on the circumference become aware of its presence, so to say; they rise up and bend over the middle; placing their glands unerringly on the meat, whatever it is, and join with the glands below it in pouring out the necessary fluids.—"The Garden."

Science made great strides in certain directions in 1901. The most important developments were seen in the successful trials of a flying machine and several submarine boats. M. Santos-Dumont, a young Brazilian, on October 19th successfully steered a navigable balloon from St. Cloud round the Eiffel Tower and back, completing his journey in the air in about half-an-hour. He had made many attempts before he was completely successfully, and had some exciting adventures. There was some question as to whether he had won the Deutsch prize for which he was competing, but eventually the committee awarded the money to him. The development of wireless telegraphy has continued steadily during the year, and on December 14th Signor Marconi, who had been working hard at his invention, succeeded in transmitting a message across the Atlantic Ocean from Poljew, in Cornwall, to St. John's, Newfoundland.

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PLANTS IN ROOMS.

Many amateurs, to judge by the frequency with which one is asked the question, never appear able to ascertain when a plant requires water, yet it is quite a simple matter to find out, either by lifting the pot to know whether it is light or heavy—if the latter, the plant will not require water, and "vice versa;" by tapping sharply with the knuckles, when, if a clear ringing sound is produced, one knows that air has taken the place of water, and that more of the last-named must be given. Should, however, the sound be dull and heavy, one may know equally well that the soil still contains a sufficient quantity of water. The appearance of the surface of the soil is misleading especially with plants in rooms, which are often encased in ornamental pots to which no air or sun ever reaches; the surface may be dry, and the remaining portion of the soil quite moist enough, or the latter dry and the surface moist.—"The Garden."

———o:o———

HOW BIRDS DRESS WOUNDS.

Many birds particularly those that are prey for sportsmen, possess the faculty of skilfully dressing wounds. Some will even set bones, taking their own feathers to form the proper bandages. A French naturalist writes that on a number of occasions he has killed woodcocks that were, when shot, convalescing from wounds previously received.

In every instance he found the old injury neatly dressed with down plucked from the stem feathers and skillfully arranged over the wound, evidently by the long beak of the bird. In some instances a solid plaster was thus formed, and in others bandages had been applied to wounds or broken limbs.

One day he killed a bird that evidently had been severely wounded at some recent period. The wound was covered and protected by a sort of net-work of feathers, which had been plucked by the bird from its own body and so arranged as to form a plaster, completely covering and protecting the wounded surface. The feathers were fairly netted together, passing alternately under and above each other and forming a textile fabric of great protective power.—Youth's Chronicle.

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Original and Selected Miscellany.

The best way to kill a falsehood is to let it lie.—Harper's Bazaar.

One cannot help admire the frankness of that Nickerson merchant, if not his wisdom, in advertising: "Don't go elsewhere to get cheated, come in here."

"If fishes knew enough to live in the ground instead of water," remarked Frank, 'they could get all the worms they wanted without hooks in them."—Harper's Young People.

When we landed in Ireland many years ago, says a traveler, we told our Irish guide at Killarney that we wanted to see an English robin. He replied that they had no English robins in Ireland—they were all Irish robins.

Amongst the topical hits at the "Cinderella" pantomime at Newport, S. W., is this one. First Comedian: "What are you looking at?" Second Comedian: "That funeral." First Comedian: "That's not a funeral." Second Comedian: "No! What is it, then?" First Comedian: "It's a Brecon and Merthyr express."

Alfred Krupp, the German gun maker, has just had the pleasure of seeing the town of Essen, with 100,000 inhabitants, admitted into the ranks of German cities. The town was made by the Krupp gun works, which were started there by the present owner's grandfather in 1810. There are 41,000 employes, and there has never yet been a strike.

At Somerley we used constantly to meet Tom Price, a great friend of the Barrington family, a fine rider, and very greedy. One day, eating a good dinner, he said, "This is my idea of heaven. "Yes, said a neighbor—"such a dinner as this, without money and without price!" He always reminded me of the greedy man who, coming down-stairs in the morning before breakfast, said, "Food has not passed my lips since last night, and to-morrow will be the third day."—Sir Algernon West's Recollections.

Perhaps the most notable Christmas card was one issued by a Birmingham firm. The card has been drawn for the particular joy of the local public. It is headed:—"P.C. Lloyd-George, 87 D.," and represents that eminent patriot as a member of the force. The dapper figure is swaddled up in a burly constable's uniform; the helmet is over the eyes; the trousers are turned up, and the constable malgre lui is observed to be trying to march in the regulation style. It is a souvenir of his hot reception at Birmingham.

When the Duke of Wellington was fighting in Spain there were two horses which had always drawn the same gun, side by side, in many battles. At last one was killed, and the other, on having his food brought as usual, refused to eat, but turned his head round to look for his old friend, and neighed many times as if to call him. All care was in vain. There were other horses near him, but he would not notice them; and he soon afterwards died, not having once tasted food since his former companion was killed.—"Our Dumb Animals."

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Eugene Field used to tell a story of his meeting with Mrs. Humphrey Ward. It was at a dinner in London, given by Henry James. Field was delegated to take the celebrated novelist down to dinner. She looked at him with frigid eyes and touched his arm in a frightened fashion. When safely ensconced at the dinner table she turned to Field and drawled:

"Tell me, please, something of the habits and customs of Chicago. I never have seen a native Chicagoan before."

"Well," returned Field, his face as solemn as an Egyptian mummy's, "when they caught me I was living in a tree."

A story is being told of the days when Mark Twain was a hack driver in San Francisco on a weekly salary represented by one figure Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller serving on the same staff with like pay. A woman of means who patronized Bohemia and gave the impecunious strugglers many a good dinner saw Mark Twain, thinly clad and imperfectly shod, standing with a cigar box under his arm and looking hungrily in at a confectioner's window. The patroness of letters asked what was in the box. "Oh," drawled the humorist, "I'm moving again."

"The January Gael."—This interesting monthly devoted to the language, music and art of Ireland, comes to us laden with an array of illustrated articles, stories and sketches of a very high standard, and will doubtless be received with feelings of the keenest pleasure and appreciation by everyone fortunate enough to read it. The number opens with a most interesting paper descriptive of "The Gaelic Language in London," by Francis A. Fahy, President of the League there. Reproductions of photographs of the most prominent workers give an additional value to Mr. Fahy's contribution. Rev. Richard Henebry, Ph. D., late Professor of Celtic Languages at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., writes his impressions of modern Irish music, whech he contends is not Irish at all. Miss Shiela Mahon, the well-known Irish authoress, whose writings have been so favorably received in Ireland, and who recently came to this country, contributes her first story written in America to this month's "Gael." "Memories of Galway," by Miss Gertrude M. Haverty, is a descriptive article of much merit, and gives an American's appreciative impressions of the Galway Feis. The Gaelic department is up to its usual high standard of literary merit. The poetry in the January "Gael" as usual possesses the high literary merit peculiar to that magazine. "Old Cork Beside the Lee," by D. A. McCarthy; "Cusha Machree," by Mary O. O'Reilly and "Bearna Baoghail," by the late William Rooney, are some of the gems. "The Gael" is published monthly at 150 Nassau street, New York, for $1.00 a year.

NEW SONGS.—Edgar A. Barrell, "O, God be Merciful," Medium voice, D flat to F (50c. A simple church song, emotional.—Adolf Frey, "Bow Down Thine Ear, O, Lord," in E. Flat (60c). A fine song, churchly in style.—W. J. McCoy, "To the Raindrops." High voice in F (50c). A bright little song, original and interesting.—Giuseppe Orisini, "Perhaps" (Forse). High voice in E (50.) Graceful melody.—Franz X. Arens, "When the Land was Bright with Moonlight." High voice in G, also in E (50c).

NEW PIANO MUSIC.—Biedermann. Three pieces, "Pleasant Journey," "Solitary Flower," "Notturno" (50c).—G. Bonaldi, 'La Belle Amazone."—W. F. Sudds, "Merry Bohemians" (50c).—Homer N. Bartlett, " Dream of the Dance" (60c); "Prayer at Eventide," by same (40c).—Wilson G. Smith, "Romance Serenade," "Dance of the Dryads," "Souvenir Waltz." Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII. MARCH, 1902. No. 3

THE WELSH PULPIT.

By Rev. D. L. Roberts, Glenfield, N. Y.

PART I.

[This paper was prepared to be read at a meeting of the Presbyterian ministers' club, "Kappa Nu," held at Olivet Church, Utica, January 6, 1902, and so contains more personal references than it would had it been written for publication. It is published at the request of friends.]

Dr. Johnson in his dictionary defined oats as a grain that, in England is fed to horses, in Scotland to men. The Scotchman replies to the slur, "Yes, and where can you find such horses as in England, and such men as in Scotland;" and the Welshman who has long been an oat-eater, would add, and such preachers as in Wales? That is, I mean to say that it is a poor country and people who haven't something of which to boast, and someone to do the boasting.

When you think of it, is it not quite remarkable that there exists to-day almost within sound of London a people with a distinct nationality and with a language and customs peculiarly their own? This people have a history of which they are justly proud. It is true that Wales has no great body of literature, though she has had poets and writers of no mean order. She has no great names in philosophy or art, but there is one field in which she excels, and in which she is widely known. The Welsh pulpit is unique, and it is upon this topic that I have chosen to write this paper, with which I shall bore you a while.

You may wonder why I have chosen this subject. There are several reasons. I shall touch upon two or three. In the first place, it is a subject that is very dear to me. Though my father and mother were mere children when they came with their parents to this land of liberty and opportunity, still the language of Wild Wales, the home of our ancestors for ages, has always been the prevailing language of our home, the language in which mother sang her babes to sleep, and father led us in daily prayer. Until I went away from home to school, it was in these same accents that I was accustomed to hear the gospel preached; and until my letter was accepted by the session of Hamilton

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College church, I was a member of a Welsh church. It was in the Welsh Sunday School that I learned to read the word of God; and thanks to some of those good teachers, as well as to father and mother, to understand its messages. From earliest childhood, it was but the common thing to have Welsh ministers in the home, and I have often rubbed my eyes hard that I might keep awake, as hour after hour the conversation ran on of Wales, its villages, people, lakes, rivers and mountains, and especially of its preachers. Preaching and theology were also the two chief topics of conversation when Welsh friends and neighbors ran in for an evening. Thus the names of the great Welsh preachers were household names with us.

Another reason for taking this topic is because of the power and influence of the Welsh pulpit. It is said that England draws many of her best preachers from Wales; and America has not a few preachers of note whose ancestral roots reach back to the wild mountains. Mr. Moody also declared that he was largely influenced in his life work by that star among Welsh preachers, Christmas Evans. This latter would be sufficient excuse, if excuse be necessary, for presenting this topic to you as ministers of the gospel.

It sometimes eases conscience if confession is made after the crime is committed. I hasten to avail myself of this quietus by saying that I am much indebted in the preparation of this paper to the late Prof. Llewelyn J. Evans, of Lane Seminary; to Rev. W. Williams in his Historical Sketch of the Presbyterian Church in Wales; the Life of Christmas Evans, by Paxton Hood, and to articles in "The Cambrian." From them I shall make frequent quotations.

In answer to the question, Is there such a thing as the Welsh pulpit, I will quote from a writer to the English "Spectator" some years ago. He says, "Welsh preaching is as great a mystery to an Englishman as the Welsh language. He has heard of it as little short of the miraculous; but as he is ignorant of the language he is not able to analyze it nor to put himself in the place of the hearer, and to judge for himself of its power; yet he is assured on good authority that it is immeasurably superior to the best English preaching; and remembering that the English pulpit can boast of a Hall, a Chalmers and a Melville, he begins to suppose that Welsh preaching must be superhuman, something to which angels would like to listen if Welsh were but the language of Paradise," (and I would add that it would be hard to convince some that it is not). "It can not be translated; it can not be reproduced in an English form. The beauty, the inexplicable charm, vanishes if you attempt to convey it through any other medium." Says Paxton Hood, "It is not too much to say, that in this little land, during the last hundred years, there have appeared such a succession and race of remarkable preachers as

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could not be rivaled, in their own peculiar popular power over the hearts and minds of many thousands, for their eminence and variety, in no other country."

The Welsh pulpit had its origin in that great movement at Oxford, a little over a century and a half ago, which gave Methodism to the world. Previous to that time, the spiritual welfare of the people had been entrusted to the State Church, which England had forced upon the Principality. Wales has suffered grievous wrongs at the hands of England; but, while she has strongly opposed them, she has never been disloyal or seditious. Oftentimes the bishops were immoral men who cared nothing for the welfare of the souls entrusted to their care; and frequently not one word of Welsh was spoken in their parish churches. Many of the ministers could not speak the native tongue. Under such a condition of affairs it would not be strange if religion should become cold and powerless, and that the people should become immoral and barbarous; and that is just what happened. Sad, indeed, is the story of those dark times, and there are many things in that story that ought to lead us to regard with much seriousness many of the practices of the present time.

It was about the year 1735 that the Oxford movement extended into Wales, through the agency of a young man named Howell Harris. He had gone to Oxford to prepare for order in the Church, but becoming disgusted with the prevalent immorality he soon left the university. He engaged in teaching a parish school, but "the Word of God was as fire in him," and he soon began to exhort his neighbors, and then to extend his work to the surrounding villages and towns. He sought for Episcopal ordination, and was three times refused. Then he decided to accept his commission directly from God, and he went forth a mighty messenger of the gospel. He was violently persecuted, and often narrowly escaped with his life. Prof. Evans says of him that "He was the morning star of the reformation in his country."

Another early apostle of this movement was Daniel Rowlands of Llangeitho. He was "the first of the Welsh clergy to be called a Methodist." He was a preacher of great power, and thousands flocked to hear him from all parts of the Principality, and multitudes were converted under his preaching. There are others that deserve mention in this connection, but time will not permit.

The Welsh pulpit has been characterized by an intense earnestness. These men believed that the message they bore to men was of infinitely greater importance than any other interest that might concern them. They regarded themselves as messengers of the Almighty, and so they had a right to be heard, and would be heard. As one has said, "The pulpit, not the platform, the bar or the stage, should be the center of true eloquence;" and so it was with these men, and every God-

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given power was used in compelling a hearing for the gospel.

I must briefly touch upon the Association meeting as a feature of the Welsh pulpit. These have been for many years, and still continue, a feature in the national life. These are great gatherings for preaching, and are held usually in the open air and are attended by from five to thirty thousand people from all parts of the country. When held out of doors, there would be a raised, covered platform for the speaker, and upon which would be seated some fifty or sixty of his brethren, while before him stretched the vast crowd, some sitting, but many standing. I have heard father and mother tell of seeing hundreds if not thousands, going through the street in line, each with a chair above his head, on their way to the place of meeting. Only the best of preachers, both as to matter and delivery, were heard at the Association. He must have a powerful voice in order to make himself heard to the farther limits of the throng. On the second day, for these meetings continued for two days, there were usually six session, the first beginning at six in the morning, and with two sermons at each session, we can scarcely imagine the scene, the grand singing, the eloquent and powerful preaching; the vast multitude swayed by its power, many in tears, and from all sides cries of "Amen," "Diolch," "Gogoniant," and "Bendigedig."

It is necessary now to touch upon another characteristic of Welsh preaching, the "hwyl," and this I do by a quotation. "The word means literally a 'sail,' and it conveys peculiarly the idea of a sermon under full sail." "The 'hwyl' actually sang. It was distinguished from the natural melody of all truly eloquent speaking, in which the emotions are deeply excited by the fact that the cadences were so varied and prolonged, that the preacher addressed himself as in mere music, to the imagination, through the medium of sound. The afflatus, common to all great excitement, passed into recitative and song. The hwyl would not possibly explain or argue, it came on at the height of the excitement, to work in the expressions of truth that had been stated, argued and illustrated, and its effect was overwhelming, when, rising higher and higher in excitement, the preacher had reached the height of ordinary inspiration, he would break forth in wild, irregular chant 'of jubilant tones or wailing cadences," Says Prof. Evans, "A breeze from heaven sweeps over the congregation, and the sermon, under full canvas, 'walks the waters like a thing of life.' The Welsh are pre-eminently a music-loving people. Tone has strange power over the ear and over the soul. Hence in Wales, the pulpit tone has reached its acme of perfection. The greater, and to some extent, colder intellectuality of the modern style tends toward a more didactic delivery, and the discontinuance of the chant-like modulation, which were at one time all but universal. No great pulpit mas-

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ters of to-day relies on the tone, although when combined with striking ideas, strain of pathos, strokes of imagination, it is still very effective wth a thoroughly around Welsh congregation."

THE SINS OF THE SAINTS.

By Rev. George James Jones.

III. The Voice of a Prophet.

There is to-day, there has been for years, an earnest, honest desire, on the part of the most spiritual of professing Christians, for a general revival of religion, such a revival as would move the nation from center to circumference. There is much praying for such a revival, but it does not come. Mr. D. L. Moody is reported to have said, a few weeks before he died:

"The country can not last without righteousness. Revivals are perfectly Scriptural. There have been revivals in every age. I do not know if there were any before the flood; if there had been, the Flood might not have been sent on the earth. But soon after the Flood came on see the revival spirit; whenever the work got dark, God setn a prophet, and a revival was the result."

Whenever Mr. Moody spoke of revivals, all Christians felt that the man of all men most fitted to speak on the subject had spoken. Mr. Moody was authority on the subject, and he elicited generous hearing. Doubtless, God has many prophets in the world to-day, and up to the hour of his death Mr. Moody was one of the most conspicuous and influential, if not the chief of them all. Few men have been used of the Lord as Mr. Moody has been in bringing men to repent of sin and seek salvation through the atonement of Christ. Through him, or by means of him, wonderfully powerful revivals visited many localities in America and in Europe. The very name of the man charmed the thousand. His power over great assemblies is simply indescribable, not for what he said, nor so much for how he said it, but for the holy influence accompanying his person and words. Working with him as has been the privilege of the writer, enables one to form very elevated notion of his worth to the world. No danger of giving him too high a place in our affections. He was a messenger specially sent forth with a message from God; he spoke it in His name. Redeemed souls will praise God through all eternity for Mr. Moody. With saying that I desire to add that the history of revivals reveals that which at first men are not ready to accept as truth, and yet truth it is—what might be termed a general revival, a revival of religion sweeping its swelling waves over all the country

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has not been experienced during the public service of Mr. Moody. The great revival in Great Britain in 1858-9 is believed to have been the continuation of the remarkable awakening in 1856-7 in the United States. There has been nothing like it since. Of course local refreshings, revivals in this city and that, have been frequent, and at times powerful, but a general revival, a revival that was experienced all over the country has not been enjoyed since. This is a serious matter, and fraught with food for thought. The problem of Christian inactivity, spiritually considered, is forcing itself on the religious conscience for solution. What is the matter? Have Christian people forgotten the source of their strength, or are they depending too much on the arm of flesh? Is it possible that ministers and churches are looking too much to some noted evangelist to visit them and tell the people truths they do not care to tell, do not believe, or are afraid to announce. The late Dr. James Brand of Oberlin said at a meeting held in Cleveland some twelve years ago that "the need of the churches of the present century is not more evangelists, but more evangelical ministers." Evidently, he believed some ministers he had known were wanting in the spirit and power necessary to successful labors for Christ among men. Dr. Brand was not the man to play with words. Ministers more evangelical of necessity would result in churches more evangelical, and churches more evangelical would win greater spiritual power over men. In them would be found less wordly vanity and pride, less struggling for highest seats of honor, and more humbleness of spirit, more tender regards for mutual rights, more liberal offerings, more earnest praying and more incorporating of those prayers in the daily walk, and above all a more prominent place given among them to the Lord Jesus Christ. The evangelical church is the only church possessing the essential characteristics of the church described as the bride of Christ. That church is the need of the world in this age and generation.

IV. The Business of the Christian.

The Christian has a distinct mission in the world. He is the light of the world, the righteousness of the world, the salt of the world, the salvation of the world. Bringing to bear upon the world the divine logic of his mission is his chief business. Amid the jeer, the insincerity, the dishonesty, the cruelty, the duplicity of worldliness, the Christian is to live over again the calm yet energetic, the humble yet majestic, the unselfish yet the glorious life of Christ. That he may be able to fill his high calling heartily, cheerfully, successfully, Jesus has promised him specially the abiding conquering company of the Comforter. The voice falling from the throne to the ear of the believer to-day is that heard of old on the banks of the Jordan: "Have not I commanded

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thee? Be strong and of good courage, be not affrighted, neither be thou dismayed; for I the Lord thy God am with thee whithersoever thou goest" (Josh. 1:9). The present withering condition of the church in America indicates that a vast number of its membership have heard no voice, and have seen no vision. Such members are to the church what barnacles are to the ship, hindrances to progress. If they can not be converted and brought into touch with the divine purposes of the church, it is better for them, better for the church, better for humanity, that they be separated. The Christianization of the masses is retarded because of them, while they themselves gain nothing from their church relations. When true converts band themselves together for systematic work and social worship, they are known as a church of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that means an organization of believers whose purpose it is to converge energy and to concentrate power that formidable opposition may be met and overcome.

By Christianity is meant the doctrines taught by Christ, lived by Him, and glorified by His death; taught by, practiced by, glorified again by the faithful holy consecration, devotion and love of His followers. Not for one moment without serious damage can believers separate themselves from their divine mission. That they may not be overcome by anxieties of a worldly nature Jesus has made it definite and clear that to live to him is their chief concern, and that taking care of them while doing so is his business. Christians are in the world as the representatives of Christ; they are to take possession of it in his name; to change the very face of the earth that it may become like that of heaven, which means the winning of men to the adoption o righteous principles as the foundation principles of their ambition in life; to honor those principles in directing a railroad no less than in directing a prayer meeting; in paying honest wages to labor no less than in paying vows to God; in rendering honest service for the wages received no less than in giving worship to the Almighty. That is the business of the Christian in the world. That is the sphere in which he finds his highest utility and joy. The elevating of professing Christians to that plane of living is the problem to be solved. Christians have duties to perform and conditions to fill before they have reasons for looking for a mighty awakening among the unconverted. O! that we might arouse ourselves from our slumber and live in the light and joy of our privileges.

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DANIEL OWEN'S STATUE AT MOLD, N. W.

Thursday, October 17, 1901, Daniel Owen's statue was unveiled in the presence of a large concourse.

Daniel Owen's Statue.

Six years have passed away since the greatest of Welsh story-writers died. In some sense, it is a wonder that the work of collecting a sufficient sum of money was accomplished, because the Welsh people have never been remarkable for commemorating their great dead in that substantial manner. Many of our great men to-day rest in almost unknown graves, and many without even a grave-stone to designate their resting places. So when the project to have Daniel Owen's statue made was inaugurated many became doubtful of the success of the undertaking; and its almost a certainty that if it were not for some substantial contributions

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from individuals it would have failed.

A committee was formed soon after the death of the novelist, and J. Herbert Lewis, M. P., was chosen chairman; Mr. Llewelyn Eaton, of Mold, secretary. Mr. Eaton became inspired with the undertaking, and began to work for its success. The co-operation of Mr. Thomas Parry, J. P., of Mold, also contributed greatly to the completion of the task. Mr. Thomas Williams of the North and South Wales Bank, served as treasurer.

The house [X] where Owen was born.

It is very suggestive that very few of the well-to-do of the Principality contributed towards this national movement. The rich in Wales have hardly ever taken any interest in the national life of the people; their sympathies being almost entirely English. The late Duke of Westminster was a rare exception. He made not only one of the largest donations, but also gave the stones for the pedestal upon which the statue rests. The Right Reverend Dean Howell, also, took especial interest in the movement which reflects great credit upon him. He is one of the truly national men of Wales. It is strange that the Welsh among the English gave most generously. Mold, the novelist's native place, gave but poorly, and took but a small interest substantially in the movement.

A considerable controversy arose as to where to place the statue. Some desired to erect it in a public thoroughfare, in the midst of the town; some commended a hill, called Bryn y Beili, near the ruins of the old castle; but the majority wanted it placed in "Hall Fields," opposite the County Hall.

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Lord Kenyon, a Welshman of blood, and a native of the County of Flint, and a man who takes great interest in Welsh national movements performed the ceremony of unveiling with a playful and humorous address, which would have pleased the departed Daniel Owen were he there, that day. To Prof. Ellis Edwards was given the important task of sketching the life, work and characteristics of the departed novelist, which he was especially qualified to perform, on account of his familiarity with Mr. Owen, being his neighbor and a personal friend. He knew him intimately, frequented his society, and his work-shop, and was in close sympathy with his life and troubles. Daniel Owen was of a quiet, reserved, retiring, nervous disposition, and it was only in a circle of intimate friends that he would reveal his inward thought. One fact which Mr. Edwards made a particular use of, was that Daniel Owen's life and work were the result of his quiet religious training. The atmosphere and the influences he had spent his simple and pure life in were those of the Sunday School, the chapel society, the various religious meetings, and the popular competitive musical and literary gatherings. It was characters connected with this sort of life he delighted to depict, and its these he has delineated with such simplicity and realness. He was very observant of all the traits of his neighbors, and he never was in company without his literary kodak, whereby he took all that took place around. Many of these pictures are extremely "true to nature" as Will Bryan, one of his best known characters, would say. Although he was apparently of a quiet, serious nature, there lurked in him the quaint wit of Thomas Bartlet and the mischievous humor of Will Bryan. His stories are innocent of any interesting or all-absorbing plot; they are mere picture-galleries where his many original neighbors and friends have been installed for aye.

Others followed, viz.: Prof. Lewis Jones, of Bangor; O. O. Roberts, Chester; J. Herbert Lewis, M. P., P. P. Pennant, M. P., and the gathering dispersed after singing the national anthem.

The statue is the work of a Welsh artist, Goscombe John. As soon as the statue was revealed the public commenced to criticize the work of the artist, particularly in regard to the hat with which he had crowned the figure. It was some's opinion that the hat was something characteristic of the novelist, and an essential element of his personality. Daniel Owen always wore that kind of hat, and had a peculiar way of wearing it; which gave him the appearance of heedlessness and waggishness. This was told the artist, but he decided to put his hat on squarely in a way that Owen never hardly wore it. It is now commonly believed that Owen would have looked more Owenesque bareheaded. It may not be out of place, in opposition to these views, to state that the climate of Wales being very humid, with over 200 rainy days out of the 365, the hat will be somewhat needed as protection from the wet.

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MORMONISM UNMASKED.

By W. R. Evans, Peniel, Ohio.

Curious, indeed, is the way in which some of the movements affecting the human race have had their origin and growth. Mormonism is one of the most striking examples of this fact. It is one of the monstrosities of the age. It seems to have left for the model republic of the world in the nineteenth century, when the light of knowledge is more generally diffused than ever before, when in art and science we have surpassed all that the ages of the past can show, to produce an idle, worthless vagabond of an impostor, who heralds forth a creed repulsive to every refined mind, and opposed to every generous impulse of the human heart; a faith which enforces systematic degradation of woman; not only permits, but orders the gratification of the vilest lusts, in the name of Almighty God himself, and further changed the glory of the uncorruptable God into an image made like to corruptible man.

It is surprising that such faith, taught in the coarsest and most vulgar way should meet with such success in an enlightened age. Their missionaries have been particularly successful in England and Wales. Wales, the land of Bibles and Sunday Schools, a country that has produced more great and powerful preachers, to the square mile, than any country on the face of the globe; yet in no country has the Mormon propagandist succeeded better. If the religious leaders of the Principality had unmasked the absurd and horrid doctrines of Mormonism in time the result would have been quite different. The best way to stem the tide of the flagrant fraud is to turn on the light to expose to view its rottenness. This I shall attempt to do in this article, God helping me.

The commonly accepted idea of Mormonism is, that it is an institution based upon polygamy; but it was years after Mormonism was established before the system was more than whispered among "Latter Day Saints," and if this egregious blot were wiped out from their history and faith, the essential attributes of Mormonism would remain. As an organization Mormonism is complete. It reaches every condition and position in life, and controls every action from the cradle to the grave, being a combination of military rule and Jesuistical penetration and perseverance. It has already, though not three quarters of a century old, become one of the gravest and most difficult problems of the age.

Theoretically, the Mormons have three inspired books (though their missionaries always cunningly take their text from the Bible); but they

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claim that the three are of equal authority if translated aright. The three are "The Book of Mormon," the "Book of Doctrine and Covenant," and the "Bible." The book of Mormon is a plagiarism of a "Manuscript Found," written by Solomon Spaulding. The Mormons, of course, deny this, and claim that an angel called Maroni, visited Joseph Smith and informed him of golden plates hidden in Cummorah Hill, near Palmyra, N. Y. This hill is known now as the "Gold Bible Hill." I predict that at some future time the Latter Day Saints from distant lands will make long pilgrimages to this memorable hill to kiss the ground from whence the "Everlasting gospel" was dug up.

According to Mormon history, Joseph following the direction of the angel, went to the hill of Cummorah, and on the west side, near the top, he found a box that was only partly concealed by loose bits of rock and earth. He removed the obstacles with a pry or lever. The box was made of stone, held together with cement. On partly opening it, he saw the plates and the urim and thummin. No scholar in America could read the plates nor translate them. Joseph claimed that it was written in reformed Egyptian. The angel translated it to Joseph behind a screen, away from "eyes profane." It seems that the angel was not a much better English scholar than Joseph, for the first edition, we are told, had 2,000 mistakes in it. And after the translation was completed, the angel returned to heaven and took the golden plates with him. What a pity! This book is a collection of sixteen separate books said to have been written at different periods and by different prophets. Its style is in imitation of the Bible. The first book professes to have been written by Nephi, a Jew, the son of Lehi, who dwelt at Jerusalem in the days of king Jedekiah, 600 B. C., who in obedience to the command of God built a ship and sailed to America, landing in Chili, South America. The best refutation of the book of Mormon is the book itself. It seems to us impossible for any intelligent person of a well poised mind to read it carefully without being convinced of its fabulousness. In order that the reader may know the drift of this inspired (?) volume, we will give a brief outline:

One of the books of the collection gives an account of an earlier settlement than that of Lehi, the Jew, by a colony of people from the Tower of Babel, soon after the deluge, which was led by Jared, and which in time became a great nation, but which was destroyed by their sins before the arrival of the colony from Jerusalem. Only one man survived to record their history. The other books tells of the arrival of Lehi and his wife, and four sons, Taman, Lemuel, Sam and Nephi, and their four wives. It seems that polygamy was not practiced then by the Mormons. After the death of Lehi a family feud began. Taman and Lemuel rebelled against Nephi, whom the Lord had appointed to be their ruler. As a punishment the

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Lord condemned them to have dark skins, and they became the ancestors of American Indians. Then we have a lengthy account of transactions in North and South America, chiefly of wars between the Nephites and Tamanites, or red men, and of revolutions in the land of Tarahenila, a country near the Isthmus of Darien, where there was a great city. A supernatural light, which lasted three days and three nights, informed the inhabitants of America of the birth of Christ; and later a terrible earthquake announced the crucifixion of Christ at Jerusalem; and three days later the Lord himself appeared, descending out of heaven into the chief city of the Nephites, in the sight of the people to whom he exhibited his wounded side and the prints of the nails in his hand and feet. He remained with them forty days, teaching them the principles of Christianity, &c. But the wars between them and the Indians continued to rage with destruction to the Christians, whose populous and civilized cities, extending throughout North America, were gradually captured and destroyed. Who can believe such records? How could such teeming population spring from one family as late as 600 B. C., while an incessant war and carnage and massacre was carried on between different factions?

In the year 384 the Christians made a final stand at Cummorah, N. Y., where in a great battle 230,000 of them were slain. In 420 Moroni, the son of Mormon, one of the survivors, sealed up the golden plates on which all these events and circumstances were written, and hid them in a hill, where they remained for 1400 years; finally a certain man, Joseph Smith, found the plates, being directed by an angel from heaven. Versions of the Book of Mormon, we are told, have been printed in German, Italian, Danish and Welsh.

Their confession of faith: Their articles of faith are fourteen in number, with subsequent revelations. They do not differ very much in form from the orthodox faith, but viewed in the light of their own interpretation, they are extremely absurd and repulsive. For instance, the first Article reads as follows: "We believe in God, the eternal Father, and his Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost." That seems orthodox. But their interpretation is horrible. To evade the charge of misrepresentation, we will quote the language of acknowledged authority:

"God himself was once as we are now, and is an exalted man" (Joseph Smith, Jour. of Dis., Vol. VI., p. 3). "He (Adam) is our father and our God, and the only God with whom we have to do" (Brigham Young, J. of D., II., 50). "The head God called together the Gods, and sat in grand council to bring forth the world" (Jos. Smith, J. of D., VI., 5). "Each God through his wife or wives, raises up numerous families of sons and daughters," &c. ("The Seer," I., p. 37). "There is no other God in heaven but that God who has

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flesh and bones" (Jos. Smith Compendium 287). "And you have got to learn how to be Gods yourselves * * * the same as all Gods have done before you" (Jos. Smith, J. of D., VI., p. 4). "This individual (man's spiritual body was begotten by the heavenly Father, in his own image, and by the laws of procreation," &c. (Key to Theology, pp. 56, 57).

The idea that the Gods have "wives and multiply" by the laws of procreation is ten times more absurd, repulsive, intolerable and detestable than the doctrine of plural marriage. Any thing more irreverent cannot be conceived by carnal minded man. In regard to the second person in the Holy Trinity, they teach that Christ is the offspring of the material union on the plains of Palestine, of God and the Virgin Mary, after being duly married by the angel Gabriel. They teach that the Paraclete is also material. Speaking of electricity, "The purest and most refined of these substances is that substance called the Holy Ghost" (P. P. Pratt, Key to Theology, pp. 42 and 46). Space will not permit us to ventilate the other thirteen articles of faith.

There are points of belief not mentioned in the articles of faith, one of which is polygamy or the doctrine of plurality of wives. As the readers have heard and read much about that abominable doctrine, we will pass on at present to the consideration of the horrid doctrine of "Blood Atonement." The blood atonement of the Mormons is the severing of the windpipe, a gash across the throat, to let the soul out of the body, and thus save it from destruction.

Mr. P. W. Penrose, a well-known Mormon leader, has denied that blood atonement has ever been practiced among the Saints, but adds, "in the good time coming it will be." Brigham Young commenting on this doctrine said, "I have known great many men who have left this church, for whom there is no chance whatever for exaltation, but if their blood had been split it would have been better for them." "The wickedness and ignorance of the nations forbid this principle being carried out, but the time will come when the law of God will be in full force. This is loving our neighbor as ourselves; if he needs help, help him; if he wants salvation and it is necessary to spill his blood on the earth in order that he may be saved, spill it" (Dis. in Tab., Feb. 8, 1857, J. of D., IV., pp. 219, 220). Seven months after this 129 emigrants were "blood atoned" at Mt. Meadows by a force under command of a Mormon priest.

Mormon Theocracy: The identity of Church and State is an essential feature of Mormonism. The church is the State. Its leaders claim divine prerogative to rule in all the affairs of life; "to give laws and commandments to individuals, churches, rulers, nations, and the world; to appoint kings, presidents, governors or judges" (Key to Theology, p. 73). Such an organization, compact, aggressive and cunning is a menace to our great republic. Though they

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profess to observe the forms of a republican government the despotism of its leaders is as absolute in its control at the present time as it ever was, and is greater than any other despotism on earth. That such an institution has been able to maintain itself in the very heart of a free country, and to steadily increase in power and wealth is one of the problems of the age. About three-fourths of the people of Utah are Mormons, and politically, they hold the balance of power in Idaho, Arizona, and are rapidly peopling Washington, Montana and Wyoming, as well as Colorado and New Mexico. Such political force centralized in one head is a serious menace to free institutions. The principles and purposes of the Latter Day Saints are so hostile to our American institutions that it is impossible to hold to the one without deserting the other. They can not dwell together in peace.

Mormon Aggressiveness: The Mormon Church of Utah is engaged in the greatest missionary enterprise ever undertaken by any religious body, and should put to shame Protestant churches. Since February 1, 1901, 2,000 men have been employed in parts of Europe and America as missionaries, and it was expected by January, 1902, 500 more would be added. President Snow, some time ago, said that he expected to be able by 1910 to send out as many as 3,500 missionaries every alternate year. A goodly number of these missionaries have received a college education, and nearly all have had common school training. Many make great sacrifices. Many of them leave their farms and homes, and go away wherever the bishop may direct, accepting no pay, asking no alms, taking no collections, maintaining themselves at their own expense, and are making thousands of converts. We are not surprised at this, for Mormonism appeals at once to two of the strongest instincts in human nature, to the desire for self-indulgence and worldly advantage, and the desire for a satisfied conscience and an assurance of good in the life to come. Those two desires are hostile to each other, and cannot be pursued conjointly, but the Mormon missionary tries to make the gratification of both appear possible. In view of this, the wonder is rather that it has so few followers than that it has so many.

TALK FAITH.

Talk Faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt,
If you have faith in God or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence your thoughts till faith shall come:
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

—Evangelist.

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IDRIS LLWYD.

(A Tale of Welsh Life—Prize Story.)

By E. R. Evans, Carnarvon, N. W.

And so it was. In the wild rush down the tips, the men like a pack of hounds following a hunted deer, gained ground though they picked up huge slabs of stone and slate in their wild career.

Down went Davies; and after him went the men, the distance between them gaining less each instant.

"Unless he gains the village before them he is a dead man," said the manager. "He'll never do it."

"The magazine," shouted Idris in horror as he saw the hunted man turning sharply and make for the powder store. "They'll set it on fire. They'll blow it to atoms if he seeks shelter there."

The horror of the thing dawned on the manager, but quick of action he called out to the lad "Follow me," and leaping down the hill, cutting off an angle they ran as fast as legs could carry them to the powder magazine.

They arrived just as the crowd turned the corner excited and angry. Davies, as Idris had foreseen, had rushed in and locked the door after him. For a time he lay panting within, but safe for a while at least from the revengeful pursuers.

Side by side the manager and Idris stood with their backs to the door, and facing the angry crowd, who, realizing that their prey had escaped, waxed angrier still.

"Out with him!" they cried. "The hound, the coward, the sweater! Out with him!"

"Stand back," roared the manager.

"For God's sake, stand back," Idris appealed. "There's sufficient dynamite in there to hurl us all to eternity."

The appeal was not lost upon them; and for a moment there was silence. Taking advantage of it the manager climbed upon a boulder close by and asked,

"Men, what do you want?"

"We want justice," they roared back in reply.

"Aye; justice, justice, justice," shouted those in the rear. "Out with him. We'll give him justice!"

And they made another move as if to take the powder house by storm, when Idris pushed down the manager and taking his place on the boulder shouted at the top of his voice.

"Stop, lads. We'll have justice. I'll go in myself and fetch him out. But you stand back all of you."

This he spoke with such authority that the crowd involuntarily stepped back.

"Don't come near," he shouted again; "and when I have fetched him out promise you will not hurt him."

They promised; and Idris climbed

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in through the window. Inside he was face to face with his hunted foe.

"Oh, Idris, they will not kill me, will they," he stammered out.

No thought had Idris now of the sneers of breakfast time. This man was in danger; and he must save him.

"Come with me, and they will not harm you," he replied.

In the meantime the manager outside had argued and consulted with the more responsible of the workmen, and got them to promise that Davies should go unharmed.

"We'll take him home," they said. "But he must never come back to the quarry again."

Thus a compromise was arrived at; and the men with loud hurrahs marched in procession to the village, William Davies being at the head of the procession, and on either side of him were Idris and the manager.

The next day the quarry gates were closed; and notices had been posted up, signed by the manager, stating there would be no work pending inquiries to the cause of the revolt.

CHAPTER IV.

The men held mass meetings to discuss what further steps to take. Many were in favor of demanding "rights" which no self-respecting managers would accede to. They were intoxicated by the effect of their victory over William Davies, the steward. But in a day or two the ill-feeling calmed down. Wiser counsels prevailed; and a representative deputation was appointed to meet the manager and the proprietor to discuss a basis of settlement. Among them was Idris, and he of all the others shone brightest in his demands for justice. He told them in plain unvarnished language how the men had been driven to revolt. How they had been downtrodden by unscrupulous Jacks in office, how their wages were unnecessarily lowered, and their families starved, how they were sneered at, and their complaints ignored, how he had been treated, and how many others had suffered until at last they could suffer no longer, and their pent up feelings gave way under the strain.

Thus he argued, and appealed to the honor of those in whose power it was to prevent, once and for all, the injustice conducted in their names. This took a long time. Days passed, and a week elapsed before the deputation could report progress to their comrades, and even then they had to tell them that the management were considering what had been told to them.

In the meantime the "Sassiwn" was held. The Welsh people look with veneration upon these great meetings which have done so much for the religion of the Principality. There was great preparations for welcoming the preachers and the delegates from all parts of the land. The neat little kitchens were overhauled, the cottages whitewashed, and the front gardens tidied in order to present to the strangers the village at its best. Every family in Llechigleision was busy that week; and every one determined to give

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the servants of God a hearty Welsh welcome.

The long expected day arrived at last. Preachers poured in by the score, and men and women from all parts of the surrounding country came by train, in conveyances, and on horse back to the great preaching meetings, where the finest oratorical talents of Wales were to be heard at their best. And what a criticising there would be! What comparing of sermons! What food for discussion for months to come!

Though winter was advancing the weather kept fine. November fogs had paid no visits to the little mountain village; and though the mornings were frosty and the air keen, at mid-day the warm heat of the sun tempered the atmosphere, and it was decided that the afternoon meeting should be held in the open.

There, on a slanting field, with the huge cliffs above towering far into the blue sky, the people congregated in their hundreds and in their thousands to listen to the sweet words of Christ's gospel, for were not Jones, Machynlleth, and Lewis, Caerfyrddin, and Williams, Carnarvon, the great giants of the Welsh pulpit, besides a host of minor prophets there to explain it?

Let us for a moment glance at one of these men as he stands forth conscious of the power he wields over the vast assembly. There he stands on an improvised wooden platform, his pale face surrounded by a wealth of waving white hair. He stands majestic, his appearance attractive. His every feature, his every movement commands attention. Look at the way he holds out his hand, that curl of the lip, that movement of eyebrow, and the steady light in his eye as he speaks. His very soul seems to peer out of it like a flame. He is simply dressed with a black coat and a white tie; but hear him as he speaks clearly, authoritatively, convincingly. Watch the people! See how they sway with his every movement. Hark at his logic! Does he not seem like a field marshall standing before his army with the sword of the Spirit in his hand, convinced that he stands there with a direct mandate from his holy Master?

Listen how he explains how Christians should live, how he tells the people of their sins, how he describes the fruits of sin as if he had tasted them himself. Ah, how bitter they are! Now, he talks of repentance. He talks of hell, describes it, as if he had been there himself exploring its dark caves with lanterns. He leads the assemblage to the brink of hell. He aims his arrows straight at their hearts, wounds their apathy, stirs them to life. See how they swerve, and start back as if fearing to stumble over the awful precipice into the more awful darkness below. Now, their faces blanch; they are dumb. They know the man speaks truth. His words drop like balls of fire into their inmost hearts; and his voice now seems cracking. He speaks as if he was about to weep; and there the crowd stands chained, bewildered. But, ah! notice the change. He raises his voice like a silver trumpet and announces that

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there is hope even yet—and for them. He shows the gate of mercy stands ajar. He stretches forth his arm as if anxious to undo the chains that bind them and a long drawn sigh escapes from a thousand bosoms as if they felt the executioner's rope was loosened. Hear them shout from the bottom of their hearts "Hallelujah," "Thank God," "Bendigedig" and "Amen!"

Such was the power wielded by the Welsh preacher, orator, evangelist, missionary, teacher, helper, all in one, over the Welsh people. What wonder the influence of the pulpit remains in the land. No other country has produced such men! No other nation such noble characters.

The service over, the people streamed from the field. On his way home, walking by the side of his aged mother, Idris overtook Mary Price and the Rector.

"Have you been to the Sassiwn, Mr. Price?" he asked.

"No, my lad; but Mary and I happened to be passing, and listened to the preacher. Wasn't he grand?"

"Grand is not the word, sir," put in old Betsan Llwyd. "He was heavenly."

"I quite agree with you, Betsan," replied the rector. "But you, Nonconformists, are so bigoted. You will not admit that we have good preachers in the Church, too."

"You would have them all, sir, were it not for the state connections of the Established Church," said Idris. "The best men have been driven out of the Church."

"So they have, my boy, so they have, because the authorities dreaded reform, and now Nonconformity benefits. But they will all come back some day."

"When the Church is reformed and disestablished from the State," replied Idris with a smile.

"Oh don't discuss politics," said Mary. "Have you not heard the news, Idris?"

"What news?"

"Well here's a leader of strikers. He does not know that the strike is settled."

"Settled?" asked the astonished lad.

"Yes; tell him all about it, father, and I'll walk on with Betsan Llwyd."

The Rector told him that the strike was at an end, and that on the following day the men's deputation would be called together to sign the agreement.

"But perhaps we will not agree to it," suggested Idris.

"Oh yes; you will," replied Mr. Price. "The Squire has caused a strict and impartial inquiry to be made into all the charges you made, and the whole staff is to be re-arranged."

"What about William Davies, the steward?"

"He is to be removed to another quarry. All the officials who have been found guilty of double dealing, of oppression and tyranny will suffer."

"And we'll have justice at last!"

"That all depends, my lad."

"Depends on what, pray?"

"On the new officials," replied the Rector with a twinkle in his eye

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which Idris at the time could not understand.

"Well, have you two finished talking," Mary cried. "If you have, you had better hurry on. Betsan Llwyd and I are going to the Rectory to tea."

"No, indeed, Miss Price fach, I could not think of it; and we expecting a minister to tea."

"Oh! is that it," observed the Rev. Mr. Price goodnaturedly. "You must not forget the preacher, Betsan. But you must let Idris come. I am sure Mary will enjoy his company quite as well."

"Father, don't be foolish," said the girl tossing her pretty head in the air, and marching proudly in front.

However, it was arranged that Idris should accompany them to the Rectory. There to his surprise he found Mr. Dawson, the chief manager of the quarry, who had assisted him a few days previously to rescue the steward from the mob.

"I hope, Idris," said he, in the course of conversation, "that the new terms will be favorable to the men. You are one of the leaders, are you not?"

"They have made a 'leader' of me since the disturbance," Idris replied modestly. "If the terms are as favorable as Mr. Price said they were, I have no doubt as to their acceptance."

"Did Mr. Price tell you who the new officials were to be?"

"No."

"Well I may tell you that you pleaded the cause of the men so well at the conference that the squire told me to keep an eye on you with a view to promotion. When the quarry opens you will take your place as a steward!"

The young man was amazed, dumbfounded. He had never dreamt that affairs would turn like this. He was about to stammer out his thanks when the voice of Mary was heard on the lawn shouting peremptorily:

"Idris, Idris."

"You had better be off, young man," said Mr. Dawson with a smile. "Girls are not so easily dealt with as crowds."

As soon as he was out through the door the manager turned to Mr. Price and said,

"That lad has a future before him. When the squire heard how he had influenced the crowd he immediately pointed out that the same power could induce them to work also. The men will obey those whom they love and respect; and it will be far better for all, if men like Idris Llwyd can use their influence to lessen friction than to cause it."

"But he did not cause it," said the rector.

"At any rate, "observed Mr. Dawson, "the quarry will benefit if his influence upon the men is used in favor of the management."

Idris and Mary spent the next hour on the lawn. As Mr. Idris Lloyd, the steward, he thought he would have a far better chance of winning her love than he would as a mere quarryman, and when he broached the question to her some time afterwards she replied just as a true Welsh maiden could be expected to do.

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"You silly boy; I have loved you all along, only you were too dense to see it. I don't love you because you are a steward and an official at the quarry, but because you are Idris—my Idris—plain, dear, Welsh Idris Llwyd."

The Llechigleision quarry prospered under the new regime. Peace and contentment reigned for years. A new life coursed through the whole district, and all because those who ruled understood and sympathized with those who worked. Idris Llwyd, the steward, was the idol of all, respected far and wide, and with Mary by his side commenced life under the most favorable auspices.

THE WELSH "EISTEDDVOD."

We have been asked to describe the ancient, and still existent Eisteddvod. In using the "v" in the last syllable, we follow an old custom, though the single f as used today has the v sound as the f in "of."

From time immemorial song poem, harp and pipe have been part and parcel of the domestic and social life of the people of Wales, and of "Greater Wales" of the first six centuries of the Christian era. During these earlier centuries, Britons only were the inhabitants of the isle —they were the worshippers of the oak groves and the song and poem competitors of the home and social circles. These competitions were, indeed, notable features of their national life. This is made clear by the traditions, triads, poems and songs that have come down the ages, and are to-day a precious heritage to the Welsh people in all parts of the world.

Out of this home and grove music and worship, grew the competitive bardic, song and harp festival, called the Eisteddvod, which broadly means a "Session of bards and songsters in friendly contests for excellence, under the adjudication of the chief bards, harpists and musicians."

These competitive exercises have been the means of giving to Wales almost all the poets, essayists, singers and preachers who have made Welsh eloquence and Welsh songs famous the world over. England, Ireland and Scotland have imitated Wales in its national festival, but only in the musical sense. One must visit Wales itself in order to see the National Eisteddvod in its glory, where the leading essayists, poets, harpists and singers represent, and that in costume, the druids, bards and ovates of old, where the ceremony of "chairing the prize-bard" is, and has been the chief feature for six or more centuries; where harpists, using the exquisite and full-toned Welsh triple-stringed harp as well as the modern peddle harp contend in studied and impromptu playing; where oratory of the true Keltic type sways the multitudes and where choral, glee, an-

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them, solo, and to-day, orchestral competition are the "drawing cards" of the institution.

The Welsh people in this country hold annually many Eisteddvods in tneir respective centres—some of them are merely competitive musical festivals, and are not Eisteddvods in the true sense. This is to be regretted, because the literary and more characteristic features of the Welsh people are omitted in order to make room for more "singing contests," in which cultured singers of other nationalities have taken away important prizes. But we must not forget that in the States of Wisconsin, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Vermont and New York there are many Welsh choirs among the mills, mines and quarries, which are considered by the American critics to be quite excellent.

In Great Britain the annual Eisteddvod is controlled by the Eisteddvod Association, and the "Bardic Gorsedd—the "dd" in all cases has the sound of "th" in "thou." This "Bardic High-Circle" is a powerful organization jealously guarding the honor and place of the "Bardic Chair" as the chief recognition of poetic merit in the form of the alliterative "awdl," or ode—a word that cannot possibly convey the Welsh meaning. There are twenty-four alliterative metres to be mastered besides the production of poetic thought in each and every one, by the bard who aspires to be installed in the "Bardic Chair," and who must be ready to answer in public all questions that may rise as to his ability in these wonderful metrical mazes, and as to the genuine quality of his verse. The result of these bardic efforts is a rich poetic literature utterly unknown to all except Keltic scholars who are conversant with the Welsh system of alliteration. We write of the chief bardic feature. The Eisteddvod offers prizes for compositions in ordinary metres, and there exists a literature of lyrics, chansons, extensive poems, battle songs and elegies which are only beginning to appear in English in the masterly translations of Rev. Edmund O. Jones, vicar of Llanidloes, North Wales; the poet Elved and others. This is sufficient upon the literary side of the ancient festival.

It is not to the credit of the Welsh people that there is not in existence in this country an Eisteddvod Association similar to the one in Great Britain—a society of recognized Welsh musicians and poets, whose labors would place the different State Eisteddvods on a high national plane, besides organizing and holding every two or three years an interstate grand Eisteddvod similar to the one held so successfully at the World's Fair. Other peoples less numerous than the sons of beautiful Wales are organized in such manner, and are able to foster their respective nationalisms thereby.

It is a mooted question whether or not "prize giving" is a wrong principle in art. It was John Ruskin who said that "competition" has no place in art. If the Eisteddvod promoters must give prizes, they should

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be graded. There is much injustice in the scheme to award, say, a $500 prize to the choir which happens to be best, and let four or five other good choirs go without anything whatever. Such a scheme seems to indicate the lack of art appreciation. We are informed that the quarrelling after these unjustly arranged contests is something fearful at times. But is it a wonder? This matter is worthy of the best consideration of all intelligent Welshmen. Competition we must have, to a reasonable extent, in all matters. To excel is commendable. But to offer prizes far in excess of any possible merit, is to corrupt artistic tendencies, and defeat the purpose of the Eisteddvod.

A feature worth commenting upon, is that the judges in all departments of competition read their adjudications, in which they point out the merits and demerits of soloists and choirs, closing by announcing to whom the prizes are awarded. This is admirable and just, if the judges succeed in convincing contestants of the correctness of their criticism, and the justice of their decision. In choral contests, and especially if the prize is unreasonably large, the task of the judge is painful enough, while the nervous tension of choirs and audience, most of whom have no technical knowledge of music, is more painful still. But most of these choral adjudications, we are informed, merely point out the "sins of omission and commission," and are of no particular educational value. The adjudications upon essays, poems and translations are well prepared, and are published, and are of literary value. It would be well to arrange for the publication of the musical adjudications upon the main choral contests. This would be in keeping with the spirit and purpose of one of the most ancient, unique and interesting of national institutions.—Chicago Musical Times.

TRUST.

I will not faint, but trust in God
Who this my lot hath given;
He leads me by the thorny road
Which is the road to heaven.
Though sad my day that lasts so long,
At evening I shall have my song;
Though dim my day until the night,
At evening-time there shall be light.

My life is but a working day
Whose tasks are set aright;
A while to work, a while to pray,
And then a quiet night,
And then, please God, a quiet night,
Where saints and angels walk in white;
Dreamless sleep from work and sorrow,
But reawakening on the morrow.

—Christina Georgina Rossetti.

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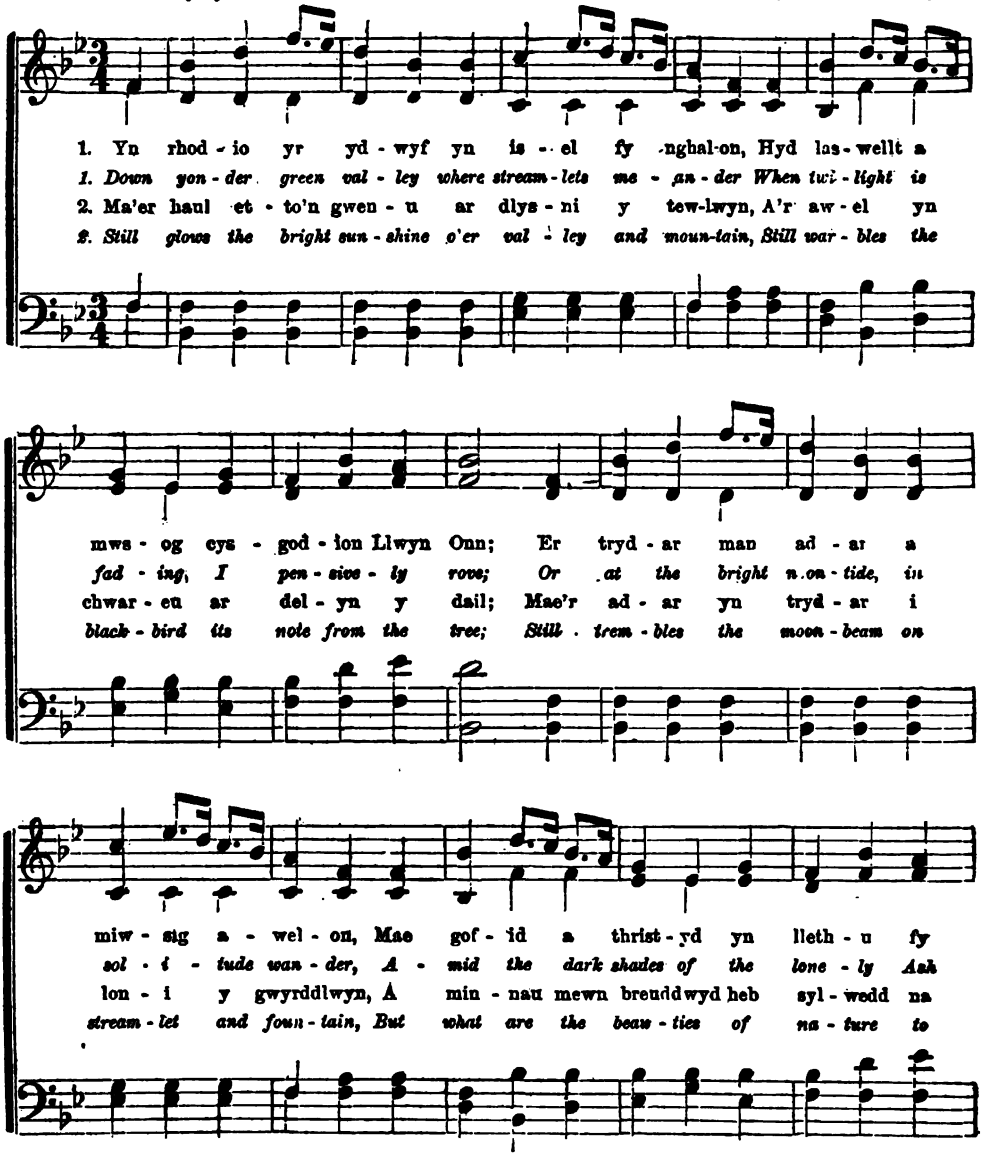
LLWYN ONN.

(THE ASH GROVE.)

English Poetry by T. OLIPHANT.
Welsh Poetry by TALHAIARN.

JOHN THOMAS.
(Pencerdd Gwalia.)


1. Yn rhod - io yr yd - wyf yn is - el fy nghal-on, Hyd las - wellt a
1. Down yon - der green val - ley where stream - lets me - an - der When twi - light is
2. Ma'er haul et - to'n gwen - u ar dlys - ni y tew-lwyn, A'r aw - el yn
2. Still glows the bright sun - shine o'er val - ley and moun-tain, Still war - bles the
mws - og cys - god - ion Llwyn Onn; Er tryd - ar man ad - ar a
fad - ing, I pen - sive - ly rove; Or at the bright noon - tide, in
chwar - eu ar del - yn y dail; Mae'r ad - ar yn tryd - ar i
black - bird its note from the tree; Still trem - bles the moon - beam on
miw - sig a - wel - on, Mae gof - id a thrist - yd yn lleth - u fy
sol - i - tude wan - der, A - mid the dark shades of the lone - ly Ash
lon - i y gwyrddlwyn, A min - nau mewn breuddwyd heb syl - wedd na
stream - let and foun - tain, But what are the beau - ties of na - ture to

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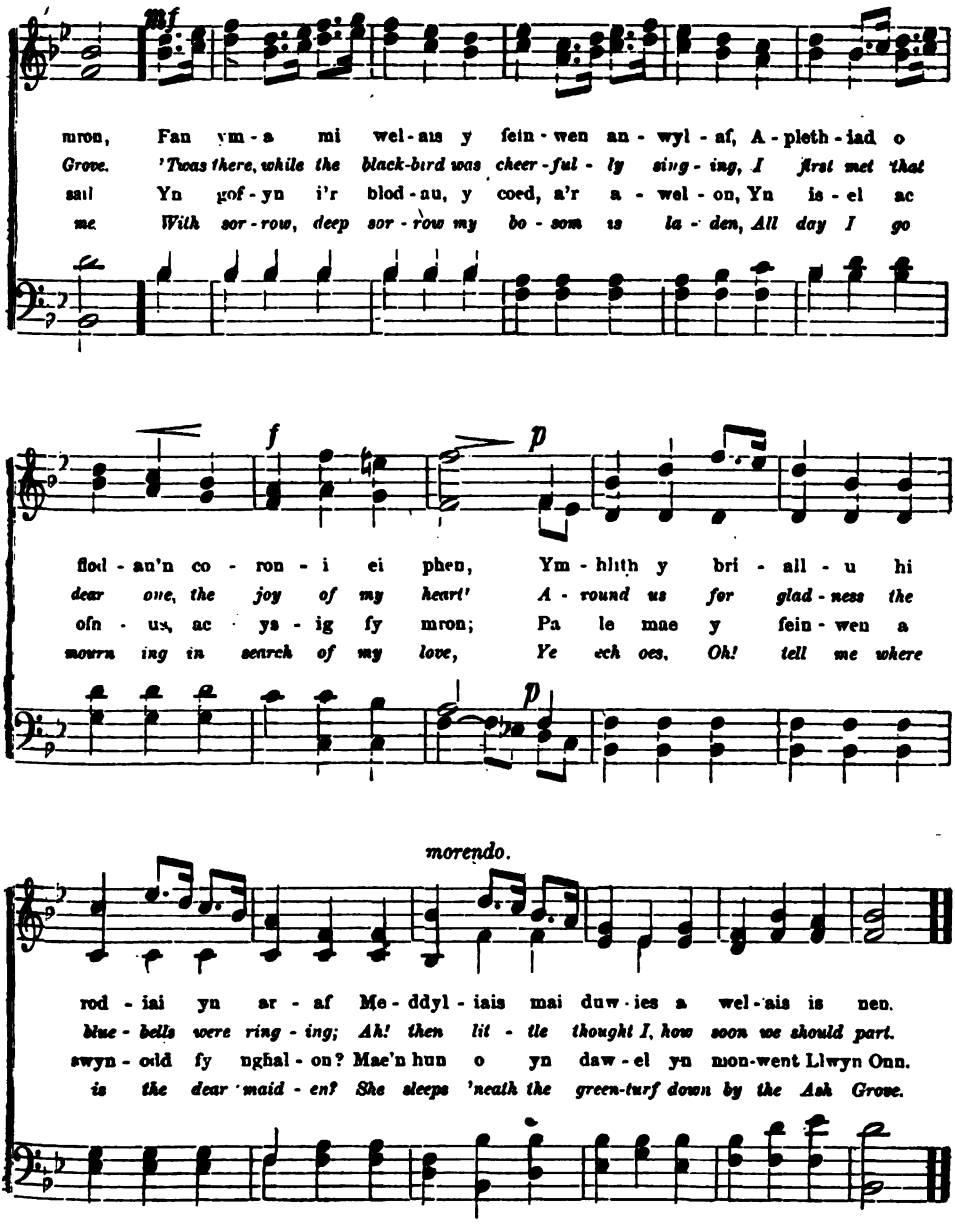
LLWYN ONN.


mf
mron, Fan ym-a mi wel-ais y fein-wen an-wyl-af, A-pleth-iad o
Grove. 'Twas there, while the black-bird was cheer-ful-ly sing-ing, I first met that
sail Yn gof-yn i'r blod-au, y coed, a'r a-wel-on, Yn is-el ac
me With sor-row, deep sor-row my bo-som is la-den, All day I go
f
p
flod-au'n co-ron-i ei phen, Ym-hlith y bri-all-u hi
dear one, the joy of my heart' A-round us for glad-ness the
ofn-us, ac ys-ig fy mron; Pa le mae y fein-wen a
mourn ing in search of my love, Ye ech oes, Oh! tell me where
p
morendo.
rod-iai yn ar-af Me-ddyl-iais mai duw-ies a wel-ais is nen.
blue-bells were ring-ing; Ah! then lit-tle thought I, how soon we should part.
swyn-oid fy nghal-on? Mae'n hun o yn daw-el yn mon-went Llwyn Onn.
is the dear maid-en? She sleeps 'neath the green-turf down by the Ash Grove.

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MUSIC NOTES.

By William ApMadoc.

Hadley's Symphony.—The Chicago Orchestra concerts of January 24th and 25th were remarkable because the composers represented were young men. Edward Elgar, probably the genius of to-day's England, was 44 years old when he wrote his "Cockaigne" overture. Max Bruch was 42 when he composed his "Scotch Fantasia" for violin. Josef Suk, the Bohemian, was a youngster of 25 when he wrote the music that forms his exquisite suite, "A Fairy Tale." Wagner was only 35 when he drew that wonderful picture of the descent of the "grail" from heaven, and called it the prelude to "Lohengrin." Henry K. Hadley was 30 when he captured all the prizes abroad in the land with his symphony, "The Four Seasons." It is said that he who is on the sunny side of 45 is still young for a writer of music.

From the severe standpoints of musical form, thematic fidelity and poetic coloring, one must look out upon the vista of a symphonic creation. What is a symphony? We humbly suggest that it is a great orchestral work in the large sonata form. Such a definition is narrow and cold when we listen to the language of tenderness, flowingness, love, agitation, passion, fury, the beautiful landscape, gentle breezes, rustling of leaves, swaying forests, babbling brooks, majesty of rivers, the thunder of cataracts, and the response of human souls to all of nature's phenomena. Beethoven, though totally deaf, heard the sweep of the perfect symphony. Brahms and Dvorak have revelled through it with poetic power and majesty. The new generation of composers, also, scholars in orchestral technic, have symphonic visions. When the Chicago Orchestra played Mr. Hadley's "Four Seasons," it paid a glowing compliment to one of the youngest geniuses of the New World. The author was present during the performance, and had aural as well as visible proof that Chicago indorsed the commendation paid his symphony in New York. "The Four Seasons" is a magnificent subject for symphonic treatment, though each "season" might be subject enough in itself. But the musician, who is also an artist, could not construct a symmetrical work without presenting the four-fold order of nature, to which the symphony form lends itself admirably.

It is not our purpose to analyze this latest effusion of the American muse. But, we can with good grace, plead for a recognition of every masterful effort which presents an accomplished fact in the development of musical art in this young and too mercenary nation. Let the "details" of these new works be entered into by able and trained critics. One of our leading magazines says that no remarks upon great works, nor upon their performances, should be made by merely newspaper reporters. To simply state what was performed, and by whom, would be sufficient as far as they are concerned. Such a course would at once clear the atmosphere of much fog, gas and twaddle. Mr. Hadley's symphony was interpreted with that "finish" which characterizes the best work of the famous orchestra. The "Four Seasons" bears the stamp of originality. Its "winter" burst of harmony from the full orchestra gives an impression that is decidedly favorable, and this impression lasts until the "dead leaves of autumn" pizzicato and staccato themselves in passages that die away in pictures of sombreness and pathos. Such an orchestral interpretation of "The Death of the Leaves,"

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leads us to believe that an American poet-musician has appeared from whom we can expect much. He has ventured into the realms of the symphony with strong wings, and has exhibited therein a worthy grasp of scholarly orchestration, of thematic elaboration, infusing into the whole much poetic color, and much of that undefinable quantity called "expression," which can as easily be discerned in the intricate orchestral work, as in the scenes portrayed by the English poet upon the same subject.

Miss Kathryn Williams.—Again our Cambrian representative in true art, Miss Kathryn Williams, of the Kelso School of Drama and Music, Chicago, triumphed substantially in an exquisite "recital" with her piano pupils February 8, at Handel Hall. Such authors as Bohm, Dennee, Tschaikowski, Wolenhaupt, Chaminade and Gottschalk were represented in the program. The young ladies who played so intelligently are only a part of the class favored with the instruction of this daughter of Cambria, whose technical thoroughness and poetic temperament seem to be infused into the souls and fingers of her students. Miss Williams had the assistance of a cultured reader Miss Verna Springgate, pupil to Mrs. Kelso, one who is destined to do artistic work.

Dr. John Blow (1648-1708.—A survey of the life, works and the times of this old English worthy forms the leading article in the London "Musical Times" for February. Dr. Blow was organist at Westminster Abbey, had composed famous English anthems, had taught the more famous Henry Purcell, "the greatest genius of musical England," and had, along with his pupil, and other musicians created that solid and superb English style in sacred music, long before the celebrated Bach and Handel were born. It is proper that the great works of these old masters in Great Britain should be written of for the edification of the youth of the present day, who, probably only hear of two or three great Germans, one great Frenchman, and one great Italian. Some masters of the present day criticize Dr. Blow for "experimenting in harmony." Many, yes very many of to-day's composers do the same thing. It is unjust to criticize the works of the "immortal fathers" without considering the times in which they live. Old Dr. Burney (1726-1814), in his attack upon Dr. Blow's music, caused it to be neglected. Henry Purcell, his illustrious pupil, referring to his master, said that he was "one of the greatest masters in the world." Dr. Blow was buried near his pupil, in Westminster Abbey.

Sir Frederick Bridge. This scholarly musician, known in Eisteddfodic circles, has just been appointed by the Earl Marshal to direct the music at the approaching coronation service in Westminster Abbey. Sir Frederick's "Counterpoint" revised primer, a noted book, has just been issued from the Novello and Company press. The distinguished author, like many other good musicians, knows that fads and crazes cannot last long, nor can they innovate anything of value. Some forms in composition seem to indicate that they have found their law-status, their "abiding place" in the cosmic order. In the preface to the revised edition of his "Counterpoint" Sir Frederick quotes aptly from Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew:"

Old fashions please me best, I'm not so nice
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Dr. Henry Coward. We are informed that Dr. Coward, of Sheffield, the eminent choral master, has been chosen to conduct at the coming Cardiff Musical Festival. No one doubts the ability and experience of Dr. Coward, but the question has been asked in an American musical magazine concerning this "Gwyl Gerddorol Cymry," "Is Wales unable to furnish a suitable conduc-

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tor?" There may be reason in favor of choosing an English conductor at a Welsh festival, when we consider that all the works to be performed are the great foreign masterpieces. Probably Dr. Coward's reputation will make the festival a financial success. Let us hope that it will prove an artistic success. Like other magnetic conductors, though their number are few, Dr. Coward can, at times, bring himself under censure as the following remarks prove, which are taken from the London "Musical Times" for last month. The Huddersfield Society had Dr. Coward as its artistic director in the performance of "The Messiah," December 20th. The special correspondent of the "Musical Times" writes:

"In the Huddersfield chorus he has what I do not hesitate to style the most glorious raw material in the world, and it may be imagined that so enthusiastic a choirmaster would make the most of it. He obtained crescendos, sporzandos, pianissimos, as well as the customary Yorkshire fortissimos, that were admirably realized, and were often quite sensational. As an exhibition of choral possibilities it was remarkable, but as an interpretation of Handel's music, it was open to criticism. One felt at times that Dr. Coward was in danger of being, to parody a famous phrase, 'intoxicated by the exuberance of his own virtuosity,' and that his 'points' were introduced not so much for the purpose of expression, as for effect. Certainly the dignity, as well as the expressiveness of Handel's music would have gained by a trifle more reticence."

Jan Kubelik.—Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, the eminent critic of New York, writing to the same number of the "Musical Times," gives the consensus sober judgment of the musical public upon Kubelik, in these words: "The foreigner who has occupied the largest place in public attention since last I wrote is the young Bohemian violinist, Kubelik. The trumpets had been loudly blown and the tom-tom valiantly belabored in his behalf for months before he came, and the New York public seemed willing to accept him at the estimate of his managers. There have been scenes in Carnegie Hall like those reported from London. But in Boston and some other cities the public seemed to feel the soberer mood of the metropolitan critics who have found his gifts more extraordinary than excellent, and have set him down as a brilliant technician rather than a musical genius."

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FIELD OF LETTERS

The opening paper in "Young Wales" for February is an "Interview with Lord Rendel from the pen of F. Edw. Hamer. Lord Rendel withdrew from the leadership of Welsh politics in 1894 after fourteen years of fruitful service; consequently he is well qualified to speak on Welsh affairs and prospects of to-day. He is strongly of opinion that Welsh Disestablishment should for the future be pressed forward alone, for he believes otherwise it will be indefinitely retarded. "The Last Rebel of Wales," by Llywelyn Williams, B. C. L., is interesting reading. The other articles are "Wales in Westminster," by T. A. Jones; "The Bwgan of Coed Du," by Annie Pierce; "The Re-instatement of the Dragon of Cymru," by Arlunydd Pengarn; Welsh Literary Notes by L. J. Roberts, M. A., etc.

A. P. is highly pleased with the insertion of the Dragon Badge for Wales in the Achievement of the Arms of the Prince. The Red Dragon entered England heading the troops largely Welsh, marchin through Wales to Bosworth Field, where the Welsh Tudor beat Richard. A. P. also wants this Dragon Flag made popular throughout the Principality. There should be no city or town in Cymru which does not fly the Dragon Flag; there should be no house in the country which does not possess it, or a child who does not know its significance. An enterprising Welshman could make a rare business out of the manufacture and sale of Welsh Dragons. Why could not it be made as common and familiar as the Stars and Stripes is in the States.

The contents of the "Cerddor" are "Better Music," by Dr. Jenkins, Mus. Bac.; "Harmonization," by D. Emlyn Evans; "Expression," by D. J.; "Reminiscences," by W. Ivander Griffiths; "The Liverpool Eisteddfod;" Notes, Reviews, etc. No. 68 in the Musicians' Gallery is Miss S. M. Lewis, Ebbw Vale. Her father was a personal friend of the late Gwilym Gwent, Wales's untaught musical genius. Mr. Meth Lewis of Pittsburg, Pa., is her uncle. September, 1890, she entered the Academy, where she studied voice under Mr. Cummings; harmony, elocution and piano under Geo. J. Bennett, Millard and Morton. She soon became a favorite. She is an excellent reader of music, and she believes in learning everything thoroughly to sing without the aid of copy. She was soprano in the "Elijah" at the University of Aberystwyth, where she gave universal satisfaction. She is one of the leading sopranos in Wales.

In "Better Music" D. Jenkins asks how to get better music published, and how to get the public to appreciate it? This question may be applied also to books in Wales. Now-a-days it is quite as difficult to sell a good as a bad or worthless book, since it depends entirely on the talent for peddling in the author or publisher. Some of the most worthless books, from a literary point of view, get the widest circulation.

The paper read by the Rev. John C. Jones, Chicago, Ill., at the Welsh Calvinistic General Assembly at Cambria, Wis., August 27, 1901, appears in the February "Drysorfa." Then follow other papers and articles: "The Methodists and their Libelers," by the late T. Hamer Jones of London; "Ruskin and Social Reformation;" "Temptation;"

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"The Flint Association;" Sunday School Lessons; News of the Connexion; Reviews and obituaries.

"Trysorfa y Plant" presents a good cut of the Rev. Evan Roberts (M. C.) of Dolgelley, with a sketch of his life. He was born at a small farm, called Cae'rffynon, Merionethshire, July 6, 1830. When three years old, the family moved to Bontddu, near Dolgellau. He was ten before he had a day at school, and had eight miles to walk there and back. He became a member of a little church when 18, and in 1855 entered Bala College, where he remained for 3 years. His charges have been Spardyn, Shiloh, Cemaes, Llanwrin, Birmingham, Engedi, Dyffryn, whence he resigned on account of ill health. He was Moderator of the N. W. ssociation for 1901.

In "Y Cronicl" Eynon writes under a new caption, viz. "Hither and Thither," which he thinks is more appropriate to the nature of his monthly observations. Keinion writes entertainly of his visit to Constantinople. "Notes from the South" contain some practical remarks. The writer complains that there is a tendency to too much emphasize education as a ministerial qualification now-a-days. "The New Testament," he adds, lays more stress on candidates for the ministry of Christ being filled with the Holy Ghost than with Latin, Algebra, Homer and Euclid." There is room to complain that the spiritual and moral side is neglected. The other departments are interesting, as usual, viz., Varieties, Sunday School Corner, Story of the Month, Poetry and Miscellanies.

In "Y Gymraes'" for February, there are papers on "Social Purity" and the "Defects of the Wives of Workingmen." Among their shortcomings are a lack of the inculcation of mutual kindness among their children; lack of good behavior and civility; too much attention to mere outward ornament and a neglect of religious training. "Old Bachelor" writes humorously and sensibly of the different kinds of women he has seen; the vain, the overfrugal and the gossip. These three he depicts to the life. The gossip's man can never hope to have a prepared meal until his wife has lost her hearing, he says.

"The Theological Views of the Literature of To-Day," by the Rev. John Kelly in the February "Eurgrawn" is a comprehensive paper full of material for serious thought. Readers are divided into two classes: those who are over-worked and have little leisure; and those who have an excess of it which they waste on novel reading and light literature. The literature of to-day has a tendency to destroy the ideals of the past. The foundation of religion is even tampered with; the Personality of God is turned into something incomprehensible by the new spirit of Agnoticism; God is the Unknown or the Unknownable or the Oversoul, or the All, etc., which destroys all the forms in which God has been thought of in the past. The fatherhood of God also has been converted into a mere foolish human parental love—a mother-love without any admixture of justice in it. These last views of the fatherhood of God influence men's opinion of sin, which is no evil, but a weakness or a misfortune. Sin, in all its forms, even murder is justified or condoned, and the very foundation of morality is damaged.

"Y Dysgedydd" has an article entitled "Josiah Thomas of Liverpool," with a fine cut. Mr. Thomas is a prominent Welshman and a staunch Congregationalist, and a son of the late Rev. John Thomas, D. D., of Liverpool. He is well known and respected for his connection with the Congregational denomination in several official capacities. He has also been prominent in social

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and political movements, and was once thought of for Parliament, but he preferred his business. The other articles and papers are "Onward;" "The Work of a Minister and his Reward;" "The Golden Chain;" "Events of the Month;" "Temperance;" Reviews, &c.

"Y Dysgedydd" disapproves of the royal show to open Parliament, especially now that a destructive was has been on in South Africa for two years. Such vanities, he says, are out of place and time. The Liberal party is also in a moribund state, as good as dead, as far as any benefit may be derived from its doings. Some run with the fox, and some with the hounds. It's past mending!

In "Young Wales" Dean Howell of St. David's in an interview expresses himself as follows: The late Mr. Henry Richards admitted that he saw a danger to the religious life of Wales in the signs that they were losing their "sense of sin." There is a decline in the number of Sunday School scholars, which supplies a warning to those who say that the Sunday School and home teaching should suffice for the religious instruction of the rising generation. It has been said that fully half a million of the entire population of Wales habitually neglect public worship.

The great needs of the church in Wales are a warm, active sympathy with the life of the people, and an adaptation of her system to meet the spiritual wants of the nation. She should endeavor to look at public questions from the Welshman's point of view. The greatest good of the greatest number should ever be her aim.

The January number of "Y Geninen" is excellent, humorous and almost funny. W. Eilir Evans in his paper "Old Welsh Customs," etc., are they worth preserving? waxes humorous and attacks Welsh renegades and deserters, and he performs his work in a happy vein. "What is worth preserving? Amongst many other things, the Welsh language. It makes every Welshman glad to see its revival now-a-days, and the attention it gets. If it be preserved at all, let it be preserved with its own idioms in different parts of Wales cultivated for variety's sake. Let every one talk it, write it, correspond in it. Let Welsh songs be sung, not those of other nationalities. Let us make our Eisteddfodau in Wales Welsh. Let us expel the piano and reinstal the harp, which has been compelled to seek refuge in the saloon. Let the Welsh poet rhyme in Welsh, and according to the old approved Welsh methods; and may the New Poet with his foreign accent and German thought go hang himself! He is worse than that Seithenyn who was instrumental in drowning the Cardigan Lowland by getting drunk and leaving the sluices open. He only allowed the Cardigan sea in, but the New Poet lets in the whole German Ocean! Seithenyn made a fool of himself, while the New Poet fools himself and his people.

Emrys ap Iwan tickles our risibilities with his attempts at improving and perfecting Welsh construction. This insuperable task of bringing Welsh peculiarities into a system of orderliness is more than any mortal can perform. Welsh grammar is the very reflection of Welsh individuality. Every attempt of the kind reminds us of Don Quixote and his wind-mill experience.

In his paper "Judging the Adjudicators," the writer criticizes Welsh systems of adjudication with humor and effect. Of all our innumerable local and national "beirniaid," the reliable and enlightened ones can be counted with one pair of hands. There is a standing complaint against the work of our adjudicators in local as well as National Eisteddfodau. Ability to criticize is somewhat that differs from ambition and aspiration to figure in the

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critic's chair. A good critic is a man of supernatural ability and inspiration.

"Yr Haul" for January has a variety of sensible and practical papers on different themes of interest, with a certain leaning towards Church matters, as might be expected. The late Very Reverend Dean Evan Lewis, of Bangor, with portrait; The Work of the Church Mission (with cuts); The Importance of Education for the Young, etc. "George Borrow" is an entertaining paper, made of extracts from "Wild Wales" and other books and papers by George Borrow, who has written many interesting and pleasant things of the Principality and its people. Borrow was a Churchman, and therefore partial to the national institution. He was greatly amused at the talk of the natives who were chapel-goers when questioned as to their views of the Church. They were almost invariably respectful of the Church as an instrument of Christianity. The Welsh object to it alone as to its worldliness and wordly methods. His conversation with an old man of 69 near Machynlleth brings out a strong Welsh trait, viz., that the Welsh heart does not and cannot believe in or rely on priestly mediation. The Welsh religion is personal, "You take matters easy," asks Borrow. "No, not so easy," replies the old man. "Often I'm anxious and possessed with fears, but I read my Bible and pray and get much comfort and hope."

"Yr Eurgrawn" is the Wesleyan magazine in Wales and in charge of the Rev. J. Hughes, D. D. (Glanystwyth), price 4 pence monthly. Among the articles for January (1902) are "History of the Creation" wherein an attempt is made to harmonize the Bible and Science; a Memoir of the late Rev. Hugh Owen by the Editor; Wesleyan Hymnology by Rev. T. Jones-Humphrey; A Sketch of Progress among the Welsh people during the Last Century by the Rev. J. Wesley Hughes; the Wesleyan Mission, etc. Rev. J. Wesley Hughes's paper furnishes interesting information as to the great moral and social changes wrought in Wales during the 19th century. It shows a veritable upheaval of things and the introduction of improvements which have been of immense benefit. Even cleanliness in the towns has made wonderful progress, although there is room enough for more. Until of late, religion had very slight relation to sanitation. The people were more taken up with heavenly matters than with their immediate surroundings. There is, however, of late, a great awakening.

SANCTUS. Prof. John Whittington, Lima, O.

A work of decided merit, although more strongly adapted to the use of Roman Catholic than Episcopal Church choirs, owing to the elaborate form in which it is written. The composition displays much versatility on the part of the writer, and shows him to be familiar with the rules of composition. The first movement is an adagio in C major, and is treated in good style, with an accompaniment, which is particularly appropriate to the text. An allegro, in true Handelian style, constitutes the second movement, which could be made particularly effective in the hands of a competent choir. The words "Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory" are treated in elaborate fugal form, with splendid success. A brief return is made on the last page to the original tempo, and the selection ends with an allegro, marked ff, which proves a fitting climax to a work which is a decided credit to any writer.

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SCIENTIFIC

Nerves are driving women to all sorts of absurdities; they become stamped upon the face in lines which run in every direction. A calm mind will never be found where the face is all crossed with furrows. If women would only be made to see that moderation in everything is the only cure for nerves, they would try and regulate their lives accordingly. It is the rushing about, the multitude of duties—many of them unnecessary—the lack of rest, and the endless noise of activity that wreck the nervous system. When a woman admits that she cannot sleep it may be set down entirely to nerves.

We herewith give two methods of arresting an attack of hiccough, both of which we have repeatedly proved to be effective. The first is to grasp the nose between the finger and thumb, and swallow one or more mouthfuls of water, but one is generally sufficient. The second, is to inhale forcibly, drawing all the air into the lungs that they will hold, and retain it as long as possible. It is rare indeed that a second inhalation is necessary.—Health.

Hutton, the Scotch geologist, took the keenest interest in all departments of knowledge, and showed the most vivid sympathy in their advancement. His pleasure in every onward step made by science and philosophy showed itself in the most lively demonstration. He would rejoice, says Playfair, over Watt's improvements on the steam engine or Cook's discoveries in the South Sea, with all the warmth of a man who was to share in the honor or the profit about to accrue from them.

The so-called respiration of plants is a well-known botanical phenomenon. Now, if we may credit "La Science pour Tous," a Chilian botanist has discovered a plant that not only breathes, but also coughs and sneezes. "The least grain of dust that alights on the surface of one of its leaves will provoke a cough. The leaf becomes red and a spasmodic movement passes over it several times in succession, while it gives out a sound exactly like that of sneezing. One is tempted to cry out 'God bless you!'"—The Literary Digest.

The onion is a most useful article. It helps the cook on all occasions, flavoring so many dishes in a most satisfactory manner. It would occupy too much room to enumerate all the dishes improved by its flavor. The juice of a boiled onion mixed with a few drops of vinegar is a soothing application and a remedy for insect bites. The onion is one of the best corn removers known. It is prepared as follows for this purpose. Soak the onion for three or four hours in vinegar, then tie tightly over the troublesome offender and leave on all night.

Canaries, like human beings, vary very much in character, some cocks being so indifferent and idle that they will let the hen do all the work of building and rearing, while they themselves sit and plume their feathers. Others, again, are perfect gentlemen in their manners, waiting on the hen with a quiet courtesy and seeing that all she requires is at once brought to her. Again, the hens vary in disposition, some hens behaving in a quiet, modest way, attending to their young ones with regularity, while others are in a constant state of chatter with their husbands, pecking and arguing with them every time they go near. Thus we

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see that these little birds have their tiffs and domestic quarrels, not unlike ourselves.—Chambers' Journal.

The fact is that whenever we speak of a man as deserving credit for this or that worthy action, our compliment is accompanied by something like a criticism. It is implied that the action is not easy to perform, at least in the given instance. We do not ordinarily think a mother deserves great credit for taking care of her infant, or a father for supporting his family, when he has it in his power to do so. We assume that these things are easy and natural, and quite in accord with the impulses which control the individual. But we do think a woman deserves credit for adopting and lavishing her care upon motherless children that have no special claim on her, and a man for laboring to feed those who are not bound to him.

It is astonishing what a vast amount of unnecessary noise goes on in the average household. Of course, where there is a family of young children this is inevitable, but we claim that a greater degreee of quietude could be obtained even where there was a young family), by the use of a little tact in managing them. But their elders are frequently as great offenders in this matter as the olive branches. Slamming of doors, heavy walking and running up and down stairs, loud and boisterous talking—these are the offenses against health and tranquillity that are painfully common in many households. There is enough of it and to spare, in the streets, due to the ordinary avocations and traffic; but the home should be a haven of refuge from noise, to give the tired and harassed nerves an opportunity to recover from the strain to which they have been subjected out of doors.—"Health."

THE ROAD TO DYSPEPSIA.

It requires about five hours for the stomach to work on an ordinary meal and pass it out of itself, when it falls into a state of repose. Hence, if a man eats three times a day his stomach must work fifteen hours out of the twenty-four. After a night's sleep we wake up with a certain amount of bodily vigor which is faithfully portioned out to every muscle of the system and every set of muscles, each its rightful share, the stomach among others. When the external body gets weary after a long day's work the stomach bears its share of the fatigue, but if when the body is weary with the day's toil we put it to bed, giving the stomach meanwhile a five hours' task which must be performed, we impose upon the very best friend we have—the one that gives us one of the largest amounts of earthly enjoyment—and if this overtaxing is continued it must as certainly wear out prematurely as body itself will if it is overworked every day. And if persons eat between meals then the stomach has no rest from breakfast in the morning until 1, 2, 3 or 4 o'clock next day; hence it is that so many persons have dyspepsia. The stomach is worked so much and so constantly that it becomes too weak to work at all.

HOW THE MISTLETOE COMES TO BE.

The story of how the mistletoe gets on the trees is a most interesting one. Covering the mistletoe twigs are pearly white berries. These come in the winter season, when food is comparatively scarce, and hence some of our birds eat them freely. Now, when a robin eats a cherry he swallows simply the meat and flips the stone away. The seed of the mistletoe the bird cannot flip. It is sticky and holds to his bill. His only resource is to wipe it off, and he does so, leaving it sticking to the

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branches of the tree on which he is sitting at the time. This seed sprouts after a time, and, not finding earth—which, indeed, its ancestral habit has made it cease wanting—it sinks its roots into the bark of the tree and hunts there for the pipes that carry the sap. Now the sap in the bark is the very richest in the tree—far richer than that in the wood—and the mistletoe gets from its host the choicest of food. With a strange foresight it does not throw its leaves away, as do most parasites, but keeps them to use in winter, when the tree is leafless.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.

Life is of necessity full of severe trials; whether they shall also be fierce temptations depends upon the relation we sustain to God and our fellow men. There cannot be temptation in the full sense of the term unless inward desire respond to outward allurement. Entire surrender to the indwelling Spirit of God transforms what would else be temptations into trials. Not that which entereth into the man defileth him, but that which proceedeth from the heart renders him impure. The liquor saloon is a trial, but not a temptation, to every man and woman with whom sobriety is supreme. With no longing either for its potions or its companions, it arouses abhorrence rather than excites longing. Gambling in any or in all of its forms can only lure those in whose veins burn the fires of unholy gain. "The get rich quick" schemes, no matter what their method or name, have no charms for the man who is in love with that stalwart virility which earns its way or pays as it goes. The brothel arouses loathing not lust in the heart of every one with whom the purity of manhood and womanhood outranks the gratification of any appetite or passion. The fact that these institutions are temptations to multitudes reveals not simply that there are social conditions which ought not to exist, but mainly that there are soul-conditions which are perilous.—H. T. McEwen, D. D.

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ELECTRICAL PERSISTENCE.

"The determination of the fundamental unit of electrical resistance by the late Principal Viriamu Jones" (says "The Times"), "ranks among the most important of such determinations, and justly acquired for him a foremost positions among physicists. This determination was carried out by means of a modification of the Lorenz method, and a machine for the purpose, on which he spent £400, was erected by Principal Jones at the University College at Cardiff. He was, however, of opinion that improvement was possible, and accordingly the Drapers' Company in 1898, in recognition of his signal services both to science and education, voted to him the sum of £700 for the construction of more perfect apparatus. This apparatus he proposed ultimately to set up at the National Physical Laboratory, where preparation had been made to receive it. His illness and death prevented the realisation of these hopes, but the Drapers' Company have, with great generosity and with a view of showing their appreciation of his merits, confirmed their vote and announced their intention of putting the sum of £700 at the disposal of the committee of the laboratory for the complete equipment of a Lorenz apparatus as a memorial to Principal Jones. The apparatus is to be erected under the supervision of Professor Ayrton, F.R.S., and the director. This valuable gift has been accepted by the committee of the laboratory. A tablet will be affixed to the apparatus stating that it was presented by the Drapers' Company in memory of Principal Viriamu Jones and in recognition of his great scientific attainments."

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It will always be remembered that Lord Rosebery got out of his lonely furrow and went to Swansea.

London is strong in Welsh churches and chapels. The Church of England has five churches, there are three Welsh Wesleyan chapels, two Welsh Baptists, five Congregational, and fourteen Calvinistic Methodist, besides about fourteen Welsh Sunday Schools.

Here is another telling englyn from the pen of the late Daniel Owen, the Welsh novelist:—

Yn ei gut pa sut mae Satan—yn byw
Ac yn bod mewn brwmstan?
Mi ofynais i'm fy hunan—
Be dae'r diawl 'n rhoi'r byd ar dan!

Probably the record as a reader of Welsh Scripture is held by the Rev. T. Dennis Jones (Glan Morlais), Llanllechid. The reverend gentleman has read the sacred volume through from cover to cover no fewer than fifty-three times. This does not comprise his reading of Scripture at family worship or in public religious services.

The following englyn to De Wet was recently awarded the prize at an Eisteddfod held in the Rhondda:

Rhyw ryfelwr ar filain—yw De Wet
Gaed yn farn ar Brydain
Wedi carlo'r bod cywrain
O'u rhwydau'n fyw—"rhed yn fain."

We are indebted to "Young Wales" and "Cymru" for the originals of our cuts, Daniel Owen's Statue and Owen's Birthplace. We would also highly commend these two magazines to our readers.

A. G. Bradley in his entertaining volume "Owen Glyndwr," just published, says that the part-singing of the Welsh seems to have greatly struck Giraldus in contrast to the unison in which he heard the musicians of other nations perform. This was in the 13th century.

Lord Rosebery has a theory that the force and passion which characterise Welsh music become dangerous elements when applied to politics. Thus, when Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. D. A. Thomas, and Mr. S. T. Evans were "supporters" of the Rosebery Government they shouldered with such right goodwill that the ministry nearly broke in pieces. But that was not politics, it was cythraul y canu applied to politics.

Many happy return of the day to Chancellor Silvan Evans, D.Litt., who, on Saturday January 11th, completed his 84th year. The chancellor is still in good health in spite of his great age and long-continued labors. He is able to work at his dictionary, and has been much encouraged by the hope of arrangements being made for the publication of the work.

"Arthur Llwyd y Felin," the Welsh story by the late Rev. Dr. John Thomas, of Liverpool, has just been published in English under the title "Lloyd of the Mill; or, the First shall be Last

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and the Last First." The story has been translated into English by the author's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Owen Thomas, the wife of the Rev. Owen Thomas, M. A., of Dalston, London. The story is very interesting, and presents a picture of life in a Welsh village with its strong characters, who have quaint customs and original ideas.

Carmarthenshire is familiarly known as the "classic county." It has been noted for its poets since the time of Lewys Glyn Cothi, who flourished in the 13th century. That "shire of broad acres" has also produced excellent prose writers, such as "Brutus," famed as the editor of the "Haul," and we have it on the best authority that no Welshman, with the exception of Elis Wyn and Theophilus Evans, ever wielded a pen to surpass the writings of Kilsby Jones as to style and finished diction. Five cadeirfeirdd now living are natives of "Shir Gaer"—Gurnos Jones, Watcyn Wyn, Elvet Lewis, Ben Davies, and J. T. Job.

The advent of American ironmasters to buy up iron and steel works in this country reminds a correspondent "that a large proportion of American ironworks are of Welsh ancestry, and in addition some of the leading ironmasters were not only natives, but worked for years in the ironworks of Wales. Excluding David Thomas, of the Neath Valley, the father of the anthracite industry in America, there was Morgan, of the Alliance Works. He was brother-in-law of H. Lloyd, late vet. at Dowlais, worked at driving coal at Penydarran until he lost his leg, then became fitter at Penydarren Ironworks, emigrated to America, and after some trials and failures became a successful man, and died not long ago one of the wealthiest ironmasters of the States."

The following were well known to religious people in South Wales 50 years ago, and much in evidence at missionary meetings—prayer meetings very regularly attended on the first Monday evening in each month, in almost every Welsh chapel at that time:—

Daw Dafydd yn ei flaen,
A'r ffon a'r ceryg man,
Fe dery i'r llawr
Goliath fawr yn lan;
Ac yna fly'r Philistiaid ffol,
Rhai gwael eu nerth, rhaid cilio'n ol,
At ferch yr hen Amoriaid
Mae cariad yn ei gol.

Daw, daw y seithfed tro,
Cwymp caerau Jerico,
Awn gyda'n Duw;
Mor dda yw byw lle b'o!
Daw'r Butain fawr i lawr yn llyn,
A'r Pab a saif a'i ddelwau'n syn;
Fe gloir yr holl Fwystfilod,
Bydd hynod ganu am hyn.

The "bardd talcen slip" is not yet an extinct species in Wales. During the recent dispute between the Parish Council of Rhosllanerchrugog and the Gas Company the streets were for several nights left in darkness, whereupon one of the bardic fraternity gave vent to his indignation in the following terrible rhyme:

Glywsoch chwi yr hanes digri,
Sydd drwy y wlad eleni,
Am Rhosllanerchrugog?
Mae hi'n dywyll gynddeiriog,
Am fod rhyw scamp
Wedi diffodd y lamp—
Mae'r bobl mewn mawr hobl
Ac yn tynu oll ar draws eu gilydd,
Yma a thraw, yn y baw,
Yn methu gwel'd y ffordd i fyn'd,
Na nabod gelyn oddiwrth ffrynd.

Are we to have another Welsh coalfield? It is declared that a coal bed probably runs under the Menai Straits, the Anglesey and the Carnarvonshire side, in the latter, indeed, extending from the neighborhood of Port Dinorwic. Borings have recently been car-

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ried on systematically, with the object of testing the character of the overlying strata, and the depth at which a good workable seam would be reached. Borings have been carried on under the supervision of mining experts, and it is announced that coal of a good quality will be found at a depth which will admit of its remunerative working. Should this anticipation be realised, it will alter the whole complexion of the industrial economy of Anglesey and Carnarvon.

The immense development of dissent in Wales during the last century is a matter of common knowledge. It is pertinent to consider the immense changes that have come over Wales since the middle of the Georgian period. There is much reason to think that the character of the Welsh peasantry has been steadily altering, particularly in the more thoroughly Welsh districts, since they fell under the influence of Calvinistic doctrines. There is much evidence that the old Welshman was a merry, light-hearted person, of free conversation and addicted to such amusements as came in his way. —A. G. Bradley in "Owen Glyndwr."

"In London and provincial newspapers," writes a correspondent, "a good deal has appeared of late concerning Trevethick and the first locomotive in Wales, but no one has touched upon one striking incident of his career. He went to Spain, became a noble, and attained wealth as well as honor. Then he became embroiled in one of the periodical revolutions of that country, and had to fly for his life. In his old age only a silver spur remained of his Spanish fortune. The late Mr. William Jones, of Cyfarthfa, who was familiar with Trevethick's history, used to relate that after Trevethick's time many imitations of his engine came upon the scene, and at Cyfarthfa several were tried. One was a caution. 'It reared,' he said, 'like a too-freely corned horse, and pranced about on its back wheels! Couldn't get it to go sedately for a time.'"

The history of Wales is now recommended to be taught in the elementary schools by the Board of Education. In the code of 1901 the curriculum of Welsh pupil teachers includes the reading and reciting of Welsh poetry, the analysis, parsing, and translating of Welsh sentences and the composing of essays in Welsh. The schemes recommended for schools in Welsh-speaking districts provide for bilingual teaching and where "Welsh is the home language of the children, it is advisable that Welsh be freely used as the medium of instruction in the lower part of the school and for purposes of necessary explanation." Readings are to be given from histories of Wales as well as England, and the teacher is to tell the children stories in either language.

Although he is a Nonconformist, the Mayor of Oswestry has been so much affected by the eloquence and arguments of the Bishop of St. Asaph that he has promised a subscription of £100 in support of the diocesan branch of the Queen Victoria Clergy Fund. The bishop, in stating that of the 200 livings in his diocese half were under the value of £200 a year, and that there were seventeen under £100, drove home the valuable, but, perhaps, unpalatable, lesson that the laity of the Church of England had never been taught yet the duty of supporting their ministers. He mentioned that in the Vale of Clwyd, in North Wales, the Calvinistic Methodists, who included no great landowners or rich people, raised £4,000 a year for the support of their ministry. This amount, said the bishop, was about four times as much as Church people raised in the whole of the diocese at the present time.

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In Mr. O. M. Edwards' "Wales," the majority of the illustrations are of parts of North Wales. This (thinks a West Wales correspondent), is but natural, for Mr. Edwards is a North Walian, and North Wales possesses more striking mountain scenery than the South, and Mr. Edwards holds that the mountains of Wales have had a deeper influence upon its people and their history than people have imagined. North Wales has, however, not always enjoyed this precedence in the matter of illustrations. In some guide books published about the beginning of the last century by Thomas Evans, Rhaiadr Gwy, the number of plates illustrating North Wales are four, while South Wales provides eight illustrations. Among the latter are views of Twm Shon Catti's Cave, Aberystwyth, &c., as well as a most curious one of Pontypridd, which looks more like the pine-end of a house than a bridge.

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IVOR HAEL.

Ivor Hael, or the Generous, lord of Maesaleg, Y Wenallt, and Gwern y Clepa, was the second son of Llywelyn ab Ivor ab Llywelyn ab Bledri (who came from Dyved to Glamorgan in the time of Iestyn ab Gwrgant), ab Cadivor ab Gwyn ab Collwyn. His mother was Angharad, the daughter of Sir Morgan ag Meredydd ab Gruffydd ab Meredydd Gethin, the son of Morgan ab Llywelyn, lord of Tredegar, and from him in a direct line are descended the Morgans of Tredegar, in whose possession the ancient inheritance still remains entire. But it is not the renown of ancestry, or extent of possessions, that makes the name of Ivor so respected, and familiar to the Welsh, as his being through life the generous mecenas of our illustrious bard Davydd ab Gwilym. He lived from about 1310 to 1370. His elegy together with that of Nest his wife was written by Davydd ab Gwilym.

Davydd ab Gwilym, one of the most illustrious of the Welsh poets, was born according to some accounts, at Bro Gynin, Cardiganshire, about the year 1340. He was educated by his maternal uncle, Llywelyn ab Gwilym Vychan. In his early youth he removed to his kinsman Ivor Hael of Maesaleg in Monmouthshire, who received him with the most affectionate kindness, and appointed him his steward, and the preceptor of his only daughter. He was elected chief bard of the chair of Glamorgan, and his reputation made him a welcome guest at the festivals, which in those days of princely hospitality were common in the first houses of Wales. Davydd ab Gwilym has been aptly compared to Petrarch, whom he resembled in many points, and the counterpart of Laura we find in Morvydd, daughter of Madog Lawgam, of Anglesey, for whom he entertained the warmest admiration, and he addressed to her no fewer than one hundred and forty-seven poems.

The beauty of the poetry of the "Dimetian nightingale," may be formed from the elegant and faithful "Translations into English verse from the poems of Davydd ab Gwilym," by Arthur J. Johnes, Esq., 12 mo., 1834. The poems of Davydd ab Gwilym, two hundred and sixty-two in number, were published by Owen Jones (Myvir), and William Owen (Dr. Pughe) in 1799, 8 vo., to which is prefixed a very interesting sketch of his life, and to which together with "Williams' Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Welshmen," the reader is respectfully referred for fuller information.

New York. ANEURIN JONES.

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PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

MRS. W. P. WILLIAMS.

"The Cambrian" takes pleasure in placing before its readers the face of one of the talented daughters of the Cymry, one who speaks, writes and sings fluently in two languages.

Mrs. Williams was born at Baraboo, Wis., and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Jones, Wales, Iowa. Her father is from Meifod farm, near Dolgelley, and her mother, whose maiden name was Margaret Roberts, hailed from Bryn Glas, near Towyn, Merionethshire. Mr. Jones met Miss Roberts not in Meirionydd, but some thousands of miles away from that beautiful country; it was at Racine, Wis., and they were married there January 31, 1854.

Mrs. W. P. Williams.

Elizabeth A. Jones, now Mrs. William P. Williams, of Russell Gulch, Colorado, was the seventh out of nine children. She was but one year old when the parents moved to Welsh Prairie, Iowa, where they resided for seven years, and then moved to Wales. Three of the children were lost to them, and the remaining six were all married at Wales. They all reside in the vicinity except the subject of this sketch.

Mrs. Williams had her first schooling in her old home, which, once, was called the Lincoln Centre, where she proved herself to be an apt student. She showed her liking for music and literature at quite an early age, and received her first lessons in music at Red Oak, from Miss Mattie Rankin, riding to and fro the twelve miles distance.

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once a week. Miss Rankin says that her pupil needed no lesson repetition, each lesson was thoroughly mastered and recited so as to impress one with her unquestioned talent and ambition. After that, her lessons were "few and far between" at an occasional singing-class, and from an occasional visiting instructor. During a number of years, the then Miss Jones, whose fame as a good teacher, singer and reciter had gone around, depended entirely upon her own personal effort. In the meantime she acted as organist for the Welsh Presbyterian Church. Her activity was exemplified very greatly in the organization of singing-classes and choral societies. The success with which she organized and conducted a large mixed chorus of seventy-five voices would do credit to many of the favored conductors in the large cities. In such work as this, her talent developed, and her general knowledge increased to quite an extent. But she longed for better and higher advantages by correspondence with teachers of national reputation, and by two summers of vocal lessons, and lessons in choral-training at Omaha. After this, she has depended upon her own literary, elocutionary and musical studies up to the present time.

Her elocutionary work covers the dramatic, didactic and humorous field. She can mimic with great success, modulating her voice into many undefinable shades. Her work in didactic recitations is marked by power and sincerity, and it would be difficult to excel her work in dramatic selections from the best masters. Can any of those who were present during the recital of Cynonfardd's "Ffoadur" at the last Denver Eisteddfod, in 1896, forget how Mrs. Williams rushed and soared into victory through a terrific lightning and thunder storm that raged at the time, vanquishing the very elements? Nothing more intensely dramatic could have happened, and no "Ffoadur" could have wished a more glorious climax in his attempt to gain freedom.

It was at this Eisteddfod that William P. Williams met Miss Jones, with the pleasant sequence of uniting in matrimony September 26th, 1900, at Wales, Iowa, Rev. Hugh C. Griffith, the pastor, officiating. There is a pretty story how Mr. Williams wished to meet the authoress of certain poetic translations he had read in the "Drych," besides literary correspondences which were produced by one "L. A. Jones." Mr. Williams even expressed this desire in the very presence of the translator, inadvertently, to know the lady who could put the charming lyric "Chwiflo'r Cadach Gwyn," in such tender and flowing English. It is worth while inserting the translation, as it was the cause of bringing together "two souls that beat as one." We copy it from the "Drych."

The tears flowed down my mother's face,
As I was leaving home,
'Send me a letter soon,' said she,
'When far away you roam.'
One last fond look I gave, and saw
The home I loved so well,
There stood my mother in the door,
Waving a fond farewell.

On sea, some friends were glad to leave
Their native land behind,
But I, in longing sore did grieve,
For one so dear and kind;
On foreign shores there came a face,
And home, I loved so well,
I saw her standing at the door
Waving a fond farewell.

Though fortune fair has favored me,
On every foreign shore,
I yearn and long, with tearful eyes,
For home and friends of yore;
Who knows if I shall see again,
When homeward I will roam,
My mother standing at the door,
Waving a welcome home.

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Once more I tread on Cambria's soil
To seek a well-known place;
My heart beats wildly, while I gaze
To find a dear old face;
But, oh! what marble cold is this
That makes my bosom swell
Its letters saying "Ne'er again
She'll wave the fond farewell."

This translation, with many others, besides many scrap-books of essays, and newspaper correspondence, form an idea of her literary life. Mr. and Mrs. Williams now reside at Russell Gulch, Colo, a popular couple at home, in Denver, and wherever they are known. Mrs. Williams' musical work in singing-class form and in private lessons, has already proved to be an uplifting influence in that town and vicinity, in the "Eternal Rockies."

———o:o———

DAVID EDWARDS, THE BRIDGE BUILDER.

David Edwards was the son of William Edwards, the builder of the bridge of beauty at Pontypridd. He inherited his father's peculiar skill to a remarkable degree, and it is but fair to his fame to set him and his architectural feats in a clear light. Mr. William Spurrell, in his "Carmarthen and Its Neighborhood," second edition, 1879, pp. 96-7, says that "the first bridge at Llandilorhwnws was built in 1779, and fell in 1781. The present bridge was constructed about three years afterwards by William Edwards, * * * or by his son David." In "Twm o'r Nant's" "Gardd o Gerddi" (Trevecca), 1790, pp. 216-217, are "Englynion i Bont Llandilo'r Ynys, yn Sir Gaerfyrddin. Adeiladwyd 1786, gan Mr. Dafydd Edward o Gaerffili, yn Sir Forganwg, mab Mr. William Edward, adeiladydd Pont y Ty Pridd, yn Sir Forganwg." Dr. Malkin, in his "Scenery of South Wales," 1804, p. 93, says that David "built, in Carmarthenshire, Llandilo Bridge, of three very light, elegant, and large arches." Now, why should Mr. Spurrell have (1) hesitated to ascribe to the son the construction of the bridge; (2) give the date of completion as about 1784 instead of 1786; and (3) use the form "Llandilo-rhwnws" instead of "Llandilo'r Ynys?" "Twm o'r Nant" was a contemporary of David Edwards, living in the district while the bridge was being built, so that to contradict him requires very great courage. Dr. Malkin, again, had his information direct from David Edwards himself. Mr. Spurrell seems to have taken Dr. Samuel Smiles for his authority, who, nevertheless, in the sentences quoted by Mr. Spurrell, does not contradict either "Twm" or Malkin, because, as Mr. Spurrell admits at the end of his notice of the bridge. "'D. Edwards,' says Smiles, 'constructed the fine five-arched bridge over the Usk at Newport, as well as the bridges at Llandilo [not the present bridge], Edwinsford, Pontloerig, Bedwas, and other places.'" Possibly, Mr. Spurrell's hesitation may be due to Samuel Lewis's vagueness in his "Topographical Dictionary," where, under the side-heading, "Llandilo Vawr," is stated that "the town is beautifully situated on . . . . the right bank of the River Towy, over which is a narrow stone bridge [which?] of modern erection [when?], the work of Edwards [father or son?], so celebrated in Wales for his bridge-building." The clear evidence, however, points to David Edwards as builder, 1786 as date, and "Llandilo'r Ynys" as the correct form of the name. The one-arched bridge at Llandilo, completed in 1848, and bearing so striking a resemblance to William Edwards's work, is not, of course, to be confounded with the three-arched bridge of Llandilo'r Ynys, which is about midway between Carmarthen and Llandilo.

Ifano Jones.

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OUR MOTHER.

Sallie A. Lewis.

There is no name on earth so sweet,
As mother, mother, mother;
It has a rhythm so complete,
Exceeding every other;
And must it be we'll never hear
The magic power of her voice?
And never touch the hand so dear,
That was the idol of our choice?

How tenderly she nursed our days,
And kept the shadows from the hearth,
And brought us up in wisdom's ways,
To love the beautiful of earth;
But she has passed the anchor line,
Beyond all human powers;
God called her to a life divine,
His will must reign, not ours.

Her presence was an angel light
That brought a sweetness and a rest;
She was the star that made home bright
For love was beaming in her breast;
Her chair no one can ever fill,
She was good and kind to all;
While her footsteps linger still,
Her deeds shine out on heaven's wall.

But memory can hold the face,
That lives in eternal bliss;
Nor ask the Father to replace,
The mother that we miss;
The ripened sheaves He gathers in,
To lay at the Master's feet,
How beautiful away from sin,
Away on the golden street.

———o:o———

AN ACROSTIC.

Hero of God, as a star his fair name
Ever will brighten the temple of fame;
Ne'er may oblivion's deep, mouldering dust
Reach the calm resting place of one so just;
Ye beautiful spring times heralds of God,
With roses ambrosial deck you his sod;
A rose will faintly portray his sweet face,
Rearer of smiles to a sorrowing race;
Dreary darkness hangs now where was a light
Beamed in transcendent glory so bright;
Even the worldly have missed the divine;
Ever Christendom weeps over his shrine.
Cease not, Columbia, to mourn for thy son,
His work he performed, his race now is run;
Ee'er to his trust he was true to the end
Rest thou in thy peace humanity's friend.

—Cadle.

———o:o———

Mr. Morgan, the re-elected Premier of Western Australia, is a Monmouthshire man.

A woman of Wales who fought for Welsh independence was Gwenllian, wife of Gruffydd ap Rhys. While Gruffydd was hastening with all speed to seek the aid of Griffith ap Cynan a battle was fought against the Normans in the region of Kidwelly. It was Gwenllian who led the Welsh to the fray. Renown, as ill-luck would have, she did not win, but instead was defeated by Maurice of London and beheaded after the battle. But Gwenllian is a name that the Welsh people should not willingly die.

A writer in the Llandaff Diocesan Magazine says that in the Cathedral churches of Llandaff and St. David's there were not, formerly, deans, but the bishops were head of their respective chapters. The archdeaconry of Monmouth is a modern office, and was created by six and seven William IV., chap. 77. This will, perhaps, account for the fact that the Archdeacon of Monmouth has the patronage of no benefices, but his brother of Llandaff, holding a more ancient office, has the patronage of several.

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Original and Selected Miscellany:

I have never had a policy. I have simply tried to do what seemed best each day, as each day came.—Abraham Lincoln.

A Grangetown man is boasting that he never spoke a cross word to his wife. He is a bachelor.

Some folks can't mind their business;
The reason is, you'll find,
They either have no business,
Or else they have no mind.

This is little Dick's description of his first flash of lightning and first clap of thunder: "O mamma, I saw an angel go into heaven and bang the door after him!"

On the last day of President McKinley's life, when the nurses sought to screen his eyes from the light, he objected, saying, "No, I want to see the trees; they are so beautiful."

Maesteg people are strong on electricity just now. The latest fashion is the Marconi salute. When a man on one side of the street sees a friend in the other side he extends his hand in the act of shaking hands; his friend on the other side does the same, and the thing is done. This saves time and wading through the mud.

A West Monmouth man has had much trouble with his dog, which he bought from a Roman Catholic priest. Used to the extreme ritual of the Church of Rome, the dog could not be induced to stay in an Independent chapel. The animal was beaten and pummelled, and in the end it submitted, but salves its conscience by lying with its tail turned towards the pulpit.

Perhaps the oldest triplets—all males—in this country are Abraham, Isaac and Jacob Price, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Price, of Hereford, Baltimore County, Md. The Messrs. Price will celebrate the 42d anniversary of their birth March 12. Jacob Price, one of the triplets, lives at Baltimore; Isaac Price is principal of a school at Reynoldstown, Md., and Abraham Price is a salesman and lives at Westminster, Md. Physicians say that cases of triplets of the same sex living to the prime of life are remarkable.

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up whiskey. "I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can." "My enemy, is it, father?" responded Michael, "and it was your riverence's self that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our enemies!" "So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but I didn't tell you to swallow them."—Sacred Heart Review.

Edward Everett Hale, a true and patriotic American, delivered an address on "Man's Work With God," in New Haven on Sunday. He made an eloquent address, the burden of which was there is a marked tendency to vain-gloriousness in the American character. He said: "I cannot but observe

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a distinct tendency in the average American expression of public opinion to praise ourselves or possibly to praise our fathers for benefits which in reality we ought to thank God for."

Reports from Southern Illinois recently announced that a Rev. H. L. Derr, a Baptist minister, was about to establish a school of prayer, to be a department of Ewing College, a Baptist institution, located in the district known as Egypt. The purpose of the minister is to give a two years' course in the nature, purposes and conditions of effectiveness of prayer, treating it from a historical and scientific point for the purpose of enabling Christian workers and others to better understand its nature and scope. It is proposed to open the institution if the necessary funds can be secured at the opening of the next scholastic bi-year.

"Mother," asked Freddie the other day, "did you know there was a little captain inside of me? Grandfather asked me what I meant to be when I grew to be a man, and I told him a soldier. I meant to stand up straight, hold my head up and look right ahead. Then he said I was two boys—one outside and one inside—and unless the inside boy stood straight, held up his head and looked the right way I never could be a true soldier at all. The inside boy has to drill the outside one and be the captain.—Sunbeam.

A well known Marblehead motorman found a carrier pigeon in his yard recently. Seeing that the bird was in an exhausted condition he took it into the house, and, after giving it all it could eat, improvised a perch by putting a broom across between two chairs. Here the weary bird rested for three hours or more, and was then allowed to depart, the motorman having first fastened a note to one of its legs telling of the incident. A few days later the man was surprised to receive a postal from the bird's owner in Brockton, saying that it had arrived safely and thanking him for his very kind and humane act.—"Salem News."

Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and McKinley have been the great historical epoch-making Presidents Others have played their parts admirably, but history will assign these four to the larger place. Washington was busied founding the republic, Jefferson was early a representative of the expansion policy of the nation in securing the Louisiana purchase. Lincoln saved the union from dissolution, and McKinley secured substantial acquisitions of islands in the seas. Contemporaries may have aspersed them all, but history and posterity will render them justice.—Terre Haute "Tribune."

It happened in a remote country district that a fine parrot escaped from his cage and settled on the roof of a simple laborer's cottage. When it had been there a little time the laborer caught sight of it. He had never seen such a thing before; and after gazing in admiration at the bird with its curious beak and beautiful plumage, he fetched a ladder and climbed up it with a view of securing a great prize. When his head reached the level of the top of the roof, the parrot flopped a wing at him, and said, "What d'ye want?" Very much taken aback, the laborer politely touched his cap, and replied, "I beg your pardon, sir; I thought you were a bird!"

JOHN RUSKIN.

Not only the reticence of the workingmen and the struggling world, but this interpreter of women, this philosopher of the fireside, this friend of little girls, the man with the sensibility that makes the love of woman so pre-

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cious and so beautiful, was denied this last, sweetest, highest consolation of him who would serve the world. When a boy he fell a victim to the charms of the coquettish daughter of his banker's Spanish partner. The little flirt laughed the sensitive boy away, and he fell into serious illness. In mature years he allied himself to an imperious beauty that to him at least proved cold and unresponsive. She, for whose edification he wrote "The King of the Golden River," gave her heart to another, and with a magnanimity which the world would not, could not and has not yet appreciated, he let her go without a murmur. Later in life his heart went out to a third, a pupil that seemed to have soul enough to respond—aye, she did respond. A rare and high love bound them. But in "Fors Clavigera" and elsewhere he had something to say of priests and the Church that shocked the piety of this conservative woman, and "for Christ's sake" she put him away though it cost her life, as it probably did. When on her deathbed he almost broke into her chamber by violence to plead his case with yearning love. She asked him if he could say that the love of God was dearer to him than the love of her. Ruskin must be honest, even in this dire trial, and he said, "No." And she turned away from him and died unreconciled.—Rev. J. Ll. Jones in "Unity."

———o:o———

LINCOLN'S UTTERANCES.

"The Evangelist" presents an interesting Lincoln tablet on its first page, containing utterances of the great President. The selections are so admirable and characteristic of that great humanitarian that we reproduce some of the less familiar but great sentences:

Nothing is so local as not to be of some general benefit.

No men living are more to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.

Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right, but part with him when he goes wrong.

Reasonable men of the world have long since agreed that drunkenness is one of the greatest, if not the greatest of all evils among mankind.

In a storm at sea, no one on board can wish the ship to sink; and yet not infrequently all go down together, because too many will direct and no single mind can be allowed to control.

It is a consoling circumstance that when we look out there is nothing that really hurts anybody * * * and from it we may conclude that all we want is time, patience, and a reliance on that God who has never forsaken this people.

———o:o———

LITTLE FOLKS.

It is not uncommon, says the author of "Little Folks of Many Lands," to see in Mexico or in Canada a pair of elaborate tiny moccasins above a little Indian grave. A mother's fingers have made them, a mother's hand has hung them there, to help a baby's feet over the long, rough road that stretches between his father's wigwam and the Great Chief's happy hunting grounds.

Indians believe that a baby's spirit cannot reach the spirit land until the child, if living, would have been old enough and strong enough to walk. Until that time the little spirit hovers about its mother. And often it grows tired—oh, so very tired—so the tender mother carries a papoose's cradle on her back that the baby spirit may ride and rest when it will.

The cradle is filled with the softest feathers—for spirits rest more comfortably upon feathers; hard things bruise them—and all papoose's old toys dangle from its hood, for dead papoose may like to play even as living papoose did.

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IT PUZZLES THE BOY.

Some time when it's a holid'y,
An' Pa he has came
Home early from the office we
Go see a football game.

An' while we're ridin' there, you bet,
I jes' can't skurcely wait,
The car's so slow it makes me fret
Fur fear we might be late.

An' them 'at's in the car with us
Jest crowd an' talk an' smile;
An' Pa he says, "Now don't you fuss,
We'll git there a'ter while."

An' sure enough we do, but say,
While we're a rushin' there,
We see folks goin' the other way
'At jest don't seem to care!

How can folks go some other wheres—
Is what's a-puzzlin' me—
An' never care at all, when there's
A football game to see? T. A. D.

———o:o———

THE CLEVEREST CUS.

Sir John Leng, a prominent Scotch member of parliament, lately visited this country, and on his return home has given his countrymen the benefit of his observations. "The American," he says, "is a composite individual—English, Scottish, Irish, French, German, Scandinavian, Russian Italian—indeed, of all nationalities, and embodies the various qualities of each and all. The American is pre-eminently inventive. Beginning in an enormous continent, with extraordinary natural resources, all his powers were speedily requisitioned to develop those resources and place them as speedily as possible under his command and control. Hence his intellect was quickened and his hand stimulated until he has become the cleverest 'cus' on this planet."

———o:o———

"A poet may do far more for a country than the owner of a nail factory."

A CURIOUS YANKEE NOTION.

There are few people, says Chauncey McGovern, in "Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly," who know that letters and pictures can be sent by telegraph. Indeed, ninety-nine persons in a hundred imagine that such a thing cannot be done. But they are mistaken. You can send your photograph from New York City to your friend in San Francisco and get his letter of thanks within the space of a single hour. Nor will the letter you receive be a mysterious series of dots and dashes, but will look exactly as our friend has written it. It will be in his personal handwriting; not in the handwriting of a telegrapher. If your friend fails to dot an "i," you will receive it without the dot. If he underlines a word, crosses out another, puts a capital in the wrong place, you will see the letter with all these peculiarities.

The apparatus that makes possible such wonderful feats is called by the inventor the "telediagraph." Consult the other words "telegraph," "telegram" and "telephone" the new term is their second cousin.

The telediagraph is not a mere promise made by an over-enthusiastic inventor. The middle of last month it had been in commercial operation for a whole two years. Why, then, do so few people know about the invention? Simply because the inventor saw fit twenty-four months ago to give the exclusive use of the apparatus to a syndicate of six American newspapers for the period of two years. On the nineteenth of April the time expired, and the picture-telegraphing machines can be installed in every telegraph office in the world.

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"How do you like the place?" asked his Satanical majesty of the new arrival.

"Well, there is one thing in its favor," rejoined the n. a., who had formerly lived in a flat, "you have a janitor that knows his business."

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THE MULE IN PEACE AND IN WAR.

Nobody ever heard of a Georgia mule stampeding. He will flinch and dodge, and go through other performances, but he never runs from anything. He has a battery of his own as efficient at close range as a Maxim or a Gatling gun, and on this he depends absolutely. Moreover, he never wastes his ammunition nor misses his aim.

Speaking, therefore, in behalf of the southern bred mule generally, and the Georgia raised mule particularly, we could wish that the British commander, in attributing the capture of two of his regiments to stampeding mules, had included a brief biography of the mules in question, in order that full justice may be done. So far as our observation and experience go, neither the music of many bands nor the war of artillery have any effect on the Georgia mule. He might object to a showy uniform, or to the too gaudy trappings with which vain men deck themselves, but he does not make his objection known by stampeding. On the contrary, he stands his ground and makes his influence felt in other ways.—"The Atlanta Constitution."

———o:o———

Of late there has been a good deal of discussion on the subject of capital punishment and the best means of carrying it out. Electrocution, though certainly an up-to-date method of removing obnoxious persons, is not altogether received with favor. M. Berthelot has expressed the opinion that carbon monoxide, as used by the police for the destruction of stray dogs, is by far the best mean of carrying out capital punishment. This, of course, will be putting to a legal use in a scientific way the agent which is responsible for a peculiarly French method of suicide—the charcoal stove.

Persons who are very dainty are sometimes said to have only the appetite of a canary. An experiment has recently been made in the direction of finding out just what the appetite of a canary is. A canary was weighed, and it was found to turn the scale at 247 grains, or something over half an ounce. The food also was weighed and it was found that the bird eats 32 times its weight every month, or actually more than his weight every day, thus showing that the proverbial pig is a light eater compared with the canary.

In philanthropic or semi-philanthropic provisions for the housing of the laboring people, the first step is a scientific differentiation of the various divisions. It is coming to be felt that for the lowest divisions of the social strata, separation is the only possible method whereby the drunkard, the incorrigible, the criminal and the unfit can be kept from polluting their environment. There must be some special method for housing such characters under surveillance, detaching the children for education and proper training. Such a method has not yet been discovered, and it would be difficult to secure the enactment of such a law in a country where the suffrage is given to nearly all adult males.—"The Saloon as a Social Question."

In early religion it is important to remember that belief counted for much less that it now does; a man's religion consisted in the religious acts he did, and not in the beliefs or thoughts he cherished about his God. Worship moreover, is that element of religion which in all ages and lands is apt to advance most slow. Even in times of ferment of ideas and change of belief, we often see that the worship of a former time be it simple or stately, goes on in its old forms, as it were a thing that could not change. Men alter their beliefs more readily than their habits, especially the habits connected with their faith.—Dr. Menzies.

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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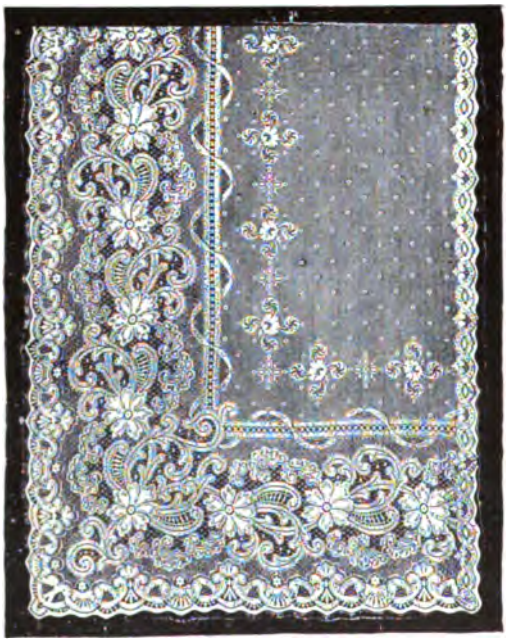

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THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII. APRIL, 1902. No. 4,

THE WELSH PREACHER.

By Rev. R. H. Nant Hughes, B. D., Norwich Corners, N. Y.

The Venerable Dean of a certain theological seminary, was well known for his strong aversion to the use of the fragrant weed in all its forms. One day, this gentleman met, in one of the libraries, a student, who bore about in his garments the tell-tale odor:

"Mister!" abruptly exclaimed the Dean, with unspeakable disgust distorting his fine old face, "you smoke, ——cigars, ——cigarettes!" For a moment the student was quite taken aback; but, presently recovering himself with a jerk, he answered, "Well, Professor, I—I can smoke."

Needless to add, that this little episode soon became common property among the theologues, so that if, at some convivial gathering of the students, a man were invited "to indulge," he would respond amid much laughter, "Gentlemen, I can smoke!"

Similarly, it may be unhesitatingly declared that the Welsh "can" preach; and that in a manner that no other nation under God's bright, broad sun can ever hope to rival. "The Welsh are born preachers!" remarked Dr. McCosh of Princeton. He was right. Preaching is our specialty.

Several volumes of so-called sermons have been published, it is true, in English, which, in the mere reading, far excel any similar production in Welsh; but the real sermon is never detachable from the delivery thereof. Just as a fine piece of music must be heard to be appreciated, even so, an ideal sermon must be listened to before its real force can be felt. In reading a great sermon, one feels, all the time, there is something lacking—the vocal, gestural utterance back of the glowing words. And, if in reading a composition with a text at the top of it, however splendid it may be in thought and diction, one is not conscious of this deficiency, this is certainly proof positive, that the effort is not in the true sense of the word, a "sermon."

Understanding, then, a sermon, to signify a composition meant to be spoken, and, which is not complete, and cannot be appreciated, apart from the public utterance thereof, Welsh preaching stands unequalled. The reasons for this supremacy may be briefly stated as follows: The

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peculiar "temperament" of the Welsh. It is "poetic." Essentially, the "poetic" temperament is the same as the "prophetic."

In the classic languages, the same words are used to signify both "bard" and "prophet." Now the prophet, or the poet in the elevated sense of the term, is he, to whom the Spirit speaks, and through whom the Spirit speaks to the world; the man whose rapt soul descries the wondrous mysteries of Infinity, and whose fire-touched lips declare them to mankind. Such is the true poet or the prophet, and such, it will be conceded, is the genuine preacher. Not your well-groomed dilettante, who fishes for his "themes" in the air; sticks a text in his button-hole, so to speak; and enters his pulpit to discourse upon any and every subject, in or out of Scripture—just as it may happen; who, in short, lays before his hungry flock, not the bread of life cut in substantial slices from God's own loaf of truth, the Bible; but a despicable re-hash of the pseudo-philosophical notions, already threshed to shreds, in the morbid fiction, the ill-digested editorials, and magazine articles of the day—not that please heaven! But a prophet, with soul athrill, face ashine, and tongue aflame telling of him who came "to seek and to save that which was lost."

Such is the true preacher, and such were Howell Harris, John Elias, Williams o'r Wern, Christmas Evans, Morgans, Dyffryn, John Jones, Talysarn, Richard Owen, Principal Edwards, and a host of others, dead and living, who form God's own "great cloud of witnesses;" for in these the inborn poetic fervor of the Cymric nature is sublimated, sanctified by the all-hallowing touch of the Spirit.

The other important element in the Welsh preacher's success is his "training." In this the chief factor, and the only one I shall mention in this paper, is the Sunday School. In a recent, remarkable book, Professor George A. Coe, of the Northwestern University, writes that the Sunday School has failed "to make the people, or even its own pupils, familiar with the contents of the Bible." This is a bold statement, nevertheless perfectly true, of the English-speaking American Sunday School, but—not of the Welsh. In our English-speaking churches, what might be termed the telescopic order of services is observed. First, corresponding as it were to the big end of the telescope, comes the morning service; then, with scarcely any intermission, the Sunday School; next the Y. P. S. C. E. meetings, junior and senior; last, and very much the least, that melodramatic thing called the evening service, where a poor flimsy sermon is often tolerated for the sake of still poorer and flimsier music. The Sunday School is conducted in the most mechanical fashion, and is altogether under the domination of the "Lesson Leaves;" which fall upon the churches like an Egyptian plague, about once in every quarter, and which, unfortunately, stamp out all genuine enthusiasm for, and all

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true knowledge of the Bible, pure and simple. Such is not the case, however, in Wales. There the Sunday School is splendidly organized, and wields a tremendous and most beneficent power. As a result, the churches are filled with intelligent and well-trained congregations; while the candidates for the ministry starts off with that great essential of all successful preaching, a sound knowledge of the Scriptures.

Some years ago, "The Ram's Horn" published a cartoon representing an extremely clerical-looking gentleman, belaboring his Satanic Majesty, with a species of bag marked "Platitudes," to which a piece of string was tied; his sooty highness grinning delightedly the while, and saying "Whack away, dominie, it don't hurt one bit!" That charge, however, could not be fairly brought against any pulpit in our country, were there fewer theological seminaries in the land, and if, instead, every church boasted a thoroughly efficient Sunday School.

Now, a word in regard to the "art of public speaking" in its relation to Welsh preaching. A boy was once asked by his teacher to define the word "Elocution;" his answer was "It's the way they put people to death in some States." And I have myself seen more than one good man put to death—or at least put to sleep—by this most pretentious of arts. Technically considered, the great majority of Welsh preachers know little or nothing of elocution. Prophet-like, he stands before his hearers, with the sole aim of sending his message home to their hearts; and if in his endeavor to accomplish this end, he violates all the high canons of Professor Rattledebang's art, it matters not at all. His system of oratory, as far as he may be said to possess a system, is peculiarly his own. This is the secret of the Welsh "hwyl." Many illustrative instances rush into my mind as I pen these words. I will mention only two.

First, Rev. Richard Owen, y diwygiwr: Many Welsh people on both sides of the Atlantic, will readily and vividly recall this man with his unique power. Slight, frail, he always stood in the pulpit almost motionless, his eyes fixed upon the closed Bible, and speaking in a curious, droning monotone, almost weird, but indescribably effective. Suddenly, toward the close of the sermon, the hearer became aware of a pair of deep blue eyes, filled with a suppressed fire, and set in a pale, melancholy face, looking straight at him; and not only "at" him, but "into" him. Verily, the appeal of that wondrous glance, not to mention the burning words accompanying it, was simply overwhelming!

Again, the Rev. Dr. Owen Thomas of Liverpool: The "Sassiwn" that year was held at the Carnarvon Pavilion, an audience of several thousands filled the vast auditorium, as in the hush of the late afternoon, Dr. Thomas gave out his text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," &c. Proceeding with that pure, easy mastery of thought and word, characteristic of the born orator, the

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preacher "sailed" along, speaking in those distinct, even, penetrating tones of his. This lasted for nearly half an hour, an occasional flash disturbing the rippling flow of the silvery tones. But, little by little, the speaker's seraphic spirit worked itself into a glow; little by little, that immense concourse of men and women, grew rigid with a dumb intentness, awful to behold. The Spirit of the eternal "moved" brooding, upon the face of that great deep of human need. Presently, the preacher came to speak of the power and the readiness of the heavenly Father to forgive the sinner; and to illustrate his point, he told a story of an old woman "yn Sir Ddinbych." Her aged husband, one day, felt very despondent in regard to his soul's welfare, and the old lady was endeavoring her very best to cheer him up a bit, said she: "Y mae Duw yn maddeu, Sion bach, dan ganu! fel na raid i ti ofyn i'r Duw mawr faddeu, ddim ond gofyn iddo roi rhyw diwn fach!" Instantly, something like a mighty gasp shook those listening thousands; and then the speaker, instinctively seized his opportunity, raised his right arm on high, and with a face that shone like unto the face of an angel, and in a voice that rang echoing throughout that huge building, he launched into a tremendous paregyric upon "a forgiving God" (Duw yn maddeu).

The effect may, probably, be imagined, but never described. Anon some one gave out a blessed old Welsh hymn (sung to "Moriah") and that great throng, a light not of earth beaming upon every face, and forming, so to speak, a veritable rainbow of hope with the falling tears, sang, as only a Welsh audience can sing:

"Golchwyd Magdalen yn ddysglaer,
A Manasse 'n hyfryd wyn
Yn y dwr a'r gwaed a lifodd
O ystlys Iesu ar y bryn;
Pwy a wyr na olchir finau?
Pwy a wyr na byddaf byw?
Mae rhyw drysor anchwiliadwy
O ras yn nghadw gyda'm Duw."

Verily, the Welsh "can" preach.

A GOLDEN LEAF.

By H. G. Williams, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

A golden leaf, nature's sweet child,
Float on the stream down to the sea,
Murmuring in accents sure but mild,
That such is life for you and me.
On the waves of time we are sailing away,
To the eternal shores nearer each day.

A golden leaf withered and fell
Upon my path, by autumn's breath,
And its mute words us solemnly tell
That likewise after life comes death;
The seasons of life in succession close,
And in our dark grave we will soon repose.

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THE SINS OF THE SAINTS.

By G. James Jones, D. D.

V. Ratio of Strength.

The population of the United States is something like 70,000,000; the professing Christians of the United States number about 22,000,000. Hence in this great country of ours one out of three is a believer in religion. There is also an army of faithful attendants, not members, who are an essential help in the work. There may be some Christians not in the church, and some in the church not Christians. Verily, there are reasons for fearing very many such. Another formidable army is found in the Sabbath School. Another yet in the societies of young people. With such a force, and with the splendid machinery of to-day, it seems that converting the two-thirds to Christ ought not to be a hard and a difficult task.

Is the conversion of one person in twelve months more than may be reasonably expected of the followers of the Christ of all power? Conversion was the regular order of things in the early days of Christianity. Then those who had been regarded as poor, and were despised, and sometimes wrongfully considered ignorant, attained to such power over men as to convert thousands with one or two sermons. Is the power they possessed withdrawn from professing Christians to-day, or do men profess without the reality back of that profession. What excuse can an ordinary minister give for the falling away of the people and the falling asleep of those who remain. Ought one remain, ought he be allowed to remain in the ministry while every year he remains with an organization renders that organization weaker and more ineffective? Ought a man be allowed to remain in the holy place when his only reason for doing so is the fact of making a living? Is it possible to do a work which is divine without possessing in a marked degree evidence of divine power. These questions press for an answer; they can not be ignored. The preaching of Mr. Finney was irresistable, as was that of Mr. Moody, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Earle and others who have made Christ honored among men.

It used to be said that when the late Dr. Goodell began to pray for the conversion of a certain individual, that the officers of the church made preparations for his reception to membership, so sure was his prayer of an answer. Men were moved by his prayers even more than by his grand and eloquent preaching. The history of religion does not show that strong natural intelligence or scholastic attainments are essential factors in win-

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ning souls. God does not always go to the college in search of a man to do a needed work. Possibly, there were more learned and eloquent sermons preached in London than at the Tabernacle during all of Mr. Spurgeon's ministrations, but no sermons were more successful than his in bringing men to Christ.

In our day the regular sermon is rarely considered as a means of conversion, and there are potent reasons for the fact. The ingatherings attained in the most part are results of special efforts made by evangelists and personal appeals made by friends to friends. But what of the pastor who opposes such special efforts? What of the man who does nothing himself, and does not believe in any method that might bring life to the dry bones? The year books of several denominations show an alarming large number of churches without effecting a single conversion within twelve months. Is it too much to expect, leaving the minister as a piece of ornament, of a member of the church imbued with the Spirit of Christ to win another within one year, and the two together to win the third within six months, thus making the United States solid for Christ in one year and a half. There is enthusiasm in the very thought.

And what is the ideal condition we get from the Bible of what Christians ought to be. Instead of leaping on the mountain tops we are abased by the knowledge that we lack the very essentials of successful evangelism. The last decade is relatively more barren than the former one. No use saying "Pessimists," the facts are before us, and we must account for them at the judgment seat of God. It is the bounden duty of every follower of Christ to seek to understand his environments and his relations to them. The church inspiration describes is not the church doing duty to-day. The church of the present age is weak, spasmodic, governed by winds and by tides. What is the matter? Let each answer that question on bended knees. The ideal real church is a never-failing spring; the ideal real church is a perennial garden, flowers growing, birds singing constantly; the ideal real church is a force electrifying and invigorating the millions, while the actual church is a boat hemmed in by the billows and tossed by the waves.

There never was a time in the history of the United States when the services of the church were needed so much as now, and there never was a time when the church possessed less influence upon the thought and life of the people. There never was a time when a general revival of religion was needed more than now, while it is hardly possible that conditions were ever more unfavorable to a general awakening than now. Did American Christians believe God's promises, fall back upon them, dedicate themselves to the work to which they are called, put as much energy, earnestness, force, life into their religion as they put in their

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business and in their pleasure, the revival for which we pray could be upon us, and would thrill the nation. As a consequence, social, commercial, economical relations would speedily adjust themselves to the principles of the gospel. Capital and labor would clasp hands and shout with joy. The deepest problems of our national life are to be settled by religion. We are only mistaking the shadow for the substance when we look to any other source.

APRIL.

By Sallie A. Lewis.

April, April, Oh! how tender!
Budding springtime brings back splendor
Over shrub and tree;
In the hedgeway, in the grasses,
Robin sings it as he passes,
Warbling love so free!

April, April, Oh! how fickle!
Through the sunshine raindrops trickle
With their blessings bright;
And beneath the rays and showers
Bursting buds and waking flowers
Meet the joyous sight.

April, April, thou art waking
And new life and joy art making
In the woodland bower;
One by one new charms are thronging
Which revive love's ardent longing
For the vine and flower.

April, April, thou art humming
"Winter's gone and Summer's coming
With his gladdening smile";
But will have no pow'r to waken
Those dear ones whom death hath taken,
Resting since a while.

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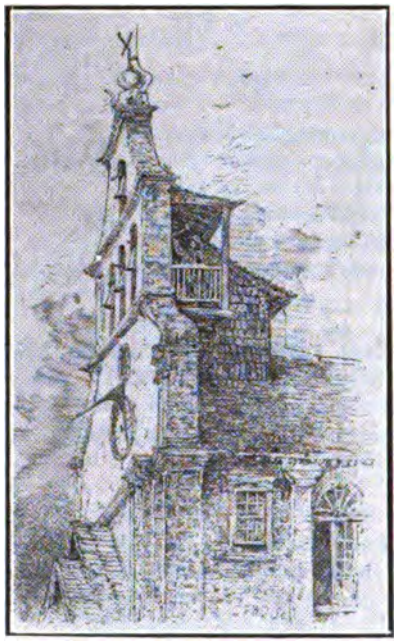
THE EDEN OF THE STATES.

Florida is the 14th in the order of admission into the Union, among the smallest in population, but about the first in orange production. It is also known as the "Peninsular State." It has a longer coast line than any other state, but has few harbors, the best being St. Augustine and Fernendina on the Atlantic; Pensacola, Tampa, Key West and a few others on the Gulf, and Jacksonville on St. John's river. It is also remarkable for some of its place-names, among which we may mention the following: Okeechobee, Kissimee, Istokpaga, Tohopokaliga, Tratiapopka, &c. Okefinokee seems to have been too much for one state, so it was divided with Georgia.

The state is mainly based on coral beds, and one of its chief mineral productions is coquina, a conglomerate of broken shells which is used as building material The surface of the State is generally level, the greatest elevation being only 500 ft. above the sea; and this only in few places. The land is classified as high-hammock, low-hammock, savanna, swamp and pine. Except in the hammocks, the soil is generally sandy and poor. The hammocks are covered with a dense growth of oak, magnolia, gum, hickory and



The oldest church in the United States.

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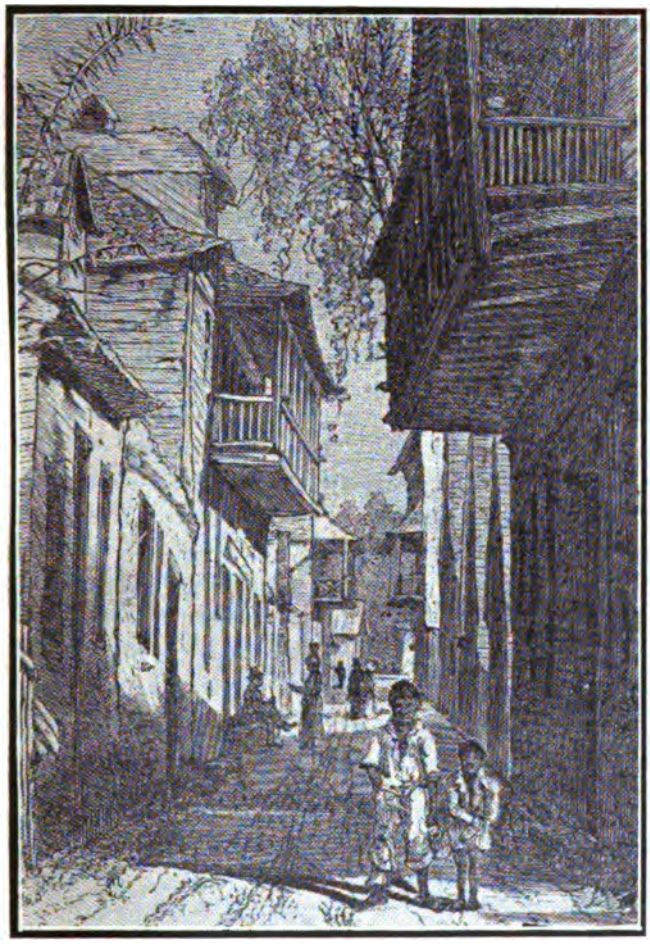
logwood, and is extremly fertile when cleared. Numerous lakes dot the interior, the largest being Lake Okechobee, 650 sq. miles. The most remarkable feature of the State is the immense tract of marsh or lake filled with islands, called Everglades, or Grass Water by the Indians.

Northern Florida resembles regions further north. It is the land of live-stock, corn, wheat, cotton, rice, potatoes, apples, grapes, peaches, etc. Frosts and cold snaps often occur. Middle Florida is semi-tropical. There the orange, lemon, fig, citron, etc., grow, and garden vegetables grow in the open air all the year round. Large orange-groves are found in all parts of this region. South Florida comprises all the region south of 28th parallel—the Italy



The oldest street in the United States.

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the Spain and the Egypt of the United States. Every fruit, flower, shrub, plant and product that grows in any tropical region grows here. This is the region to go for purely tropical products and for the benefits of a summer climate in winter. Although this region is so enjoyable, a very Eden in many respects, yet it is not desirable for permanent residence on account of its loneliness and the lack of means of transportation. People, for some reason or other, have avoided this earthly paradise. People go there for their health, but once it is gotten they leave, never to return.

Florida has a history. It was discovered by Juan Ponce de Leon, probably before 1500. He landed at a point where St. Augustine stands, on Easter Sunday, and named the land from the flowery Easter or the great profusion of flowers that met his eye on landing. He was in quest of the fountain of perpetual youth, which has given the region a prestige ever since. In this, however, he was disappointed. In 1516, he returned, in search of the "Eldorado"—people are generally in search of either health or wealth.

Expeditions of Spanisn adventures arrived in following years; and heaven knows what crimes these rovers perpetuated on the natives! An expedition of French Protestants sent out by Admiral de Coligny landed near the Menendez' settlement 1563-4. In 1565 the Spaniards attacked them and after killing nearly all, hung their bodies to the trees; "not as Frenchmen, but as heretics and enemies of God." Subsequently a French force landed to avenge their countrymen, attacked, captured and hung the Spaniards to the same trees, "not as Spaniards, but as cut-throats and murderers," they said. A fitting retaliation!

Among the strange and peculiar things seen in Florida is the St. John's River which flows in contrary direction to the usual water courses of America, viz., northward. For a distance of 97 miles it is a vast lagoon, then it assumes a character more befitting its name of a river. Most tourists travel up the river to Sandford, and the varying views are delightful in the extreme. It is like a trip on one of the romantic rivers of Paradise.

St. Augustine is the Plymouth Rock of the Southern States. It is the oldest European settlement in our country, having been founded by Menendez in 1865, 55 years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. The streets of St. Augustine are romantic, crooked and narrow, ten to twenty feet in width, all paved with shells. The older houses are built mostly of coquina, and the style of architecture is quaint and ancient; the verandas overhanging and almost touching each other across the way. Fronting the Plaza are several notcworthy buildings, among them the dilapidated old cathedral with its quaint Moorish belfry, forming one of the sights of St. Augustine. The Cathedral was built in 1793, and one of the bells bears the date of 1682. Re-

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markable features of the old St. Augustine are the Sea Wall and Fort Marion. The Sea Wall is built of coquina with a granite coping of four feet. This Wall took 164 years to build, and the labor was performed almost entirely by negro slaves, Indians, and prisoners of war; every stone was cemented with the sweat of toiling sufferers. At one end were mysterious dungeons, in which were found in 1835 two skeletons in cages, victims, probably, of some inquisitorial cruelty.

THE WELSH PULPIT.

By Rev. D. L. Roberts, Glenfield, N. Y.

PART II.

I wish now to illustrate what has been said by referring to some of the great characters of the Welsh pulpit, and, perhaps, give a few brief quotations. Robert Roberts, of Clynnog, deserves our attention. He was one of the early preachers, and a man of remarkable power and originality. It was he who gave to Christmas Evans the secret of preaching. When Evans was asked if he could give an account of what led him into his peculiar way of preaching, he replied: "Yes, I can, partly at least. I had the ideas before, but somehow I could not get at them. * * * I went one Sunday afternoon to hear Robert Roberts. He was one of the most insignificant persons that I ever saw; a little humpbacked man, but he neither thought nor said anything like other people; there was something wonderful and uncommon about him. This Robert Roberts gave me the key."

He was the most brilliant of the group of great preachers in North Wales during the last half of the eighteenth century. On one occasion, when he was preaching, and, as one has said, "heaven seemed pouring itself down on his head and the heads of his hearers," "he seemed unable any longer to contain the fullness of glory which overwhelmed him, and suddenly turning his face to the wall back of the pulpit, he exclaimed: 'Hold! Lord, remember that I am flesh; remember that I can not hold too much!' and then, facing the congregation he shouted at the highest pitch of a voice of remarkable range, 'Gogoniant' (glory) for the hope of a morning when I shall hold my full of Deity, without cracking, forever."

At one time he described the conditions of unrepentant sinners by comparing it to that of men amusing themselves on a bar on the sea shore during the ebbing of the tide. When he finally said, "In a few seconds the sea will be upon them, and they will be lost beyond redemp-

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tion," and then shouted in clear ringing tones, "Flee! Flee! Flee!" so vivid had been the description and so startling and electric the voice of command that the congregation sprung to their feet and rushed out of the house, crying for their lives, but they soon returned and listened solemnly to the preacher's appeal to "flee from the wrath to come."

Of all Welsh preachers Christmas Evans is, perhaps, best known among English readers. But while he excelled in power of imagination and in vivid description, he is not regarded by most Welshmen as by any means the greatest of Welsh preachers. John Elias and Henry Rees would certainly be considered his superiors. Would that I could give you one of his famous allegories, but they are too long. He was about six feet tall, a very large head, and but one eye, but "an eye, sir," as Robert Hall said, "that might light an army through the wilderness." Evans says of him, "He was a natural orator, fluent and brilliant in speech, a master of metaphor, wit and sarcasm." On a summer day he met a fellow minister, a Mr. Herring by name, on the top of a mountain. "Dear me," said Mr. Herring, "what a strange thing to see Christmas in midsummer!" "Not a bit more strange," was the quick reply, "than to see a living herring on the top of a mountain."

John Elias was one of the stars of the Welsh pulpit, at the opening of the nineteenth century. He is pronounced by a competent critic as "All things considered, the most eminent representative of the Welsh pulpit." It is said that his voice was strong and penetrative, "the best speaking voice" perhaps, ever heard in a pulpit. He began to preach when about twenty years of age. A shrewd preacher after hearing him for the first time said, "God help that lad to speak the truth, for he'll make people believe him." He was immensely popular, and for many years held first place at the Association meetings. It is said that his sermons made a greater impression upon the Principality than those of any other man who ever lived in it. He died in 1841, at the age of sixty-eight.

After the death of John Elias, Henry Rees of Liverpool, was easily first among Welsh preachers. Dr. Hall pronounced him the most powerful sermonizer known to him, and his judgment was based on sermons which had been translated especially for his benefit, and on impressions received through frequently hearing Mr. Rees in person, and having the substance of the sermon interpreted to him. Dr. Owen Thomas says of him, "In Henry Rees the pulpit reached in our judgment the highest perfection it has ever attained in our country, and we know of no one in any country or in any age, whose sermons, considered simply as composition, we should be willing to acknowledge as being superior to his. He had a strong commanding figure, a face of angelic beauty and purity." Evans says of him that "he was one of the most conspicuous illustrations, both

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in the pulpit and out of it, of the spiritualization of a man's personality by grace." He was at once strong, yet tender and gentle. I quote one short passage to show something of his style. "Yea, Sinai send forth thy thunders; Ebal, pour down thy curses; throne of God, shoot forth thy lightning; Satan, put forth thy accusations; guilty conscience, pass thy sentence of condemnation; but in the midst of the thunders of Sinai, within sound of the curses of Ebal, face to face with the radiant brightness of the throne, in spite of all of the jeers of the enemy, notwithstanding all the taunting of the heart, thou poor lost sinner, take hope! take hope! It is Christ that died."

I must not take time to describe any more of these mighty men of valor in the king's army, such as Wm. Rees, a brother of Henry; John Jones, of Talysarn, one of the most original preachers in Wales; Edward Morgan, of Dyffryn, whose sermons are great favorites with my father. I remember him saying to me when a boy that if I had spent the time in reading Morgan's sermons that I had in reading something that he considered of little value, that I might perhaps be a minister some day. There were those as noted for their eccentricities as others for their greatness. Robert Thomas was once preaching from words in the Song of Solomon. He said, "Some say that Solomon is here speaking of Pharaoh's daughter, but this can not be for he says 'Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon.' If her nose was as the tower of Lebanon, her face must have been like the side of Snowdon."

It only remains now to touch, and that very briefly, upon a few things that have contributed to the greatness and power of the Welsh pulpit.

I have long felt that the language is an important element, and I find that those who have studied the matter are quite agreed on this. The dear old language has been shamefully maligned; it has been called a language of consonants, but it can be asserted upon good authority that it has less consonants than almost any other European language. Says Paxton Hood, "The Welsh is acknowledged to be a wonderful language. * * * Perhaps there is no other language which so instantly conveys a meaning and at the same time touches emotion to the quick. It is so literal that the competent hearer or reader instantly realizes, from its words, things." We say "Blessed are the pure in heart," but the Welshman says, "Gwyn ei fyd," that is, "a white world" for the pure in heart. While intensely strong, yet Hood says of it, "So far from being harsh and rugged, coarse or guttural, it probably yields to no language in delicious softness, in sweetness." You can readily see how such a language was a most excellent vehicle for the message of the preacher.

Another condition that has had an important influence upon the pulpit is the systems of itinerancy as practiced in Wales. A pastor seldom preaches more than two Sun-

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days of the month in his own church, frequently not more than once. Thus he has few sermons to prepare, and much time in which to prepare them. This might be ruinous to lazy men, but it is a great advantage to the earnest, faithful minister. It is said that Henry Rees never took less than six weeks for the preparation of his greatest sermons, and preached them a score of times, or more.

Again the Association meetings, of which I have spoken, have had an important influence. They made religion the one thing of greatest interest to all classes of people, and were a constant inspiration to the preachers. Multitudes of their hearers could follow them in the discussion of the most profound questions. Then, too, to be an association preacher was an honor and an opportunity worthy of being sought after. These men were also men of the people. The greatest popular preachers of Wales were largely from the poorer classes. Their training also, until a comparatively recent time, was of a decidely practical sort, and tended to the development of a strong individuality.

The pulpit has always been most highly regarded among the Welsh. The fondest ambition of the parents for their new-born babe is that he may be called to proclaim the gospel. There are to-day in Wales a greater number of well-trained, highly educated and efficient ministers than in the past, but no one who shines out as some of the stars that we have considered. Judged by its fruits, the Welsh pulpit has been a great power. There are many gospel-hardened sinners in Wales, but there is also a larger degree of religious intelligence among all classes, than can be found in almost any other place. In no other country has the pulpit been more efficient in the transformation of individual and national life.

SPRING.

By Mrs. Sara Hoy Williams, Utica, N. Y.

Ah! now the white winter is over,
The plants are all getting new leaves;
Soon the quail will come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The day from the morn till it closes
Doth brighter and warmer grow;
And soon will be blooming the roses
After sleeping long under the snow

All nature her spring garbs is wearing;
The brooks that were dry and dumb
Are flowing and softly declaring
The herald of Summer has come.

Bright Spring comes with joyous surprises,
When everything laughs and growes;
New hope in the glad heart arises
After winter's long frosts and snows.

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A DEFENSE OF MORMONISM.

By C. W. Penrose (Editor "The Deseret News," Salt Lake City.

In the March number of your valuable publication, I find an article entitled "Mormonism Unmasked," by W. R. Evans. Readers of your magazine in this city express surprise that so misleading a contribution should have found its way into your columns. As my name is mentioned therein, I take the opportunity thus afforded to make a brief reply. The writer is, no doubt, prompted by what he considers good and Christian reasons for making his attack upon a people and a system very much misunderstood in the world. It is evident, however, that he is not personally well-informed on his subject, but has taken for granted statements and comments of other authors, who have wilfully misrepresented that which is commonly called "Mormonism."

Joseph Smith, one of the most remarkable products of the enlightened nineteenth century, whose work forms a prominent page in its history, is spoken of by Mr. Evans as "an idle, worthless vagabond of an impostor, who heralds forth a creed repulsive to every refined mind, and opposed to every generous impulse of the human heart." The truth is, that this "vagabond" performed a marvelous work which engaged his vigorous energies from boyhood, until he was cruelly assassinated by a lawless mob, with faces blackened to screen them from recognition.

By the inspiration of Almighty God he translated from hieroglyphics on metallic plates revealed to him by angelic ministration, the Book of Mormon which, published in several languages, contains more than six hundred pages of reading matter of vast interest to mankind. He organized the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints on the same principles and with the same officers, authority, ordinances, gifts and blessings as in the primitive Christian church. It is recognized by all reflecting persons as the most efficient, thorough and perfect ecclesiastical organization extant. Even Mr. Evans speaks of it as "complete," and as having "become one of the greatest and most difficult problems of the age." He brought forth the revelations contained in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, a large volume of religion, philosophy and practical instruction. He built a great and beautiful city, with a magnificent temple, the admiration of all the country surrounding. He sent missionaries to many foreign nations. He gathered converts from numerous parts if the world. He labored for the uplifting of humanity. He directed the labors of thousands of intelligent persons. He confound-

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ed the wisdom of the wise. He gave counsel to the United States which, if it had been followed, would have saved the country from the horrors of the civil war, which he predicted nearly thirty years before it occurred, designating the very place of its commencement. He lived as a mighty man of God, commanding the respect and affection of a multitude of adherents, and sealed his testimony with his blood, and thus was numbered with the martyrs. His active life and herculean labors closed when he was but thirty-nine years old, and yet, after the accomplishment of enough mighty deeds to fill a century, Mr. Evans flippantly writes of him as an "idle, worthless vagabond." That is enough to show that he knows nothing of the facts, but merely repeats a vile slander long since refuted, and nearly seventy years of age.

The creed which Mr. Evans says is "repulsive to every refined mind" is the very opposite of that which he endeavors to picture. If it were anything like his description, how is it that, by his own statement, its "missionaries have been particularly successful in England and Wales. Wales, the land of Bibles and Sunday Schools, a country that has produced more great and powerful preachers to the square mile than any country on the face of the globe?" Yet he asserts, "in no country has the Mormon propagandist succeeded better." The truth is that "Mormonism" appeals to the highest sentiments with which mortals can be inspired. It is a foe to sensualism, and inculcates the strictest chastity, requiring equal virtue in both sexes, and teaching self-restraint as a part of true religion.

The gentleman is equally uninformed and behind the times in his endeavor to explain the origin and contents of the "Book of Mormon." He simply repeats the old, exploded tale concerning "The Manuscript Found," written by one Solomon Spaulding, and said to have been plagiarized by Joseph Smith. Has he not yet learned, after all these years, that Spaulding's manuscript has been brought to light and is now in the library of Oberlin College, Ohio? It has been compared with the "Book of Mormon" by friend and foe, and found to bear no more likeness to it than Gulliver's Travels has to the Old or New Testament. Mr. Evans calls the prophet Nephi a "Jew," and speaks of the time of king "Jedekiah." Nephi was not a Jew and he lived in the time of Hezekiah. Mr. Evans speaks also of Taman and Tamanites, of the land of Tarahenila, no such names being found in the "Book of Mormon." Why did he not favor his readers with some extracts from the "Book of Mormon," showing what is its history and its doctrines?

He then pretends to explain the articles of faith of the Latter-Day Saints, as promulgated by Joseph Smith the Prophet. But he fails to produce them, and instead makes garbled quotations of little bits of sentences, culled out of old sermons by enemies of the church for the

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purpose of wilful misrepresentation, and he parades these as explications of the "Mormon" creed! The best reply that can be made to such a misleading conglomeration is the Mormon Articles of Faith, which are as follows:

1. We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

2. We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.

3. We believe that, through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

4. We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of Hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

5. We believe that a man must be called of God, by "prophecy, and by the laying on of hands," by those who are in authority, to preach the gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.

6. We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, namely, apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.

7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.

8. We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

9. We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes. That Zion will be built upon this continent. That Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory.

11. We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privileges, let them worship how, where or what they may.

12. We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.

13. We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, "We believe all things, we hope all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.—Joseph Smith.

It is true that we believe in a personal Diety and not in that immaterial, bodiless, partless, passionless, vacuum described by theologians as the "one living and true God." We worship the God of the Bible, who made man "in His own image and in His own likeness," and whose Son Jesus Christ was in the "express image of His person." If it is heresy to believe in such a Diety, how is it that modern professed Christians believe that Jesus Christ, who is a being with body, parts and passions, who ascended into heaven with his resurrected flesh and bones, is "very God of very God?" If they worship him as God, why should they condemn and ridicule the Latter-Day Saints for believing in a personal Deity in whose image man is formed? We believe also in a universally diffused spirit which is the life and light of all things, the spirit of the eternal God, by which spiritual things may be discerned by man, and by which the Father operates throughout the boundless dom-

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ain of space. Our would-be critic understands as little of our faith in Deity as he does of the "Book of Mormon."

Mr. Evans is pleased to say that "The blood atonement of the Mormons is the severing of the windpipe, a gash across the throat, to let the soul out of the body, and thus save it from destruction. Also that Mr. P. W. Penrose a well-known Mormon leader, has denied that blood atonement has ever been practiced among the saints, but adds "in the good time coming it will be." The gentleman undoubtedly refers to me. There is no P. W. Penrose in the church, but I have denied publicly and my remarks have been published, that "blood atonement" such as that described by that writer, "has ever been practiced among the Saints." The addition, however, which he puts in my mouth that, "In the good time coming it will be," is a sheer fabrication. It is not to be found in the pamphlet on "Blood Atonement," to which the gentleman most certainly refers. I do not believe he has ever seen it. He has simply, as in his pretended citations from the Book of Mormon, taken for granted something he has read in anti-Mormon publications. I now most emphatically deny that the Mormons believe, or ever have believed, in the horrible doctrine which Mr. Evans has published to the world as part of our creed. In the lecture to which he alludes I explained the doctrine of atonement by blood as promulgated in the Mosaic law, pointing to the great sacrifice of the Redeemer. It is that atonement by the blood of Christ that the Mormons believe in. And further I showed that the Scriptures teach the death penalty for murderers and adulterers, but that this must not be inflicted by any church or ecclesiastical authority, the secular law and its officers being the only proper power to determine guilt and execute the punishment. I quote the following from my lecture which Mr. Evans has so grossly misrepresented:

"If a man commits a crime he is to be delivered over to be dealt with according to the laws of the land, and his offense is to be proven, not by the laws of the church, but by the laws of the land. The church can withdraw fellowship from him, but the church has no authority to execute the death penalty. A man may be deserving of death; but it is not in the province of the church to kill, he must be delivered over to be dealt with according to the laws of the land."

Mr. Evans states that "the identity of Church and State is an essential feature of Mormonism. The Church is the State." This statement and all his remarks based upon it are absolutely untrue. The Constitution of the State of Utah provides "There shall be no union of Church and State, nor shall any Church dominate the State or interfere with its functions." This is in perfect accord with the teachings of the Mormon church. The affairs of the Territory before statehood were always kept entirely distinct from

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those of the Church. They are so now in the State of Utah. The common notion to the contrary is incorrect, and like other assertions by Mr. Evans, is simply an echo of an old and worn-out fable.

We plead guilty to being, in the words of Mr. Evans, "engaged in the greatest missionary enterprise ever undertaken by any religious body, and should put to shame Protestant churches." It is true that many of our missionaries "make great sacrifices, going where they are sent," accepting no pay, asking no alms, taking no collections, maintaining themselves at their own expense" or depending upon friends whom the Lord raises up for their sustenance. But it is not true that "Mormonism appeals" to the desire for self-indulgence and worldly advantage. On the contrary, it lifts the soul above such desires, and the evidence of that is in the very sacrifices which Mr. Evans admits are made by its missionaries, in their efforts to enlighten and convert their fellow creatures from error and sin unto truth and righteousness.

Mormonism inculcates self-control and self-denial. It requires a virtuous, honest and truly Christian life. It has no earthly rewards to offer. It demands real faith in God and Christ; actual repentance by turning away from sin; baptism in water for the remission of sins, attainable through the blood of Christ; the reception of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands by divinely appointed ministers, and then continual submission to the mind and will of Christ, which gradually sanctifies the soul and prepares man to associate with and shine forth in the perfect image and glory of his Creator. It is the primitive Christian faith and church, restored by divine revelation in the nineteenth century. It is a vital creed and organization. It cannot be destroyed by any earthly power. It will overcome all opposition and endure forever. It will prepare the way for the coming of the King of kings, who is its author, who is with it, and through it will gain the victory over all things, until the earth and its inhabitants are redeemed, and the work for which He died is fully and completely accomplished.

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THE EFFICACY OF WORK.

By Prof. J. E. Morris.

[At the bi-county teachers' institute held at Wooster, O., Prof. Guthrie of Alliance, read the following excellent paper, prepared by Superintendent J. E. Morris of the Alliance schools, who was unable to be present.]

An all-wise Creator has designed a universe of work. Ever since the first of the creative days, action and reaction have been the rule of the universe.

Work is effort directed to the accomplishment of some purpose or it is the production of any physical or chemical change, and in this sense work has been in the universe since the dawning of creation. It was in the first movements of the nebulous mass, in its condensations and revolutions, and is still in all the hosts of heaven that have resulted therefrom. End is there none to the universe of God, and work will continue till time shall be no more. The solid planets will some day fall into the sun. The concussion will cause them to melt with a fervent heat, and thus begin again their eternal round of existence.

The everlasting hills are an example of everlasting work. Their slow elevation from the ocean floor, and their wearing away by wind and rain, heat and cold will continue until every valley shall be filled and every mountain brought low. The stately pyramids of the Pharaohs have, through forty centuries of the work of the elements, lost one-sixteenth of their altitudes. Work, work, work is the never-ending, still-begnining song of even the inorganic world.

And, work, too, is the portion of life. To swell, to sprout, to pierce the soil, to spread leaves to the sun, to crawl or climb, or twine, or grow tall and stately, to blossom, and to bear fruit—all these and more also are the work of plant life. To eat, to play, to mate, to build, to provide, and to strive constitute the ceaseless round of animal life. Take a drop of stagnant water, place it under the microscope and see exemplified there nearly all the forms of work that characterize the oak or the elephant.

The nervous system of man is no exception to the universal rule of work. Continual sensations make continual impressions and result in continual thought or emotion. Habit, a great factor in education and life, is nothing more, from a physiological point of view, than "a pathway of discharge formed in the brain, by which certain incoming currents ever afterward tend to escape." So continuous is the force of habit that it binds one for life and is frequently seen manifested in one's decendants. Instinct is inherited habit.

The impression made on the

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nervous tissue manifests itself very frequently in the muscles. The playing of a piece of music on an instrument may be wearing and laborious at first, but work in the way of intelligent practice soon makes the playing a joy and a pleasure. Time in connection with work is necessary to good results. The boy who learns how to skate this winter will have many falls and bumps and his progress as an expert skater will not be marked when the ice leaves next spring, but when he puts on the skates next winter, he will skim aross the frozen water with an ease and a certainty that astonishes him. The work done this winter will continue, by means of the nervous system, during the coming summer and he really will learn to skate next summer.

Skill in composition is due to work. A popular American author writes every day just to keep in practice. Much of his work is committed to the flames, but he is in fine shape when he writes for publication. So it is with oral expression of thought; the mind must be trained in the sifting of ideas to know which are best suited for an occasion. The vocal organs must be exercised as to the best tones and pronunciation, and the body must be brought to serve the mind in its best movements and gestures.

Just at present the world is hearing and reading much of birds, bears, rabbits, foxes and monkeys, but all this knowledge comes not without painful effort. A girl in Michigan has studied birds so patiently and intelligently that she can talk to them and be understood, and she can understand their language. Garver went to the African forests to learn monkey talk. He succeeded so well that on his return he went to the Geological Garden in New York and engaged in conversations with a cage of monkeys. Standing near the cage he uttered the sounds that meant food, and instantly all the monkeys came toward him. He then gave a warning of danger, and an instantaneous scamper was the result.

Seton Thompson and W. J. Long have crossed plains and mountains, have skirted rivers and lakes, have hid for hours in brush and brake, have endured hunger and cold, weariness and hardship in order to tell us delightful stories of the gentleman fox, the playful rabbit, the wily wolf, and the keen-scented bear. Verily knowledge and skill come not except by work, work, work. And labor is not in vain; it has its sure reward.

The law of work holds good in the school. The superintendent is not efficacious unless he works with brain, heart and body. With brain, in reading professional and general literature; in studying their application to his particular needs; in watching the effect of the forces of good and evil upon the pupils in his charge; in planning for the most effective use of time and labor as spent in school; and in improving courses of study and methods of teaching. With heart, in sympathizing with those who have suffered loss or hon-

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orable defeat; in encouraging the despondent and gloomy; in cautioning the rash and foolish and in advising the young and inexperienced. With body, in going from building to building, from room to room, from desk to desk, keeping in touch as far as possible with teachers and pupils.

And what shall I say to the teacher? Shall I add my grain of advice and criticism to the tons already given? Let her read the back numbers of The Ladies' Home Journal and some of the magazines? Or, let her wait until the subscription list of some periodical runs low, and a little excitement is needed to boom it, and advice enough will be given to ruin any school if followed. What I have to say is in line with the thought of this address—Labor has its sure reward. There will be compensation somewhere, sometime for all honest and intelligent effort in the school-room. The material you work with may seem dense, the progress may be slow, the persons you work for may be unappreciative; but for your own sake, for the children's sake, and for humanity's sake, do honest work for to-day, and have honest hope for to-morrow.

MUSIC NOTES.

By William ApMadoc.

What the great poets have written about music is intensely interesting and instructive. There are poets, though, who have written upon music most blunderingly and amusingly. More than one magazine have made a motto for themselves out of the suggestive lines of Walt Whitman:

"All music is what awakes from you, when you are reminded by the instruments.
It is not the violins and the cornets—it is not the oboe nor the beating drums, nor the notes of the baritone singer singing his sweet romanza, nor those of the men's chorus, nor those of the women's chorus,
It is nearer and farther than they."

These words, so Whitmanesque, strike deep, and need explanation. They are the words of a poet who sees the "vision beautiful." Another strong writer has said, "Music is the only language in whose vocabulary there is no vulgar word." What food for thought!

In perfect keeping with Whitman's lines, Dr. William Mason's remarks upon "technic" in the March "Musician," and in reference to some remarks upon the subject in one of the New York dailies, will be read with pleasure. They refer to the fallacy which flourishes in many a land that Liszt said the three necessities for piano playing were: "First, technic; second, technic; third, technic." It means that Liszt would be the last person in the

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world to make such a "silly assertion." Dr. Mason, in his "Memoirs of a Musical Life" says that Liszt 'never taught, in the ordinary sense of the word.' Miss Amy Fay in her "Music Study in Germany" remarks that "Liszt doesn't tell you anything about technic. 'That' you must work out for yorself.". In these days it is said that the desire for technical training is abnormal. Liszt had wonderful mind and heart—essentials of the highest order in the make up of an artist. Dr. Mason quotes Liszt as saying of one of his pupils, "What I like about So-and-So is that he is not a mere 'finger virtuoso;' he does not worship the keyboard of the pianofore; it is not his patron saint, but simply the altar before which he pays homage to the idea of the tone composer."

Under the auspices of the Chicago University, the music lovers and thinkers of the city are given at present the richest treats in a course of lectures on the Wagnerian music dramas, at the South Congregational Church, Drexel Boulevard, by Dr. Rubinkam, with vocal and instrumental illustrations by the capable artist, Vernon d' Arnalle. "The Ring of the Nibelbung" caused the lecturer to wax eloquent. He showed how the poet-musician had clarified the legends of old Norse mythology and given them a vitality which has caused his name to be revered. "It remained for Wagner's genius," he said, "to see the unity in the scattered and chaotic ideas of the old legends. To hear the cosmic music create a world poem and a world tone race drama." The speaker compared the legend of Siegfried with the story of Christianity. "Wagner had the same conception of Jesus of Nazareth, of whose life he made a sketch for dramatization, but which he never put into music."

"The Ring of the Nibelung," said Dr. Rubinkam, "is one of the most colassal art works of human genius." He told how it took eighteen hours to perform the trilogy at Beyreuth, and quoted Wagner's letter to Liszt: "It is all that I am and all that I think." The causes that led to its creation were to be the militarism, empty creeds, and false conventional art of the period. In future "Notes" we shall be pleased to present the views of the learned lecturer in what he has to say about the Keltic story, "Tristan and Isolde," as used by Wagner.

Mme. Patti has just kept her birthday at Rome, and although few who have recently heard her will believe it, so wonderfully is her freshness preserved, she thus has entered her sixtieth year. Rome, to Mme. Patti, is a second cradle, says Percy Betts in London Daily News, for it was there, by the accidental discovery of her mother's voice, that she became connected with the vocal profession. Caterina Chiesa, like another Rebecca, was drawing water from a well (the fountain still exists) singing blithely at her work, when Barili, a poor singing master, was struck by her beauty. He married her, trained her voice, and introduced her to the operatic stage. He died leaving two boy children. Sig-

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nora Barili kept to the stage, and in Sicily, about 1837, she married Salvatore Patti, the tenor of the troupe. From this union sprang Adelina Patti. By the way, it is now stated, that before her regular debut in New York in 1859, Mme. Patti made a trial essay there on the operatic stage, under the name of "The Little Florinda."

The Robert Newman's promenade concerts at Queen's Hall, London, were concluded last February first. In this last concert's report in the March "Musical Times" we read: "A distinctly poetical symphonic poem, entitled 'Among the mountains of Cambria,' by W. H. Reed, a member of Mr. Wood's orchestra, was produced; it is a clever work, with local color in the skillful treatment of some Welsh melodies." This is another proof of how musicians of other nationalities appreciate the beauty of our "alawon." As far as we know, there is but one symphonic poem in existence composed by a brilliant young Welshman, and its subect is a pathetic and beautiful South Wales legend. We are not at liberty at present to mention the author's name, but it was our pleasure, once upon a time, to look over this symphonic treatment of a Welsh legend, and the music-paraphrase is highly meritorious. It has more thematic beauty than in many a symphonic poem we have listened to.

Plunket Greene, the Irish baritone, who is, nevertheless, labeled 'the English baritone,' is deservedly popular in two hemispheres, and we, the Welsh people, owe him a debt for compelling the public of Great Britain and America to recognize 'Ar hyd y Nos' as a classic. During this writing he is delighting large audiences in Chicago, in spite of a "bad cold," with his splendid interpretations of Irish idylls, including Dr. Stanford's "Broken Song" and our own "Ar Hyd y Nos." He is a singer of the dramatic type, a style which will surely impair the tone-quality sooner or later, unless much care is exercised in the matter. The critics perceive in his tone-production the lack of correct schooling. This is true, but he is a greater song-interpreter than hundreds who are well schooled in voicing. Rubinstein, the great Russian pianist, in the whirlwind of his musical appassionato, struck false keys, but where is the critic who dared to say that he was not the high-priest and king of piano-playing, "far a' that?"

Paderewski came, saw, sat, played and conquered, leaving behind him a better impression than ever. After Chopin, the first great Polander, Paderewski is the only one who seems to know and realize how potent an influence upon the receptive powers is "subdued light" in a concert room, while the masterpieces are brought forth by the fingers of a poet-pianist. It is said that Wagner fully understood this when he was performing the opera, and when drifting into the realm of his music-dramas.

It is very commendable in the Welsh Choral Society of the West Side, Chicago, to undertake the sing-

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ing of cantatas by Welsh composers. Last winter they sang the late R. S. Hughes's "Bugeiliaid Bethlehem." At Handel Hall last March 30th, they sang a new and well-constructed modern work from the pen of Prof. Daniel Protheroe, of Milwaukee, entitled "St. Peter," the libretto by Rev. Edmund O. Jones, vicar of Llanidloes. The composer, along with a host of friends from the "Cream City," was present during the performance, and had a good word for the excellent work of the Society, which is under the direction of the genial and faithful William R. Jones precentor of the Welsh Church. It would be well if other musical societies would follow their good example, by performing cantatas by Welsh composers, which would be the best kind of patronage to our men of talent and learning. We owe as much to those who honor our nation by their works, their zeal and fidelity to Welsh music and literature.

Two notable works were performed lately by the Chicago Orchestra, namely Elgar's "Variations, Opus 36," wherein he has sketched for their amusement and his own, the idiosyncrasies of fourteen of his friends, who are not "necessarily musicians." Each friend gets a "variation" with all the pranks of a practical joker, and a master of orchestration such as would honor any of the great symphonists. It is conceded by all of the orchestral masters that in Edward Alger, the English race has given to the world a genius of the first order. The other work is Dvorak's wonderful symphony No. 5, "From the New World," a work in the true, dignified and strictly orthodox symphonic form. Indeed, Dvorak and his famous son-in-law, Joseph Zuk, have won their "high places" in the temple of music by the force and purity of their genius. In Dvorak's creation named above he pays a wondrous tribute to America. The "new world's" plantation and creole melodies are weaved into the work with a magical hand. Little Bohemia has given to art a Dvorak and a Zuk; little Hungary has given a Liszt and a Goldmark; little Poland a Chopin and a Paderewski; little Denmark a Gade, and little Norway a Grieg; when will little Wales give to art its great exponent? Surely, he is coming, and he will weave into glorious suites, symphonic poems, and symphonies, the myths, legends and historic incidents that abound in the annals of his people.

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THE QUADRIMILLENNIAL EISTEDDFOD OF THE CYMRY.

By Rev. D. Phillips.

After the reading of the successful competitor's essay on the "Cymry before they came to Britain—the Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cimbri," a declamation was given by Ioan ab Iorwerth on King Arthur, the celebrated king of the Round Table, of whom so many have written in prose and verse, which was much admired and frequently applauded. At the close of the declamation a song was sung by the whole congregation standing, on the "Knighthood of the Cymry," which was enthusiastically rendered and enthusiastically applauded till the vast auditorium reverberated by music of the Middle Ages. In the evening the hall was again crowded to hear the first concert, which was given by the union choirs of the Principality, and was well worth attending, and sustained well the reputation of the world renowned choirs. It was indeed a feast of song worthy of the Eisteddfod.

On the second day of the Eisteddfod Prince Gwilym ab Llewelyn of Gwynedd was chosen President, and was greeted with loud applause. After a short but telling speech he presided with ease and dignity. When the chairman of the committee of arrangements had made some announcements, and an anthem had been rendered by choir from Glamorgan on the Cymry Hen, the conductor stepped to the front and spoke in substance as follows: "Mr. President and members of the Eisteddfod, the next subject before us according to the programme is 'The Cymry in Britain—the Briton.' On this subject 703 essays were received,, all of which were fairly written, and deserved the examination of the adjudicators, and some of which were well studied, well written, and well expressed. Two hundred of the essays would pass for good reading, and would delight countless readers. One hundred would be regarded superior compositions, and commend themselves to the considerations of intelligent minds. Twenty of them are in many respects superior to all the others and demanded more special examination. Five of them are superior to the others of the twenty, and deserved a third reading and more thorough examination. On the whole the committee came to the unanimous conclusion that Ifor of Gwent deserved the third prize; Cymro Mwyn the second prize, and Ioan Gwyn the first. (Great and continued applause). When the applause had subsided and the letters were opened it was found that A. ab Kimmer had won the first prize.

Following the reading of the essay which had won first prize on the "Cymry in Britain, the Britons," an anthem was rendered with great effect, and with much cheering on

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"Great Britain and the Great Britons." At the close of the anthem the subject before the Eisteddfod was "The Cymry in Wales—the Welsh." On this subject nearly a thousand competitors appeared on the arena, who were commended for their learning, erudition, acquaintance with the history, and skill in their expression of the theme; but in the language of the conductor "three came to the goal before all the others in their fullness of learning and force of utterance, and deserve the third, second and first prize These are Cymro Bach, Cymro Gwyllt, and "Least of All," and "Least of All" seems to have won the first prize. On breaking the seal and opening the letter it was found that "Least of All" was N. ab Cimber (loud applause and deafening cheers). When the cheering had subsided a declamation was given with great force and eloquence on Caractacus by Iolo ab Caradog of Mynwy, who was very much applauded. After the declamation came the closing of the morning session by a solo from Ieuan Gwynedd, who was frequently cheered and loudly applauded at the close.

The afternoon session opened by reading of the essay which had won the first prize on the subject "Cymru" (Wales). Over eight hundred had competed, and must have done their very best, for they were all highly commended, and the first prize was won by "Daniel Ddu," who turned out to be I. ab Gwalia. The next subject in order before the Eisteddfod was "Bywyd Cymreig," or Welsh life, on which 723 essays were written, and after considerable commendations were made, and some defects were pointed out, the first prize was awarded to "Dan ab Daniel," who proved to be I. ab Cymro. When silence had been obtained after the applause following the reading of the successful essay, the Eisteddfod was treated to a solo by Dewi Moragnwg on Prince Llewelyn, which was very much admired and heartily cheered. This was followed by reading of another essay, the best of 767, on "Yr Iaith Gymraeg," or the Welsh language, whose reading was listened to with great eagerness and loud demonstrations of approval. The successful contestant was E. ab Noah.

The evening session was devoted to a concert on Cymric music, which was grand. The third day of the Eisteddfod commenced by choosing the President of the day, and the choice fell on Hon. Iago ab Rhys, M. P., who made a worthy successor to the two who preceded him, and presided with dignity and dispatch. The first subject before the Eisteddfod, after the introductory remarks of the President, was a competitive essay on the "Poetry of the Cymry." Of these essays there had been received 463, which according to the adjudicators and conductors one hundred of them were of indifferent merit, one hundred of considerable commendation, one hundred very meritorious, and one hundred and sixty-three worthy of the first prize, but closer examination three of them lead the others, and must re-

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ceive the prize, and one of the three the first prize, who on opening the seal and reading the letter was to be D. ab Tawe (Great applause and prolonged cheering).

The next subject before the Eisteddfod was on "The Religion of the Ancient Britons, Druidism." 842 essays had come to hand, and most of them were judged to be very creditable; 200 were good and worthy of the author and the reading of the public, 54 stood conspicuous among all the rest, and three among the 54; and of the three one took the lead and won the first prize, who was P. ab Tawe (Applause and deafening clapping of hands). The next on the program was a contest between the choirs of North Wales and the choirs of South Wales on "Ancient Cymry," and the choirs of North Wales won the first prize, and then a contest between the same on "Modern Cymry," and the choirs of South Wales won the first prize. After both victories were declared, the vast auditorium rung with deafening applause. When silence had been secured, and the essay on the poets of the Cymry was read, the successful out of 378, and the usual cheering took place. The morning session closed by a song by Hugh Tegai on "Owen Glyndwr," which took the house by storm, and made him the hero of the hour.

The afternoon session commenced by the reading of the first prized essay on the music and musicians of the Cymry, vocal and instrumental. The essay was highly appreciated and loudly cheered. And at the close of the reading twelve harpist played, and twelve vocalists sang "Hail to the Cymry Past and Present," till the great audience took to their feet and cheered till they were hoarse. The next thing on the tapis was an essay on the "Religion of Modern Wales; Christianity." 999 essays had come to hand, all of which manifested more or less merit; but the first reading, 600 of them were debarred from the second reading; 390 were debarred from the third reading, and of the remaining three one was selected as the best and worthy of the first prize, and this one was discovered to be H. ab Morganwg (cheering). Next came "The Place of the Cymry among the Nations of the Earth in the Civilization and Christianization of the Race." On this subject only 63 essays had been received. Twenty of these were too circumscribed and too limited; twenty too clannish and partial as well as too superficial; and twenty understood and mastered the subject, and also wrote upon it with great skill and force. But the three lead the sixty and deserve the prize, and one of the three deserve the first prize as superior to all the rest, and the name of this one is S. ab Daniel (Prolonged applause).

In the evening musical contests were held between the choirs from the Welsh choirs and the American choirs on modern music, and also on ancient. When on ancient music the Welsh choirs won, and modern music the American choirs won. The contests were close and masterly, showing great drill and proficient in

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the art as well as in the spirit of the music they rendered so accurately and efficiently. According to the consensus of the audience the adjudications of the prizes were just and satisfactory. It was an evening long to be remembered, and as long to be praised. The vast multitude were besides themselves in their appreciation and enthusiasm. Cheer after cheer long and loud filled the place.

On the fourth day another new President presided over the Eisteddfod, Prince Albert ab Iorwerth of Carmarthenshire, who did his work and filled his office with success and efficiency. The first subject before the Eisteddfod was the reading of poems, or rather the successful one out of more than 700 contestants on the "Origin, Life and History of the Cymric Nations." It was a grand and a masterly production from the pen of the chief bard and archdruid Iolo Tawe (Great applause). Another contest followed on the Cymric language in 100 stanzas each. Out of the 432 poems which came to hand, one Caledfrin of Carnarvon was adjudicated the first prize amid tumultuous applause. The rest of the day session was devoted to reward the successful essayists, and chair the successful bards.

When all the successful competitors appeared on the platform, in the afternoon, to receive the awards, the vast audience was wild with enthusiasm, and could hardly contain itself. From fifteen to twenty thousand dollars were given in awards to the many successful competitors, beside the ivory and golden chairs in which the successful bards were seated and crowned with the laurel of their high degreee. And beside this with the degree of the Quadrimillennial Eisteddfod of the Cymric Nations, the highest in the power of the Cymry to bestow.

After awarding the prizes and chairing the bards congregational singing by the whole audience was the order, and in conclusion "God Save the—" and "My Country 'tis of Thee" were sung with pathos and power till the whole building echoed with the music. Thus closed and passed into history the most remarkable Eisteddfod within the knowledge of the Cymric nations.

CONVERSE WITH NATURE.

To sit on rocks; to muse o'er flood and fell;
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own no man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountan all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitidue; 'tis but to hold
Converse wth Nature's charms and view her stores unrolled.

Byron.

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The March number of "Cymru" is pleasant and edifying reading. "The History of Wales" by the Editor, O. M. Edwards, gives some facts regarding Welsh wool; then follow "Tomen Fendre;" "The Sunday Schools in Wales," an historical review by the Rev. T. Shankland, Rhyl; an entertaining chapter on "Tref a Phentref," an insight into old Welsh customs, by the Rev. T. J. Jones, M. A., Gelligaer; "Tax-Paying in the Times of our Forefathers;" "The Friends of Daniel Owen;" "The Llanbrynmair Literary Society;" "A View of Welsh History;" "St. David"; "Clwyd y Fagwyr;" Musical Number, "Rhymney;" words by J. B. Lodwick, music by Tom Price, Merthyr. "Cymru" is the most national and popular of our monthlies. It deserves general support, and should circulate among Welshmen in all parts of the world.

"Cwrs y Byd" thinks that the two great props of the liquor traffic in Britain are the family and Parliament. The majority of the members of Parliament think liberty and the saloon are synonymous. There is considerable talk about temperance, but actually it is mere something for children, and juvenile Christians. The Church of England, and the denominations have never frowned on the saloon. The Bishops to-day are planning some way of raising money to help poor curates; but they never mention the fact of their getting themselves from $60 to $75 a day. Many poor preachers are also in the same straits, while some of their more lucky brethren make a fine living without so much as remembering their poor, even poverty-stricken co-workers with Christ. These poor ones are more like their Master in this sense than those who live like lords. The chapels are so engrossed with collecting the minister's salary that the poor of the community never get any aid whatever.

"Y Cronicl," the organ of the Congregationalists in Wales, is pro-Boer. Every mishap to the British gives it extreme pleasure and it starts to crow with glee. It takes delight also in alluding to Britain under nicknames. This class of Britons should never forget that they have a quiet life of it under the protection of the Lion. They seem to be very ungrateful. They curse a power which has been their home for generations. "Y Cronicl" also informs us that the "Daily News," the English pro-Boer organ, has been sold out to George Cadbury of Birmingham for $680,000, who intends to sheldonize it. J. D. J. in "Notes from the South" also states that the new liquor and saloon law is being energetically applied in Glamorgan especially by the Stipendiary magistrate in Merthyr. We are in less need of laws than of executives.

"Y Drysorfa" for March opens with a paper "As we Were we Are," by Rev. J. J. Roberts, Portmadoc. The caption seems to be a fine definition of Welsh progress in religious matters. Our people are very conservative; they seem to believe that what they have in doctrine and church order is the best. They are unchangeable for the simple reason that they are not improveable. A change in creed suggests heresy; in church government, an-

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archy. The instinct of progress is weak. We are prone to boast of our unchangeableness. Then follow "Our Indebtedness to the Methodist Pulpit;" "Islwyn's Tempest;" Robert Roberts, Clynnog, and Daniel Jones, Liverpool; "The Rev. Joseph Thomas, Carno;" "The Llanidloes Association;" Monthly Notes, Reviews, &c., &c.

In "Monthly Notes," the Editor complains of the inexcusable delay, slowness and slovenishness in closing the work of the national collection for the benefit of the Connexion. The churches started the work with great enthusiasm, but they have slackened their pace, until they drag along now like snails. Then he points out that this is a national characteristic, namely great enthusiasm at the beginning of an undertaking followed by a damping, a cooling off into indifference.

The contents of the "Traethodydd" for March are "Beda and his Church History;" "Dr. John Caird and the Fundamental Principles of Christianity;" "Repentance," a review of the Davis' Lecture for 1900; "The Lesson of the Present War in South Africa;" "The Bishop of St. David's and Church Reform;" "The Atonement and Personality;" Reviews, Poems, &c.

--The article on "The lesson of the Boer War" is a recapitulation of all the multifarious charges against the British army and government without excepting the supposed horrible cruelties of the concentration camps. Mr. Eleazar Roberts, Hoylake, has written many bitter attacks on the British during the war, and in this article he continues to cudgel the British. Those who know all about South Africa and who take the correct view of the circumstances, confess that the concentration camps were a necessity. Captain Williams Wynn, in a recent speech at Llanfair, N. W., showed that one of three things had to be done, the Boers themselves made the first two impracticable, so the British had to adopt the third, which necessitated the concentration camps. There is no doubt but the government has done the best under the circumstances.

In the March "Cerddor" we find the impressions of C. Francis Lloyd, Mus. Bac. (Oxon) at the Morriston Eisteddfod regarding Welsh choral singing. Mr. Lloyd does not think the Welsh choirs are making the progress which has been so noticeable among the English choirs during recent years. "If choral singing is to make further substantial progress in Wales," he thinks, "greater attention must be bestowed upon the selection of conductors. A conductor should be an accomplished musician. When we think of it, it is really marvelous that Welsh choirs should have been brought to their present state of efficiency under conductors many of whom (with exceptions) have little or no real knowledge of the art or science of music. They have done good work in their way; but the time has come when more is required of them. They have the best material in the world to work upon, and by a wide range of study, they may make themselves worthy of the splendid material.

No. 69, in the Musicians Gallery, is Mr. C. Meudwy Davies, a native of Ynysmeudwy, Pontardawe. Mr. Davies is a musical leader of much experience, and has been recently appointed to conduct the United Temperance Choir, consisting of 5,000 voices, at the Crystal Palace this year. The musical number is "Not Unto Us," an anthem by T. G. Nicholas.

In the March number of the "Dysgedydd," one writes of a New Heaven and New Earth, based upon texts from the book of Revelation. Then follow other articles and discussions upon subjects pertaining to theology and religion. Our magazines are almost wholly

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given to religious subjects. In "Events of the Month," the Editor devotes some space to the subjects of the Bishop of Worcester, Disestablishment in Wales, and the Secession of Lord Rosebery and his followers. Anent the legal opinion regarding the installation of Canon Gore as Bishop of Worcester, the Editor says it is proof positive of the worldliness or the Erastianism of the Church of England. The Bishop is a mere official of the State. He is chosen, and installed and supported by the State. Then he proceeds to state that if the Welsh people want the Church disestablished, they will have to agitate, disturb the government by constant importunity. It must not allow the government to rest and neglect its duty to Wales. The late speech of William Jones, M. P., has shown plainly that the Church in Wales is an imposition on the people. Each argument for its continuation is a pretext and an excuse. It is not a national institution; therefore it has no right to State support and patronage. The Irish party stood bravely behind the Welsh resolution to cut the Church loose. An Erastian Church is a relic and a superstition.

"Yr Ymofynydd" is nothing if not rational and progressive. A series of articles has appeared of late under the caption, Why is it that people move on so slowly with everything pertaining to the Bible? In education, in secular knowledge and science they progress, but are conservative and stagnant in every thing Biblical. All the progress made in beliefs founded on Bible teaching is made in spite of themselves. It instances the way Rowland Williams lost his position as professor at Lampeter College for his connection with the "Essays and Reviews" in 1862. In 1864 the same college accepted volumes by Colenso; and of late Professor Wade has published a book which goes beyond the Essays, &c., in liberality of view regarding the Bible. Progress is still moving slowly.

"Y Geninen" for March has several excellent articles and papers. "The late Griffith Parry, D. D.," by the Revs. Evan Davies, John Owens and D. Lloyd Jones; "The late Very Rev. Dean Lewis;" "Thomas Lewis, Griffith Rees, Richard Bonner"—biographical sketches of much interest. "Gwyl Dewi" travels the oft-trodden path of the story of our Patron Saint. "The Life and Genius of Islwyn" is a readable article on the leading Welsh poet of modern times. Then follow other biographies of Ellis Wyn, the Rev. Thomas Davies, D. D., Dean Lewis, Archdeacon Griffiths, the Rev. W. Ryle Davies, Thomas Gee, Dr. Jenkin Lloyd and others. Watcyn Wyn writes entertainingly of Llew Llwyfo. "Ann Griffiths" is replete with interest to the reader of a religious turn of mind. Ann Griffiths was the especial product of the Welsh religious soil, and although illiterate, her spiritual hymns are very popular and have touched and comforted many a heart. This number is also rich in poems, and those four-lined peculiar effusions called "englyn-ion."

Islwyn like a good many more of the literary tribe was intended for a secular and more profitable career than preaching and producing poetry, but the awen led him away. He was apprenticed to mining and civil engineering, but preferred to mining thoughts and engineering verses and alliterative lines.

In "Yr Ymofynydd" there are several articles of much interest, viz. a sketch of the life and work of Rowland Williams, the celebrated Welsh divine. The other papers are "The Bible, Old and New;" "A Symposium;" "The Universalists and Unitarians;" "News of the Month;" "Capel Pantydefaid," &c., &c.

—"Nyth y Fran" furnishes an instructive sketch of noted Unitarians, con-

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cluding with reference to the Hall of Fame in New York, wherein 50 have been installed as the leading men of America. On the first ballot, the members of the selecting committee chose 29, the half almost of whom were Unitarians, viz., Daniel Webster, Thomas Jefferson, R. W. Emerson, H. W. Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Peter Cooper, Horace Mann, Joseph Story, John Adams and W. E. Channing, and four others who were in sympathy with Unitarianism and rationalism, Washington, Franklin, Lincoln and Henry W. Beecher. This reflects great honor upon Unitarianism in America.

"Cwrs y Byd" is every time a pronounced and consistent Socialist. Asks he "What means the words Our Father, which art in heaven," and "All ye are brothers," if the present order of things is right, where the many labor and sweat to support a few idlers? There is no brotherhood in that. "Cwrs" also condemns the superficial spirit among the laboring classes, who are not moved by a sense of duty but by a worldly sense of gain and material enjoyment. Many of them hardly ascend higher than the morals of tobacco and beer!

He commends the new temperance law which has come into force in England and Wales, whereby children are protected from the liquor fiend. No saloonkeeper is allowed to supply a child under 14 with intoxicants. "Cwrs" wants the limit raised to 80.

In "Yr Haul" for February, we find an interesting paper on our Patron Saint David. Articles and addresses on our Saint have become platitudes and oft-threshed straw, the same things and thoughts being repeated over and over, until they have become unreadbare and tiresome. But in the paper referred to we have something new with precious persons Considerable adoration is paid David among the Welsh on a certain day, March 1, or during the week, but it is mere lip-service and perfunctory ritual "Yr Haul" points out David's rare virtues and good qualities, and impresses on the readers the fact that true respect means cultivation of the Saint's life. It gives us also a new notion of David's round and complete character. He was not a mere Welshman talking the vernacular, but he had virtues which would bless the Welsh people to possess. He was temperate and abstenious in all things, and some claim that he was a total abstainer, and therefore a Patron Saint of the Teetotalers. As a patron of temperance and sobriety, he is entitled to more respect and honor than for the good fortune of being a Cymro. Could not we get our people to celebrate him as a sober and respectable man and follow him in that particular path? "Yr Haul" can see no reason in loudly celebrating the life of David, and withal neglecting to cultivate the simple and beautiful virtues and graces which he possessed.

"The Evangelist and Religious Review" is a new magazine issued by the Evangelical Publishing Co. of New York. It contains notes of general interest, taking in a wide field of information. The Religious Review presents the views of other papers, religious and secular, on all subjects of vital interest. This is a new departure in religious journalism, never before attempted, and of the highest importance.

One of the most interesting of the old books in the Cardiff Library is a copy of a work by the grave Judge David Jenkins of Llantrisant, dated 1648. Jenkins was a Judge of Grand Sessions in Wales, but was himself imprisoned because of the part he took in the trouble which led to the Civil War. He was incarcerated in Newgate for eight or ten years, and during this period wrote numerous pamphlets.

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SCIENTIFIC

The qualities of the English language illustrated in the noblest of all literatures, are patent to the world, indeed have earned for it from Jacob Grimm the title of "Welt sprache" (the world speech).

The reconciliation between the exclusive (or intolerant) and the hostile attitude is the historical attitude; and while the honor of having procured general recognition for this attitude belongs to the 19th century, its beginnings are to be found in the 18th,

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The Caucasian temperament: Ernest energetic and enterprising; steadfast, solid and stolid; outwardly reserved, thoughtfful and deeply religious; aesthetic sense highly, ethic slightly developed. All brave, imaginative, musical and richly endowed intellectually.

The Kelt is still a Kelt, mercurial, passionate, vehement, impulsive, more courteous than sincere, voluble or eloquent, fanciful, if not imaginative, quick-witted and brilliant rather than profound, elated with success but easily depressed, hence lacking in steadfastness. The Saxon also still remain a Saxon, stolid and solid, outwardly abrupt but warmhearted and true, haughty and even overbearing through an innate sense of superiority, yet at heart sympathetic and just; hence a ruler of man; seemingly dull or slow, yet pre-eminently in the realms of philosophy and imagination.

Among theories brought into prominence in modern times none has proved more fruitful in various directions than that of "evolution." First applied to natural sciences, it was extended to history and philosophy, and the attempt was made to determine the laws by which nations develop the powers peculiar to them, by which the varieties of human speech are produced, and by which the complicated machinery of modern society is brought into action.

Dr. Dalby declares that there are all kinds of Jews—brown, white and dark: Jews with black and with blue eyes; tall, short; concluding that there is, therefore, no longer any question of a Jewish race at all. Nevertheless certain marked characteristics—large hooked nose, prominent watery eyes, thick pendulous and almost everted under lip, rough, frizzly, lustreless hair are sufficiently general to be regarded as racial traits.—Keane.

Where was the Caucasic type constituted in all its essential features? No final answer can yet be given, but this much may be said that Africa, north of Soudan, corresponds best with all the known conditions. Here were found in quartenary times all the physical elements which zoologists demand for great specializations—ample space, a favorable climate, abundance of food, besides continuous land connection at two or three points across the Mediterranean, by which the pliocene and early pleistocene faunas moved freely between the two continents.—Keane.

According to Herder,, the history of the human race is a continuous chain of which the fortunes of single nations are the links. Through all the past, he sees a movement forward and upwards, and so the chain becomes for him "the golden chain of culture." "Since I have come to recognize thee,

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oh, golden chain of culture," he reclaims in a noble, albeit sentimental outburst, "that encirclest the world and reachest out through all individuals to the throne of Providence, history has ceased to be to me a horrible spectre of devastation on holy ground."

The origin of religion, so far as historical study can solve the problem, is to be sought in the bringing into play of man's power to obtain a perception of the Infinite through the impression which the multitudinous phenomena of the universe as a whole make upon him. The strength and the quality of this impression unite in suggesting to him at first, in a vague and dim way, that there is more in the universe than he can possibly take in with the help of the senses, that beyond what is visible and known to him, lies the vast field of the invisible and the unknown—in short that the finite streches out into the unbounded field of the Infinite. Rising still higher in the intellectual scale, he will at last recognize that there is but one power manifesting itself throughout the universe.—Jastrow.

The Christianity of to-morrow, the reformation of traditional Christianity, implies three elements; a disavowal, a return to the Messiah, a program. The three great churches of the Christian would need formally to disavow the Christianity of the past and wash their hands of the blood which stains them. Such a disavowal will be the starting point of a new work of evangelization. The return to Christ will be in some sort a fundamental taking up again of the Reformation by going back directly to the founder of Christianity. The Christianity of the gospel is more than a religion, it is a life. The idea of individual salvation is true but inadequate, for the individual cannot be saved alone, he is an integral part of humanity. The Messianic program implies an ethical reform based on this conception of human solidarity. The ideas of justice, liberty, pity, solidarity, which have found expression in the last one hundred and five years as never before, must receive new and forceful extension and development. The church must take its righteous place once more in regard to social questions and be able to say to socialists: It is not for us to come over to you, but for you to rise to our program of complete and universal liberation.—Monod.

I find it has been alleged, for example, that eating tomatoes is a cause of cancer; that the increased use of aerated waters is a cause of the disease; that an excess of salt used in the food is another cause, and that the increased use of meat is an additional cause. Regarding one and all these assertions it may be stated that for them there is not an iota or shadow of proof. One might with equal reason assert that eating cheese was a cause of cancer, as that consuming poatoes could give origin to the disease. All useless speculations of this kind should be decried for the reason that it is apt to engender fears of this or that food without the slightest cause or reason in the public mind, while it is only delaying or hindering, perchance, the public interest in what one may well wish for, namely, true scientific research into the cause of the disease.—Dr. Wilson.

The Roman soldiers, who built such wonderful roads and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm-hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet and regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onion and watermelon. The Smyrna

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porter eats only a little fruit and sour olives, yet he walks off with his load of one hundred pounds. The coolie, fed on rice, is more active and can endure more than the negro, fed on fat meat.—Scientific American.

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THE SYMPTOMS.

It is a curious thing that the curve for smallpox carried through the year shows that it rises above the average from January to June, and falls below the average from July to December. Therefore, the first six months of the year are practically those wherein we expect smallpox to be more frequently represented than in the latter six months. After infection the disease takes about 12 days for its incubation, that is, for the development within the body of the germs, the rash appearing usually upon the 15th day, and on the same day of the week in which the patient was infected. The early symptoms of smallpox consist of lassitude and weariness with headache and general disinclination for exertion.. But the distinctive signs of the disease are pains in the small of the back and vomiting. If any one has been exposed to infection, and these signs become apparent, it will be advisable for that person at once to be isolated from those who are well. It is perfectly possible these signs may not be those of smallpox because they may arise from other causes; but assuming that they are present in people who have any reason to believe that they have acquired infection they may at least be taken as strongly pointing to attack. The eruption in smallpox makes its first appearance on the forehead.

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WHERE SCIENCE BEATS NATURE.

The eye and the ear have long been regarded as marvels of mechanism, quite the most wonderful things in the world. But compared with the implements of a present-day laboratory, the sensitiveness of all human organs seem gross enough. A photographic plate, coupled with a telescope, will reveal the presence of millions of stars whose light does not affect the retina in the least. The microscope, with its revelations of the world of the infinitely small, tells us how crude, after all, is this most delicate of the senses. Indeed, we may liken it to a piano where only a slight octave, towards the middle, sounds. From the ultra violet to the lowest reaches of the spectrum is a range of some nine octaves of light fibrations, of which, save for our new mechanical senses, we should never have been conscious of but one.

The ear hears little of what is going on around us. By means of a microprone the tread of a fly sounds like the tramp of cavalry. Our heat sense is very vague; we need a variation of at least one-fifth of a degree on a thermometer to realize any difference in temperature. Prof. Langley's little barometer will note the difference of a millionth of a degree. It is two hundred thousand times as sensitive as our skin.—"Harper's Magazine."

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DIGESTION IN PLANTS.

It is of course well known to botanists that there is represented in plants an action which corresponds in its nature and results to that known as digestion in animals. In other words, plants convert the food upon which they exist into their own substance, and this is practically the end of digestion whether seen in the animal world or in the plant kingdom. But the plant approaches much nearer to the animal when we find it capturing insects for food and digesting them. Certain species of British plants exhibit this habit, the best known of these being the Sundews, which are found growing in most marshy districts. Then there is the Venus Fly Trap of North Carolina,

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which, like the Sundews, captures insects by means of its sensitive leaves and, enclosing them therein, digests them. The nature of the digestive process which goes on in the leaves of such plants forms an interesting scientific feature. It has usually been supposed that the fluid or secretion poured out upon the insects by the leaf corresponded in nature to the gastric juice by means of which our stomach digests the food over which it exercises its power. Recent observations, however, seem to show that the digestive fluid of the plants does not resemble the gastric juice so closely as it is allied to the sweet-bread juice of the animal body. This latter secretion digests all kinds of food, but it has one special princip.e called trypsin that acts on what we may call animal foods or nitrogenous articles. It is a substance allied to this trypsin which botanists now believe is poured out upon the insect prey of those plants which capture insects. It is a curious reflection that in such leaves there should be found a substance intimately connected with the process of digestion even in ourselves.

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EVOLUTION .

Evolution, as a general principle implies that all things in the universe as we see them have arisen from other things which preceded them by a process of modification, under the action of those all-pervading but mysterious agencies known to us as "natural forces," or more generally the "laws of nature." More particularly the term evolution implies that the process is an "unrolling" or "unfolding," derived probably from the way in which leaves and flowers are usually rolled up or crumpled up in the bud and grow into their perfect form by unrolling or unfolding. Insects in the pupa and vertebrates in the embryo exhibit a somewhat similar condition of folding, and the word is therefore very applicable to an extensive range of phenomena; but it must not be taken as universally applicable, since in the material world there are other modes of orderly change under natural laws to which the terms development or evolution are equally applicable. The "continuity" of physical phenomena as illustrated by the late Sir William Grove in 1866 has the same general meaning; but evolution implies more than mere continuity or succession —something like growth or definite change from form to form under the action of unchangeable laws.

The point especially to be noted here is, that evolution, even if it is essentually a true and complete theory of the universe, can explain only the existing conditions of nature by showing that it has been derived from some pre-existing condition through the action of known forces and laws. It may also show the high probability of a similar derivation from a still earlier condition; but the farther back we go the more uncertain must be our conclusions, while we can never make any real approach to the absolute beginnings of things. Herbert Spencer, and many other thinkers before him, have shown that if we try to realize the absolute nature of the simplest phenomena, we are inevitably landed either in a contradiction or in some unthinkable proposition. Thus, suppose we ask—Is matter infinitely divisible or is it not? If we say it is, we can not think it out, since all infinity, however it may be stated in words, is really unthinkable.—Wallace.

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If our homes were furnished with more character-building books, and less bric-a-brac and costly furniture, our children would get a much better start in life. To bring a child up in an atmosphere of books, to surround him with the works of great minds from his infancy, and lead him gradually to an appreciation of the works of the intellectual giants of the race, is equal to a liberal education.

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ST. DAVID CELEBRATIONS.

The eleventh annual Welsh festival was held in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on St. David's eve. There was a large congregation.

The Welsh Nonconformists of London had a service at the City Temple, where the Revs. D. Lloyd Jones, M. A., and W. S. Jones preached.

At Manchester the annual dinner was presided over by Dr Lloyd Roberts, and the speakers included Dr Emrys Jones, Principal Reichel (Bangor), and the Lord Mayor (Alderman Hoy).

The celebrations in Liverpool included a number of Welsh Church services. At one of these the preacher was the Rev. Edwin Jones, vicar of St. Mary's, Bangor, who deplored the effects of the policy for the Anglisation of the Welsh Church, and pleaded strongly for a return to the national view of the Church's work which existed in St. David's time.

The Abercarn male voice choir, which is composed almost exclusively of miners and tin-plate workers, journeyed to London, March 1, on the invitation of the Prince of Wales, and gave a concert at St. James's Palace, the King being among the delighted auditors.

Mr. W. Jones, M. P., presided at a Welsh national dinner in London on St. David's Day. The principal guest was Earl Carrington, who, in proposing the toast of "Wales," referred to the work of the Welsh Land Commission, of which he was chairman. Their proposal, he said, for the establishment of a Welsh land court had frightened many landlords, but as a landlord himself, whose entire income came out of the land, he had already adopted with satisfactory results the practice of independent arbitration in cases of dispute between himself and his tenants. To his own tenants he said in effect, "Farm as you like; shoot what you like; vote as you like; pray where you like." The other speakers included Mr. Herbert Lewis, M. P., and the President; and the latter suggested, among other things, the establishment of a Welsh national institute for London.

After an interval of about thirty years a successful St. David's Day celebration was held at Oswestry on Saturday. The celebration took the form of a banquet, which was served in excellent style by Mr. C. Drew at the Wynnstay Hotel. Over seventy sat down, and altogether a memorable time was spent. An excellent programme was arranged and gone through with credit, thanks to the energies of Messrs. W. T. Jones and R. E. Hughes, who were good enough to promote the feast. The toast list was appropriately illuminated, and displayed designs of the proposed Welsh standard, emblazoned with the red dragon, and also the Prince of Wales's new badge—a dragon passant, differenced with a label of three points argent. In accordance with the injunction printed at the head of the toast list, the

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speeches, which were all in English, were brief. The speeches were interspersed with a number of Welsh musical items, given by Mr. Albert Roberts, the Royal Welsh harpist, Mr. Madoc Roberts, harpist, Newtown, Mr. J. O. Roberts, and the Cambrian Quartet. The following was the musical programme: The National Anthem; "God Bless the Prince of Wales" (preceded by a few bars by the National Anthem); "March of the Men of Harlech;" solo and chorus, "Dewi Sant;" harp, selections of Welsh airs; glee, "Ti Wyddost Beth Ddywed fy Nghalon;" penillion singing, "Pen Rhaw;" quartet, "Llwyn Onn;" harp selections; solo, "Yr Ornest;" penillion singing, "Nos Galan;" finale, "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau"

St. David's Day was celebrated with unwonted enthusiasm throughout Wales. At Cardiff the annual banquet was held under the presidency of the Mayor (Mr. F. J. Beavan), and among those who spoke to the various toasts were Mr. E. Thomas (Cochfarf)), Dr J. Ll. Treharne, the Mayor, the Rev. J. R. Rees, Mr. Ivor James (registrar of the University of Wales), Mr. J. Austin Jenkins, Mr. T. Hurry Riches, the Rev. J. Morgan Jones, Mr. T. H. Thomas, Dr. James Mullin, Mr. Ivor Bowen, Mr. J. T. Richards, Mr. J. Edwards James, and Mr. E. Thomas.

The day was celebrated by the students of the Cardiff Intermediate School in truly patriotic style. Parents and friends were invited to join the scholars on the occasion of the festival, and a large number availed themselves of the opportunity. Principal E. H. Griffiths, who had promised to address the scholars, was unable to attend on account of illness. The Middle Division Dramatic Society gave an excellent rendering of scenes Shakespeare's "Henry V.," and addresses were delivered by Mr. J. J. Findlay, M. A., the headmaster of the school; Professor Tanner, of the University College; and Alderman Sanders, chairman of the board of governors.

The Swansea celebration took place on St. David's Day. The arrangements were this year in the capable hands of the newly-formed Welsh Society, of which Mr. D. Lleufer Thomas is president. The dinner was held at the Hotel Metropole, and the dining-room was decorated with Welsh mottos and the names of Welsh celebrities. The chief guest was Colonel Ivor Herbert, C.B., C.M.G., Lanarth Court, and there were also supporting the president at the cross-table Sir John Llewelyn, his Honor Judge Gwilym Williams, Sir Robert Morris, Bart., the Rev. Poole Hughes (warden of Llandovery), Mr. Grif. Thomas (high-sheriff and mayor), the Hon. Oto Vivian, and others. The proceedings were most enthusiastic. The president was happy and eloquent in the various preliminary toasts entrusted to him—"The Cause, the Immortal Memory of St. David, the well-known Bard Penar," introducing the subject, one of his best points being when he remarked that the sixth century, in which Dewi was born, treated him as very human and very simple, and it was left to the imagination of the twelfth century to transform him into a saint. His nobility of character entitled him, however, to the honor, which would continue as long as the Welsh language was spoken.

Welshmen of all denominations gathered together at Llandaff Cathedral on Monday evening, March 3, to do honor to the patron saint of Wales. The musical portion of the festival was a feature of the evening A carefully-trained choir of about 300 voices, comprising choirs from Cardiff, Aberdare, Mountain Ash, Rhymney, Cwmavon, Coity,, Llanvabon, and other parts of the diocese, was mustered together and under the able conductorship of Mr. John Price, of Rhymney, rendered a programme of hymns and anthems with

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pathos and feeling. Mr. G. G. Beale, Mus. Bac., the cathedral organist, presided at the organ. The Bishop of Llandaff attended, in company with the Revs. Canon Skrimshire and Canon Roberts. The Rev. D. Banke-Williams preached an eloquent sermon in Welsh.

The students of Trevecca College, Talgarth, held a soiree at the Town Hall, Talgarth, on St. David's eve. The hall was gratuitously and tastefuly decorated by Messrs Ben Evans and Co. of Swansea. The catering was successfully carried out to the satisfaction of all present by Miss S. A. Morgan, Talgarth. The visitors and students having been received by the chairman (Mr. D. J. Williams, B. A.), who delivered a short address, the company listened to the reading of an ode specially composed for the occasion by one of the students, Mr. William Adams. The chairman having welcomed the delegates from the sister colleges of Bala, Aberystwyth and Cardiff, they expressed the greetings of their respective colleges. Mr. Daniel Davies speaking for Aberystwyth, Mr. W. T. Ellis, B. A., for Bala, and Mr. Gwilym Williams for Cardiff. Other items on the programme were the rendering of two glees by the Trevecca Male Voice Party, under the leadership of Mr. Ivor Jenkins; recitations by Messrs. S. O. Morgan, B. A., Talog Davies, and R. R. Davies, and songs by Messrs. Ivor Jenkins, Ed. Price, Allan Phillips (Bronllys), — Dixon, B. A. (Oxford), and Alec. Cameron (Aberdare).

The annual St. David's Day dinner was held at the Talbot Hotel, Aberystwyth, on St. David's Eve, when the mayor (Councillor R. J. Jones) presided, and Dr. T. D. Harries, J. P., occupied the vice chair. Included in the list of guests was Mr. Woodall, brother of the late Mr. Woodall, M. P. The toast to the immortal memory of St. David was given by the Rev. George Eyre Evans, of Aberystwyth. He had been told, he said, it was impossible to say anything new about St. David. He believed that the national saint first saw the light of day on the coast of that bay and between the towns of Aberystwyth and Aberayron, and, probably, they could go so far as to say that it took place at Llanon, named after St. Onn ,the mother of Dewi Sant.

On St. David's Eve a soiree was held at the University College, Aberystwyth. A reception was held in the quadrangle, and later there were speeches by the following delegates: Cardiff College, Mr. J. M. Judd; Bangor College, Mr. W. Griffith, B. A.; O. S. A., Cambridge, Mr. T. C. James, B. Sc.; and O. S. A., Oxford, Mr. Wordsworth, B. A. Following this was performed the operetta, "Breaking the Spell." A miscellaneous programme was performed in the examination hall and the library, and at 10 o'clock the farcical comedy "Fortune's Toy" was performed by the students. Between the acts a new college song was rendered, and the proceedings closed with the singing of "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau."

At the New York St. David's Banquet the guests ate a good many strange things as the following "Bwydres" state, but no cases of serious sickness have as yet been reported: Wystrys Tre'r Penfras, Twym-Gawl, Iar-Gywion Gwynedd, Seigfwyd Dewi Sant, Hifiedig Fecryll Ysbaen, Chwerwddwrlys,Oengig, Gwanwyn gyda Blesyn Mintys, Blaendarddiaid Belgia, Cloron Cynar, Pesg-Gywion gyda Phys Gleision. They finished with "Grawndrwyth a Llefrith," which must be a nerve-tonic.

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A highly successful celebration was held in the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen, on St. David's Eve. Principal Evans, who was responsible for the holding of the gathering, and to whom the chief credit for the success of the evening is due, entertained the students at tea, along with a number of ladies and gentlemen belonging to the town and neighborhood. After tea the proceedings were conducted mainly in Welsh, with some portions of the speeches in English, for the benefit of the English guests. Sir Lewis Morris testified that the character of St. David could stand critical examination, and emerge therefrom satisfactorily, which was more than could be truly said of the parton saints of some other countries—St. George of England, for example. In an address which was received with much enthusiasm, Sir Lewis dwelt on the revival of the national sentiment in recent years, and its healthy reaction on progressive national education. A discourse on the life of St. David was delivered by the Rev. David Evans, of Blaenconnin, and proved to be both entertaining and instructive. Other speakers included the principal, Professors Jones, Keri Evans, and Weatherall, the Revs. A. Fuller Mills, D. J. Thomas, and Owen Davies. Several contributions to the biography of St. David was offered during the course of the evening, which seem to have escaped the notice of the historians of his period. The students contributed musical items, and some complimentary penillion composed and recited by "Dewi Gwendraeth" (who is the senior student of the college) met with a great reception.

A genuine old-fashioned observance of St. David's day, was the banquet and concert held in the Tabernacle Congregational Church, Scranton, Pa., which was enjoyed by upwards of one thousand persons Saturday evening. The public reception began at 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon and continued until nearly midnight, and during that time supper was served continuously in the lecture room of the church. At 8 o'clock standing room only was available. The supper provided was up to the usual standard maintained by the dalies of the church.

The evening session was presided over by Hugh A. Jones, who made a short address. The speakers of the evening were George W. Bowen, of North Scranton, and Rev. D. P. Jones, of West Scranton. The vocal numbers were acceptably rendered by Thomas Abrams, Mrs. Fannie J. Evans, Mrs. Frank Brundage and John W. Jones.

The sixty-seventh annual dinner of St. David's Society of the State of New York was given at the Hotel Savoy, Monday evening, March 3, 1902. The gathering was honored by the presence of about 200 male and female admirers of ancient Dewi Sant. The duoglott cooking, the eloquent speaking, the beautiful singing, the friendly greetings, and the family mingling made the occasion a specially delightful affair. The chairman and toast-master was Julien T. Davies, President of the Society, who in his opening address referred to the growing friendship between Germany and this country, and especially between this country and Great Britain. Recent events here, he said,led him to think that th renewal of the ancient friendship between Germany and America was a result of the growing interest of Great Britain toward this country. He spoke of President Roosevelt as measuring up to the highest standard of integrity and ability. Referring to St. David's Society he declared his special pride and pleasure in the steady growth of its permanent fund, it successful works of benevolence, its corps of faithful and efficient officers, its high social standing in the community, and its excellent status among its sister societies in New York

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City. Then followed interesting addresses by Major General Brooke, in response to the toast "The Army;" Rev. Percy S. Grant, "St. David's Day;" Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, "The Land of our Fathers;" Dr. E. L. R. Gould," "The Land we Live in;" Gen. Geo. G. Harries, "The Welshman as a Soldier."

A resolution of sympathy with ex-President Noah Davis in his long-continued illness was unanimously adopted. The menu consisted of a handsome pamphlet of 28 pages, containing a brief history of the Society, 7 pages of half-tone photos, of past and present officers; 7 pages of Welsh music, list of the toasts and speakers, bill of fare in Welsh and English, bound in red dragon cover. Copies of same will be mailed to any address on receipt of stamps, 25 cents each number.

The annual meeting of the N. Y. St. David's Society was held on Monday evening, 17th inst., when favorable reports were received from the several officers and standing committees. The following names were elected officers of the society for the ensuing year, viz., President, Hon. Thomas L. James; First Vice President, Mornay Williams; Second Vice President, Richard V. Lewis; Treasurer, Henry J. Roberts; Rec. Sec. (16th year), Josiah D. Evans; Cor. Sec., Henry Blackwell; Counsel, Julien T. Davies, Jr.; Chaplain, Rev. Anthony H. Evans, D. D.; physician, William G. Eynon, M. D.; two directors to serve for three years, from March 17th, 1902, Warren A. James, M. D., John T. Davies; Stewards, James H. Roberts, Geo. Morgan Lewis, Thomas D. Bowen, A. Vaughan, J. Bradley James. The President, Julien T. Davies, emphasized his retirement from office, by the generous contribution of five hundred dollars ($500) in aid of the permanent fund of the Society, which now amounts to the sum of $11,000.00, and its total assets to nearly $15,000.00.

The members of the Robert Morris Cambro-American society of Scranton, Pa., inaugurated a new era in their history Saturday evening by launching out as a full-fledged Cambro-American Society, breaking away from the formalities of an organization of the Order of American True Ivorites, with which they have been identified since their inception. The purposes of the society now is to promote sociability among its members, and annually celebrate the anniversary of St. David on March 1. The first annual was conducted in their own rooms along informal lines, and proved to be a jolly affair. The programme was "Eat, drink and be merry." The first part was a big roast, with other seasonable delicacies; the second part was transformed into a "smoke talk," and the third part resolved itself into a period of singing, speechmaking and other diversions. John H. Phillips presided over the post-prandial exercises, and short talks were given by W. Gaylord Thomas, E. E. Robathan, David J. Davis and others.

The Cymrodorion Society of Boston celebrated its tenth anniversary on St. David's Day, by holding a banquet at Tremont Temple. The celebration was in every respect a great success. The weather was fine, the attendance was large, the supper was good, the singing excellent, and the speaking decidedly above the average and warmly applauded. One of the features of the evening, giving rise to not a little discussion at the banquet board, and subsequently on the part of the press, was the unique tasty and genuinely Welsh "Menu." It proved to be to those present, and able to read it, a fair forerunner of the food that followed. The last thing on the supper part of the programme was "Te yr Hen Wlad," and the first on the entertainment part was of course the singig of "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau.' The music was furnished by Mrs. R. H. Evans. Dr. Watkins, W. Griffiths and the Dana Quartette. The toasts were ably re-

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sponded to by prominent citizens. Unfortunately President W. B. Jones was compelled to be absent, and his place was filled by Past President Pryce T. Edwards. Rev. J. Wynne Jones, who was the efficient toastmaster made a capital speech on "Wales," and the Rev. Daniel Evans spoke very ably on "The Country we Live In." One of the most eloquent speeches of the evening was that delievered by Major George S. Evans, Post Office Inspector in charge, who responded to the toast "The Presidents of the United States." He referred feelingly to the fact that he had stood by the bedside of each of the nation's martyred Presidents. In speaking of his long friendship with great admiration for, and deep sense of loss at the death of William McKinley, he brought tears to the eyes of many. He also spoke in terms of great confidence in President Roosevelt, whom he characterize as a gentleman, a soldier, a scholar, and an American citizen of the noblest type.—D. L. E.

"Cymru am Byth" was the national sentiment in Winnipeg, Canada, among Welsh and others, and this motto, when translated into the common Anglo-Saxon speech, means "Wales Forever." The natives of the gallant and ancient little principality were "Galon wrth Galon," or "Heart With Heart," on the occasion of the second annual celebration held by St. David's Society of the day of the Welsh patron saint, St. David. The celebration this year took the form of a banquet and concert in the Sons of England hall, and there were several hundred enthusiastic Welsh people present to venerate the name of their saint, and to rehearse the glories of their race, and listen to their national songs in the Welsh language. The banquet lasted from 6:30 until 8 o'clock, and at 8:30 the musical entertainment commenced. The president of St. David's society, Mr. J. J. Roberts, occupied the chair, and made a few opening remarks, after which the hon. president, Mr. H. M. Howell, K.C., delievered an eloquent address. Following Mr. Howell's remarks Miss L. Sweatman and Miss J. Polson gave a pianofort duet from Il Trovatore. A song by Mr. R. Hamilton followed this, and Miss S. A. Hordal sang "My Dream," and was enthusiastically encored.

Ald. J. Russell represented St. Andrew's society, and in a few general remarks, spoke of the Welsh people as one of the units of the Great British Empire, and saw no reason why the different branches of the British family should not meet to keep up the traditions of their different races on occasions of this kind.

Mr. J. L. Broughton, of the Sons of England, congratulated the members of St. David's society on the magnificent success which attended the celebration of their second anniversary. The Sons of England had a very warm regard for Welshmen, and there were many of them in their co-fraternity, and these were amongst the best members. Of course, neither the Welsh nor the Scotch were ever conquered, and neither were the English, but an Englishman did not need to blow his own horn.

Mr. Chas. E. Dingle sang "Polly," and the next on the programme was Mrs. Coates-Brown, who gave De Koven's "Only in Dreams." Then Mr. Rhys Thomas gave a song in English, "The Warrior."

THE AMERICAN GIRL, N. Nelson, Chicago, Ill.—Dr. H. Emery Jones, of Racine, is the son of the well-known poet Garmonydd, and has inherited the poetical and the musical awen. The latest from his pen is "The American Girl," to words by himself. It is extermely complimentary to the American girl, who beats all girls on earth. The melody and accompaniment is simple and easy, but it evidently has the ring of popular music.

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PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

DAVID THOMAS (LLEW BOWYDD).

Sunday morning, February 2, 1902, David Thomas, known by his assumed name "Llew Bowydd" passed away at his home in Fair Haven, Vt., to the sorrow of a large circle of friends and admirers. Mr. Thomas had been a strong hale man, but the ravages of that pitiless foe of men, consumption, reduced him greatly before death appeared to move him from amongst those dear to him. He was of that serviceable class of Welsh singers and musicians who after cultivating their natural talents under great difficulties, devote their simple but earnest ability to the service of their neighbors around them—chiefly in the service of religion. Mr. Thomas represented the best among this class, and had ingratiated himself into the hearts of a large circle of fellowmen.

He was a native of Corwen, Merionethshire, but when very young moved to Penygroes, Llanllyfni, and subsequently to Festiniog, where he became known as a singer and musical amateur. He became also a successful and promising choirmaster, and was elected leader of the singing at the Garegddu Church, Festiniog. He became very popular among the music-loving community and helped to improve local music greatly.

David Thomas.

Mr. Thomas came from a musical stock—the Rev. Hugh Davies, Garth, Rhiwabon, being his uncle, and a brother of his, William G. Thomas, was lead-

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er of the excellent brass band of Oakley. About 20 years ago he emigrated to this country, settling in Fair Haven, Vt., where he gave himself heart and soul to the service of local music, and was soon chosen choirmaster at the M. C. church. He was leader also of the Tanymarian Glee Club. He even ventured into musical composition, and wrote some very melodious and sweet pieces, viz.., "Come to the Mountains," and "The Day and Night," a popular duet; and he acted as judge a. Welsh Eisteddfodau and musical contests.

Mr. Thomas was above all a good and Christian man, devoting his natural talents not to his own pecuniary profit and self-aggrandisement, but to the higher service of God and man, which elevated him in the sight of his fellows. He was a deacon of the Welsh M. C. Church, and a worker in the best Christian sense. He was a good man, a valuable citizen, an earnest Christian, a peaceable neighbor, a zealous Ivorite, a lover of Welsh literature and music, and a kind husband and father, and his loss was mourned by many besides his family and his intimate friends. The following Tuesday, his mortal remains were laid to rest in the Cedar Grove Cemetery, in the presence of the members of the Ivorite Lodge, his sorrowing neighbors, friends, and admirers, the Revs. E. P. Thomas, E. D. Humphrey and D. L. Williams officiating. He left a widow and a son, also a sister, Mrs. Margaret Davies, Tanygrisiau, Festiniog, N. W.

Rev. and Mrs. John D. Davies.

THE REV. AND MRS. JOHN D. DAVIES, WALES, WIS.

By Evan G. Davies.

July 9, 1901, in Wales, Wis., at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Sarah Phillips, the Rev. John D. Davies and wife Mary, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Mr. Davies's occupation for the past forty-six years has been that of minister of the gospel with the Welsh Congregational Church. During these years of faithful and successful service in the Master's work he has held pastorates at Rosendale (near Oshkosh), Wis., for 13 years, at

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which place he war ordained in the year 1856. From Rosendale he was called to the churches at Dodgeville and Barneveld, where he remained for twenty years, and through all these years he preached the gospel with zeal and determination to do justice to his high and noble calling.

Leaving Dodgeville in the year 1889, he accepted a call to Spring Green, Wis., where he remained for ten years, up to the death of the late Rev. Samuel Phillips, who was then pastor of the Tabernacle Congregational Church at this place, and whose vacancy he has filled since the year 1899.

Mr. Davies was born in New Quay, Cardiganshire, South Wales, April 24th, in the year 1822, remaining upon a farm until at an age to attend college, when he left home for Hanover, where he attended school preparatory to his high calling. In the year 1850 he immigrated to the United States, remaining in New York for some time, where it was his pleasure to meet a Miss Mary Davies of Towanda, Pa., to whom he was married at New York City on the 7th day of July in the year 1851. Mrs. Davies is now 77 years old, being born in Swansea, Glamorgan, South Wales, October 30th, in the year 1823. Ten years later her parents determined to immigrate to America, coming here in the year 1834, and establishing themselves upon a farm near Towanda, Pa.

Mrs. Davies comes from an eminent family, she being a sister of William T. Davies, formerly a Lieutenant Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, and now a prominent lawyer of the city of Towanda. She has also a brother, Rees Davies, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., who ranks with the highest in the medical profession.

Mr. and Mrs. Davies had six children born to them, five of whom are living, while one, Jane E., died while in the East in the year 1873. The living are: Mrs. Sarah Phillips of Wales, Wis., wife of the late Rev. Samuel Phillips; Miss Catherine M., a trained nurse of Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John Howard, an architect of Victor, Col.; Mr. Jenkin W., a physician of White Hall, Montana; and Mrs. William Irwin, of Chicago, Ill.

This golden wedding anniversary proved a means of reuniting a scattered family, and of bringing together a large number of friends, who brought with them many appropriate gifts for the occasion. The evening was enjoyably spent, and the ties which bound so many friends to Mr. and Mrs. Davies previously were made still stronger by the amiable manner in which the guests were treated, which has been a characteristic of Mr. and Mrs. Davies throughout their lives. At their advanced age, both are enjoying the best of health, and so many it thus be to them that

As their journey now they're ending
May their days be bright and clear;
And when they're called to the eternal
May they find all joy, no tear.
May the unity they've witnessed
While within this world of fear,
Still be theirs through countless ages
Safe in Him, who holds them dear.

—Evan G. Davies, Wales, Wis.

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C. Will Day, Director of the Oakland City (Ind.) Conservatory of Music, is a native of Ashley, Pa., and formerly studied under Dr. D. J. J. Mason and Prof. Carl F. Schmidt of Wilkesbarre, Pa. In the fall of 1891 he entered the Royal Conservatory of Music at Leipsic, Germany, where he pursued his studies under such masters as Schreck, Jadassohn, Paul, Becker and Weidenbach; receiving instruction in voice culture and singing under Frau Ress For some time he was teacher at the Knox Conservatory of Music, Galesburg, Ill., and Director of Conservatory of Music at New South Lyme, O.

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THE SOLDIER SAINT OF WALES.

The story's told in Wales that many centuries since
There lived a man who was, in Church and State, a prince,
For royal blood coursed through his veins, without a taint;
A bishop bred and, trained to arms, a soldier saint.
He labored for the Cross; and, like the Nazarene,
No gentler nature on the earth was ever seen.
He taught the ways of peace; but, girdled to his girth,
A sheathed sword was always ready to spring forth
To guard the honor of his land from stranger stain,
For country's call on him was never made in vain.
In prompt response, he clad his cossacked form in mail;
The miter changed for helmet at the altar's rail.
This soldier saint then sallied forth to meet the foe,
A leader on the field of strife and death and woe—
The foremost there, as well as at the throne of grace—
The grandest warrior of his time and of his race!
And so through life this gifted man forever strove
To teach the sacred truths of loyalty and love—
The love of land and race, of justice and of right,
Of worldly honor and of spiritual light.
And, then, the legend goes, the hated Saxon host
Across the border swept, intent (such was its boast)
On rapine and on conquest of the verdant vales
Which lay serenely 'tween the rugged peaks of Wales.
The clarion call "To arms" rang clear throughout the land,
And signal fires, from Severn's banks to Pembroke's strand,
In lurid tongues of lambent flame, flared on each height—
The danger sign of war illuminating night!
And Gwalia's sons were gathered ready in the morn
To crush the Saxon's pride and arrogance and scorn
And boastful threat into humiliation deep,
And turn his waking dream of conquest into eternal sleep!
The standard of the soldier-bishop led the way!
Each man was eager as his comrade for the fray!
And in each Welshman's helmet there was placed a leek
So that, in hour of strife, when none dared halt to speak,
A friend might be distinguished from the Saxon foe
And every man his rightful company would know.
Then came the clash of arms; the flow of blood; the rout
And flight of Saxon, and the Cymric victor's shout!
The soldier-bishop thus his race and country freed
And saved from falling victim to the Saxon's greed.
In that eventful hour, three things for Wales arose:
An emblem, ranking with the thistle, shamrock and the rose;
A Patron Saint of val'rous deeds and pious voice;
A special day on which the nation may rejoice.
Since then no loyal Welshman e'er forgets, they say,
To honor and revere St. David and St. David's Day.

San Francisco, March 1, 1902. Taliesin Evans (Talo Eifion).

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Original and Selected Miscellany.

Susie E. Jenkins, twenty years old, of Philadelphia, says: "I have seen nearly all the funny shows that have come to Philadelphia in recent years, and not one of them could make me laugh. My mother has often tried to make me laugh by tickling me, but even that won't work. Ever since I can remember people have been telling me funny stories and cutting up all sorts of capers in the hope that I could be induced to smile; but all their efforts have been in vain. No; I have never consulted a doctor about it for I have always enjoyed perfect health. I want to exhibit myself in public, and offer a prize to any one who can make me laugh. It must be a queer sensation."

It was the young daughter of an East Side saloon-keeper, innocent of any theories about "Sunday opening," but perfectly familiar with the practice. She was in her class in the mission Sunday School, and in the course of the catechism "quiz," the question came to her.

"Who made the world?"

"God did," was her prompt answer. "He made the world in six days, and was arrested on the seventh."—N. Y. Post.

The Editor of "Cymru" states that the literary spirit in Wales is stronger than ever. It is gradually taking possession of the whole people, working them up to a higher standard of life. With this higher education and a more liberal mental discipline, the old popular forms of sectarianism and bigotry will be undermined and weakened before its final disappearance from the Principality. This new life will bless Wales more graciously than any dreams of independence which have charmed a class of the Welsh people throughout the ages. In spite of every opposition on the part of those who are controlled by their ignorance and dislike of progress, this new life, this revivifying spirit will continue to perform its work to elevate our people in Wales.

The "Letters of J. R. Green," the historian, which have been just issued in book form by Messrs. Macmillan under the editorship of Mr. Leslie Stephen, contain a great number of references to Wales and to Welshmen. The allusions are not always favorable, for Green was not happy among the Welshmen of Jesus College. In one passage he reproaches the Welshmen of the College for "the false shame with which Jesus men often regarded their country," and he urges them to "investigate Welsh history, language, and literature." Green's great friends at Jesus were Boyd Dawkins and Trevor Owen. The former is, of course, Professor Boyd Dawkins, and the other is Canon Trevor Owen, F.S.A., vicar of Bodelwyddan, and North Wales secretary of the Cambrian Archaeological Associatio. In one letter Green writes: "I have just had two charming letters, one from Trevor Owen, who has deferred his M. A. till next term in order that he may take it with me, which delights me." The letters are in the delightful style of the author of the "History of the English People."

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

May.

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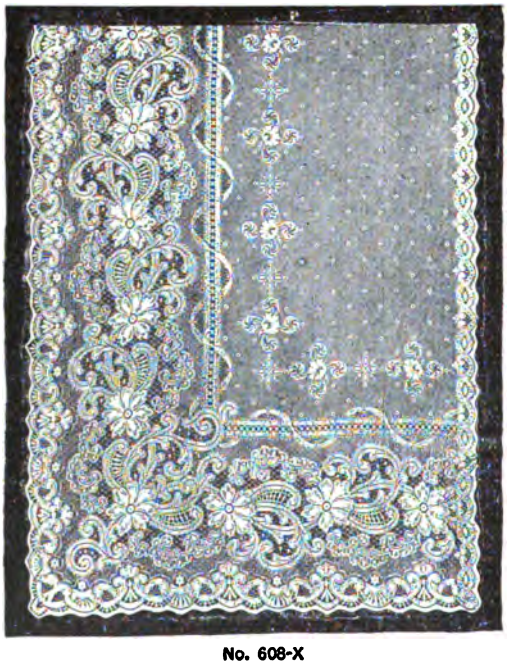

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THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL XXII. MAY, 1902. No. 5.

EDWARD LLWYD'S VISION.

By Tom Edmunds, Poultney, Vt.

CHAP. I.

Edward Llwyd was a well-to-do sheep raiser, whose fleecy flocks, each creature bearing the branded letter "Ll" as mark of ownership, were more numerous than those of any other owner on the Berwyn slopes. Physically, he was a fine specimen of noble manhood; tall, well-proportioned and healthy. His deportment would become any official from a policeman to a courtier, carrying himself erect and proudly; his regular features were splendidly marked off with a large intelligent forehead and a pair of keen, scrutinizing grey eyes. He wore a full beard, slightly turning grey, which helped to give him that unmistakable look of commanding superiority.

In his own neighborhood he was considered rich, and in surrounding towns he was counted as a strictly honest and prosperous dealer, and a close bargainer of means and ability. His home, which had been the home of his fathers for generations, was a beautiful freehold estate on the banks of the old river Dee, so closely connected with Welsh song and story. The house, which he had rebuilt, was a pretty and substantial building of grey-stone, nicely set off with smooth lawns and neatly trimmed boxwood hedges. Standing on a slight elevation above the winding river, it was truly one of those "bosom scenes" which we so love to cherish in the memory; one of those spots forever associated in the mind with peace and restfulness. Its interior was fully as neat as its exterior and surroundings, but there was an inexplainable something in the very atmosphere of its rooms which spoke of a great vacancy; the forced absence of someone that was positively necessary before Home love and comfort would reign there supreme.

The absent one was the only child of the household; a bright, intelligent and loving young man of twenty-two, the universal favorite of the neighborhood who had incurred his father's displeasure and anger, and after finding things unbearable with stormy interviews, threats and scoldings had turned his back upon the

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old home, and entered upon the sea of life, leaving his whereabouts unknown to his parents.

Although Edward Llwyd was a well known business man and a citizen of considerable civic importance, his true greatness was to be found in religious matters. His chief pride was the success and growth of the Calvinistic Methodist Church of Wales; his life's labor was theology. He was one of those rare Welshmen (for they do exist) that have made the great mistake of placing a thorough and learned knowledge of the Scriptures as the guiding light of a Christian life, and that far more essential struggle of endeavoring to emulate the divine Saviour and his pure teachings as a secondary matter. By this we do not mean to say that Edward Llwyd was faulty from the standpoint of a practical Christian life; far from it. He always led an exemplary life of honest integrity, accusing the foibles and sins of the day with the boldness of a man that was far above their unhallowed reach.

At the age of sixty, we find him a deacon of twenty-five years standing in the Methodist church of his native village, and although not looked upon with that warm, hearty reverence due to a father in Israel still he commanded an awed respect from all who knew him. A strict disciplinarian, he had been known times and times again to over-rule even the respected pastor in cases of discipline and punishment; and culprits, which were few and far between in that quiet pastoral district, when placed before that tribunal where Edward Llwyd held sway, scarcely could be said to bow their heads under honest repentance, but rather under the withering sarcasm and denunciations of this zealous man. In the vestry room, the "seiat" and sessions, while denouncing intemperance and other evils, he was fond of alluding to himself as a Nazarene, and while condemning the weaknesses of others, he would often boast of his own clean record and his strength to withstand temptations, with a pride that bordered on arrogance; and strange to say, during his long term of deaconship, he had rarely been accused or criticized by his fellow officers for this undue harshness while dealing with transgressors One incident of this kind happened when little Mary Jones, a domestic in one of the neighboring farms had slipped from the paths of virtue, had been excommunicated and was returning on a mid-week "seiat" night, an appealing penitent to seek an humble corner in the fold Among the more generous and tender-hearted there was joy caused by her returning, and a friendly welcome was extended to her by those that spoke on the occasion.

The kind old pastor spoke words of consolation and encouragement to her, and one or two of the older men cheered the shame-stricken little body in such a delicate way that no one unacquainted with her miserable story could guess what had caused her excommunication; but when Edward Llwyd arose from his

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seat, and advanced slowly toward the back pew occupied by the trembling girl every heart in the edifice was beating with trepidation, and pity for the poor penitent, who, as they all knew, was to undergo once more the full remorse of the bitter cup that she had already drunk to the dregs. With his customary "Well!" he asked her a few leading questions, and pitching his discourse in a key that would give him ample play for a grand crescendo, he pitilessly began to probe her wounded feelings, ending by holding her up as a glaring example of fallen virtue, he left her in a state of mind where angry shame prevailed over humble penitence. But on the way homeward that night his censuring harshness was to be reviewed for the first time in his life and that by one whom he never dreamed of as sufficiently daring to undertake such a task.

Wmphra Huws, his head shepherd, also one of his fellow-deacons, approached him at the church door, and clung to his side until they reached the highway, telling him he would walk over with him if he was willing; his company was welcomed under the belief that some directions concerning the flocks were wanting. But as soon as they had left the group of home-goers, the above mentioned subject was timidly broached by Wmphra, who felt his boldness already deserting him. Edward Llwyd turned upon his would-be censurer with the abrupt question,

"Did you find any faults with the words I spoke to her or concerning her?" Whereupon the shepherd's Celtic blood was up, and eloquence came to him who had always been so brief and clumsy of speech, and his flowing words of warning and advice quite astounded his haughty master. They parted with a very curt "Good night!" the one to resume his journey in amazement at the audacity of his shepherd, and the other to wend his solitary way to his mountain home in exciting reflections as to what he had said and what it would result in concerning himself. He could, as if recalling the details of an uneasy dream, remember alluding to his employer's soul as dwarfed and crippled by bigotry and meanness misunderstood; and strange to say, this same allusion, although not taken deeply to heart at the time, was to come back with tenfold force upon Edward Llwyd at a future day, and the cunning character-reading of this humble mountaineer was to be repeated as the means of bringing him down to the very dust from his high pedestal of pride and self-conceit.

Very popular in the pastoral regions are the exhibitions of trained shepherd dogs, where the skill and sagacity of highly-trained dogs are displayed before throngs of interested spectators. In a large field, usually the field where holiday festivities are held, a small, temporary fold is built, where two or three sheep are confined. The enclosure stands on that part of the field most favorable to the view of lookers-on; and if we have hills for background, all the

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better. At a given signal the sheep are released, and at once make for the hills; but when they have covered about a quarter of a mile of ground one of the competitive dogs (for it is a prize test) is commanded by his master to bring them back. Off starts the faithful servant of man at full speed, but not in the direction taken by the sheep, for he knows quite well that they must be cut off, and not overtaken. They are out of sight, sheep and dog, but his sharp barking is plainly heard from among the rocky hills; miles are covered and the sheep have parted and taken different courses many times over, but at last they are seen coming straight for the fold, the dog about fifty or one hundred yards behind his contrary charges, and closely watching every move they make until the fold is reached and the crowning part of his work begins. There is but one opening, and when directly in front of it the sheep come to a standstill, casting wild glances as to what side they will make a break for liberty. The dog lays down and crawls snakelike, inch by inch toward them, sometimes giving a sharp yelp, and again giving his head or paw a slight move to drive his wary prisoners nearer to the opening. In this manner he gains ground by the inch, and watches with the stealthiness of a Bengal tiger for any attempt at escape, until at last one of the sheep, driven to the very breach, timidly enters, and one by one, the others are very inclined to follow her, when the faithful dog, as unruffled as if he had been crunching a bone, walks by to see that they are inside, and amid the cheers of everyone present, wags his tail for his master's approval.

In one of these exhibitions, on a fine day in early summer, we find Alun Llwyd, one of the most interested present, for a fine young collie owned by one of his father's shepherds is expected to win first prize, although he is pitted against some of the best dogs in the country. The young man is the center of a group of youthful friends, and is discoursing upon the fine points of some of the dogs and playfully provoking the bashful young shepherd, prophesying poor luck and failure for the collie, when the group is interrupted by the appearance of a large, burly man in corduroys, carrying a stout driver's whip in his hand. The stranger accosts them with the gruff question,

"What do you know about dogs?" but he is not answered, nor even noticed by any of the company, for they all continue their merry joking: and provoked by such treatment, the big stranger who is a great deal the worse for drink, shoulders himself into the circle, and inquires who is the owner of the collie. He is civilly answered by Alun, who indicates the shepherd with his pointed finger, but by this time the intruder is not seeking civil answers, for he remarks that "the shaggy brute appears quite as slow as his master," and raising his whip above his head, he turns it with brutal force around the poor dog; but the next instant he is sent sprawling to the ground by two well-

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directed blows from Alun, who stands, prefaced and excited, ready to pitch into the ruffian when he arises. He scrambles to his feet in a foaming passion, but his athletic young adversary, without waiting for his onslaught, dexterously plants one foot behind him, and with another terrific blow sends him once more to the earth amid the applause of hundreds of voices. Regaining his feet once more, the cowardly ruffian wisely concludes that discretion is the better part of valor, and while muttering threats and curses at his plucky young chastiser, slinks away from the jeering throng to seek an audience for his wounded feelings at the nearest public house.

This incident, trifling as it was, won for Alun more popularity than ever. He was praised from all hands; old dames, grandmothers of the community would, while smiling over their shining spectacles, greet him with a "Well done! my boy," and even those gray-haired old patriarchs, pillars of the different churches, who so love law and order that they may well be called the true guardians of Wales's peace and dignity, could not refrain from such remarks as "You served the brute right, Alun!" or, "You gave the bully his just deserts, my boy!" Even the venerable old vicar of the village laid his hand on the boy's shoulder and said, "I like you all the more for that act, my boy! for that man's cruelty deserved punishment."

But so short-lived was the pleasure derived from this universal commendation to be; when he arrived home his father could scarcely contain himself with anger at what he called "such rowdyism." He stormed and scolded that a son of his could bring such disgrace upon himself, his family and the church, held so dear by them. He denounced and upraided those that had commended such an act, and spoke of the reverend vicar as being pleased, only for the reason that it brought degradation upon a church and sect that he could only look upon as rebels and foes. Alun at first took the defensive part, but his irate father only waxed warmer and angrier, so he wisely concluded to bear the brunt of his attacks as humbly as possible, hoping that peace and good feeling would sooner be restored; but his hopes were to be vain, and day after day dragged along in sullen coldness on the paternal side, so that he was glad when the day approached that he was to return to a distant college to finish a course in civil engineering.

The day previous to his departure he started in company with a young friend, upon a fishing excursion into the hills where sprung some of those sparkling tributaries of the Dee. These brooks teem with the speckled trout, and as the boys declared war upon the finny tribe, they anticipated a day's rare sport. Walking over the hills where the Llwyd flocks grazed and bleated in thousands naturally turned the conversation upon his father, and for the first time Alun confided his troubles to another; he did not upraid his

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father, for he was too dutiful a son to follow such measures, but he spoke freely of his unhappiness at home and rather exulted at the prospect of another term at school, and then independence abroad.

(To be continued.)

COMPETITION, ITS NATURAL RESULTS.

By Miss Anna R. Jones, Utica, N. Y.

Competition is the act of endeavoring to gain what another endeavors to gain at the same time. The system of competition is an outcome of modern freedom. In medieval times the relations of men were fixed by custom of authority; but the restraints of custom and authority were felt oppressive and injurious, and in various spheres of human activity, in religion, and politics, the individuality of men found wider room to develop itself. The great movement began with the revival of learning, the discovery of America, and the Protestant Reformation, and has been continued through the revolutions of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Some advocates of socialism say that competition is the direct denial of that rule of conduct which directs upon us to do unto others as we would have them do unto us. Formerly the word competition was sometimes followed by to, but now always by for, before the thing sought. Nearly all sports are competitive. The loser of course wanted to win, but he did not want his opponent to let him win. All that can be demanded and desired of opponents in such a case, is that they shall play honorably, and according to the rules of the game.

Next we come to the business of life. Two firms tender for a contract, two architects submit plans for a building, or two teachers apply for a situation. The successful firm, architect or applicant have done no wrong by the mere fact of his success, nor can he be said to have gone counter to any demand made upon him openly by his competitors, unless he has gained his point by unfair means. Socialists say that there ought not to be any competition at all, as competition itself is immoral. If we consider competition as a word, it is an abstract noun, and abstract nouns can not be accused of immortality, but if it is considered as a thing, then it is a form of human action, and the immortality must be taken by the persons who practice it.

Without competition in some form, there would be no adaptation, and society would relapse into a state of confusion. If there is adaptation to-day throughout the whole range of the organic world, it is because competition has been at work from the beginning of things. Of

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course, competition has been, and is, attended by many evils, that is not necessary to deny, but these evils are found to be evils of character, which injure the competition, and render it more or less deceiving. In such cases the trouble is not with the principle of competition, but with the frauds of one kind or another by which it has been rendered defective. No one familiar with the facts will deny that the system of one competition has been attended with enormous progress, or that it has acted as a powerful stimulus to human energy, and the spirit of improvement. The development has brought with it most important limitations. While such a system must be limited by law and justice, and the necessities of political union, legislation has been obliged to provide special safeguards against the evils of competition, notably in the English Factory Acts. The English trades-unions are in attempt to regulate competition in the interest of labor in America, especially on the development of trusts, which tender to make competition a dead letter. Competition is denounced as the source of social evils. It may exist among groups of men, just as much as among individuals.

So long as a trade or a profession is open to every one who chooses to take it up, its conduct will be equally regulated by competition, whether it be competition as between societies or individuals, or whether its profits be divided upon one system or another, or between the various classes concerned. Competition is not immoral if it is a competition in doing honest work by honorable means, and if it is also a fair one. The end of a fair competition is the discovery of the ablest person, with the view to placing them in the position where they may be turned to most account. Competition need not be that kind which will destroy the moral principles, when the competitors have high aims and use only honorable means.

One man cannot compete; he must compete with somebody. This is seen in the derivation of the word from "com" and "petere," meaning "to seek with." Competition is held to-day by most, to be the supreme law of trade. The believers in competition usually say first that it is the law of nature, and sometimes add that it is therefore the law of God. They also defend it on the ground that it tends to make individuals self-reliant, independent, inventive, alert, quick to conceive, strong to execute, and ready to dare. They also say that the most progressive nations are those where competition has had the greater development.

The disbelievers in competition say that it has no place in society. They simply argue for an evolution of competition. The final argument of the opponents of competition today is, that competition ought not to continue, that it leads to combination, and that therefore the only question is not a choice between competition or combination, but between different kinds of combina-

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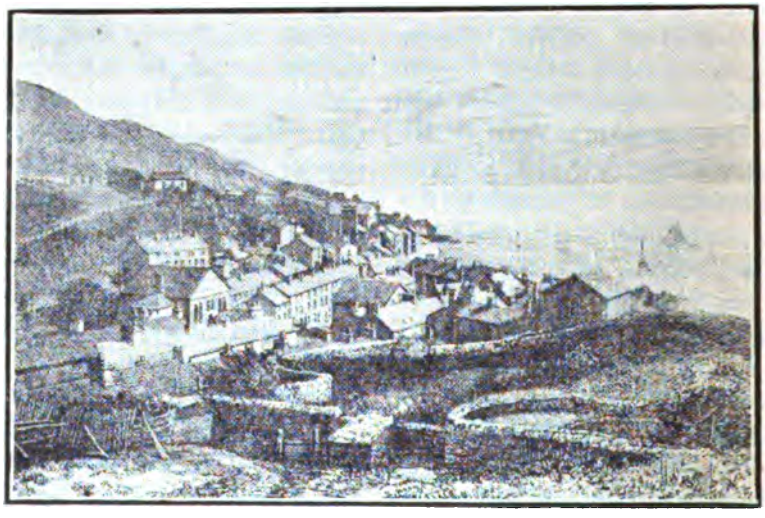
tions. Starting with competition, the few strong competitors find it best to combine, so they combine and form monopoly. Competition does not mean that there should be no combination, but that there should be no monopoly.

Competition befriends the working classes, cheapens commodities, and insures that the maximum of wages shall always be paid. We have only to think for a moment what the world would be in the complete absence of competition, or in the absence of all means of selecting the fit, and rejecting the unfit, in order to see that competition in itself is not, and cannot be an evil.

ABERDOVEY AND THE MAWDDACH ESTUARY.

The Bells of Aberdovey, and the "Glorious Estuary of the Mawddach," are proverbial, but in attraction they widely differ, one being merely a matter of sentiment, the other a wonderful fact.



ABERDOVEY TOWN.

"Merionethshire, or Merionydshire [qu. 'Sir Veirionydd'] lies west from Montgomeryshire, on the Irish Sea, or rather the Ocean; for St. George's Channel does not begin till further north; and it is extended on the coast for near 35 miles in length, all still mountainous and craggy. The principal river is the Dovy, which arises among the

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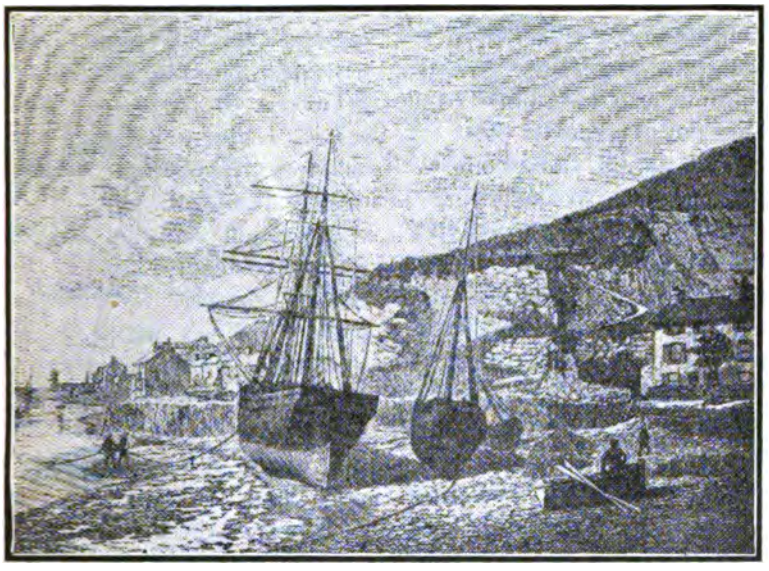
impassable mountains, which range along the centre of this part of Wales, and which we look at with astonishment, for their prodigious height. Some of the hills have particular names, but otherwise we call them all The Black Mountains; and they well deserve the name.



ABERDOVEY.

Some think 'tis from the impassable mountains of this county that we have an old saying, that the devil lives in the middle of Wales.

Camden, at the end of the 18th century, describes the county as one with "heaps of mountains," and Giraldus, a few centuries earlier still, believes Merioneth to be "the roughest and most unpleasant county in all Wales." Our forefathers could not have been well shod, or the Highway Boards of past centuries were sadly deficient; true it is, all testimony goes to prove that locomotion in Merionethshire was difficult; so perhaps the evil ways the people trod did give rise to the belief that this glorious county was the special residence of the devil.

Giraldus gives us some exceedingly novel information concerning the Merionethshire mountains; which, if true, can only lead to the belief that they must have grown since his time. He says: "The hills are extraordinarily high, and yet very narrow, and terminating in sharp peaks; nor are they thin scattered, but placed very close, and so even in height that the shepherds frequently converse from the tops of them; who yet, in case they should wrangle and appoint a meeting, can scarce come together

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from morning till night." This was, doubtless, fortunate, for surely the hottest of Welsh blood would cool after the most violent quarrel on the rival peaks, if it took twelve hours to reach the mutual valley. Camden seems to accept Giraldus as a gospeller, but Gibson, following Camden, will have none of it, and says: "But for mountains so high, and their tops notwithstanding so near that men may converse from them, and yet scarce be able to meet in a whole day; I presume there are none such in nature, and am certain there are not any in Wales, but men conversing from their tops may meet in half an hour."

But we have not reached Merionethshire yet; we only see it across the estuary of the Dovey as we travel back from Aberystwyth towards Machynlleth. In another minute we cross the bridge of the Dovey, and get into the county of mountains. We have little to talk about, but much to see before we arrive at Aberdovey; so we must make the best of our opportunities in scanning the scenery on the other side of the estuary which we have so recently traversed. We are entering the town, but where are the bells? There are none in the present age, and they live only in the old song (from a forgotten opera), with Anglicised Welsh spelling:

Do Salmons love a lucid stream,
  Or thirsty Sheep love fountains,
Do Druids love a doleful theme,
  Or Goats the craggy mountains?
If it be true these things are so,
  As truey she'd my lovey,
And os wit ti yng carri i,
  Yr wyf fi yn dy carri di,
As un, dau, tri, pedwar, pimp, chwech,
  Go the bells of Aberdovey.

The sands at Aberdovey are as firm and hard as at Borth, and form a glorious promenade for five or six miles, past Towyn, and to the banks of the river Dysynni, and people with delicate chests might do worse than take up their winter residence in the place, for the weather is so mild that myrtles will grow out of doors all the year round. Private lodgings are provided at Aberdovey, which is a quiet, unsophisticated place, and visitors will also find accommodation at the Dovey Hotels. Boating can be enjoyed in summer, and there are a few bathing machines. From the Aberdovey strand a boat may be taken across the mouth of the Dovey to Penrhyn, where posts are placed on the shore to guide pedestrians over the firmer and safer part of the beach in the direction of Borth. Of course, this walk may be well timed, or our friends may get into the unpleasant fix we once remember three or four hardy Welshmen getting into. They left Borth for Aberdovey rather too late, and when they reached Penrhyn, a jutting point in the beach, the tide was rapidly coming in, and the sun was setting. They shouted to the people on the Aberdovey shore, but the wind made their shouts vox et præterea nihil; and the day closing rapidly, their gestures were of no more avail than their voices. Nothing was to be done but to make a night of it, and,

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fortunately, the authorities had anticipated this by no means solitary case, by erecting a sort of pillory of wooden bars on which refuge could be taken. As the water rose the unfortunates we have mentioned rose with it, step by step, up the scaffolding, and there they remained, "sitting on a rail," with the Cardigan Bay heaving and rolling under their feet, until morning's dawn.

THE SINS OF THE SAINTS.

By G. J. Jones, D. D.

VI. Dignity of the Ministry.

It might be difficult for the keenest logician to prove in concrete terms that of all departments of organized Christian work the ministry considered on an average is not one whit superior to any other department in honest thought, unselfish service, and in love for souls. It is an open secret that there are men occupying pulpits in evangelical churches purporting to preach the gospel as it is in Christ, and men occupying chairs in theological seminaries endowed for the purpose of perpetuating evangelical beliefs who are not in sympathy with evangelism. From the view point of those denominations such men preach and teach that which aims at the life of the gospel and the destroying of the very foundations upon which those organizations are established. It can not be denied but that the ministry has lost much of its influence upon the people. Of course, many ministers maintain the dignity of their calling, and yet many do not. It may be asked, what is the dignity of the ministry? It is reverence for fundamental truths, love for souls, love for Christ, consciousness of the indwelling of the Spirit of God, inward conviction of its sanctifying and guiding influences making the personality tender yet honest, loving yet uncompromising, outspoken yet guarded, always laboring for the building up of the kingdom of Christ among men, and not for the building up for self, such is the man the people adore and follow.

Since the days of the Apostles all manner of men have entered the sacred calling. At times men of habitual bad practices have assumed to stand between the living God and dying souls. In this age immortality manifests itself in thought more than in conduct, in thinking more than in living. No age has witnessed a more beautiful personal behavior on the part of a large number in the ministry than this age, so far as conduct refers to deeds of every day life; yet many men of the most lovable disposition and manly demeanor are intellectually

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intoxicated, and do violence to the truth they are supposed to preach in sober earnestness. Men in large numbers of no conviction of the verity of the essential dogmas of Christianity have assumed to become the spiritual guides of the people. Some seem to take special pains to go out of their natural way in order to inflict a wound, showing thereby as they think their gigantic intellects. The financial inducements given by theological seminaries to young men to study for the ministry may be in part responsible for this horrible evil.

The multiplicity of theological institutions, their increased endowments and modern methods have not improved the quality of the men sent out to preach the gospel and to shepherd the flock. The query is springing up in earnest minds, how to improve the educating young men for, and their methods of inducting them to the ministry. But another query, how to keep them in line with duty and ordination vows after they are educated and inducted, is pressing itself for an answer. The church which has spent hundreds of dollars, nay thousands, in the education of its ministers receives poor compensation by the expulsion of the reprobate from its ranks. That man was educated at the expense of the church for the very purpose of preaching or teaching Christ according to its own understanding of the gospel, and to defend its position, if needs be. When one so educated and inducted finds himself in conflict with his moral environments he should quietly and blushingly withdraw, with many apologies for the disgrace he has brought upon those who befriended him.

Political parties and secret orders do not falter in putting out of their ranks those treacherous to their principles, but when a church attempts to do the same thing, notwithstanding that her work and interests bear no comparison with other organizations, there are plenty to howl "bigotry" and "narrowness." Nevertheless, unpleasant as it may be, it is a bounden duty to remove the culprit, if he lacks the honor to do so of his own accord. That is not all: he should pay back to the treasury of the church every cent used in his education. This is not arguing against progress, against honest investigation, against personal liberty, nothing of the sort, but against the dishonest practices of some of those who may think themselves higher up on the mountain of scholarship, whence clearer visions of truth are presented to them than are, or were, presented to the men who paid the cost of their education,

If such views of truth as are claimed by such men are superior to those obtained by their humbler brethren, is it not remarkable that those views of truth do not fire them with the spirit of true heroism, of personal sacrifice, of expressing the beautiful and the pure, not alone in the ethics of thought, but primarily and pre-eminently in commercial honesty, which is fun-

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damental to all personal achievement in higher things, by returning to the source whence it came the cost incurred in their education? Even then the church is damaged, humbled and crippled. This is not even arguing the correctness of the creed of the outraged church. The logic of the thing is this. The higher intellectual attainment claimed by some, if that what it is, is not conducive to a higher moral perception of personal obligations to those who made advancement possible to the men who claim to step on the clouds and to dance on the sunlight. Surely, the ethics of reciprocity can not be entirely ignored by the men whose heads are level with the sun. Possibly, the ecclesiastical experience of the decade may force new plans and methods in the education of the ministry, and means shall be discovered by which money shall be advanced on condition that it shall be returned when the recipient finds himself no longer in harmony with the logic of his environment. Something ought to be done, must be done, in this direction.

The sympathy often exercised by examining committees is also responsible at least for a part of this evil. There are men in the ministry to-day wanting in the very essentials of success solely because of that sympathy. A servile spirit akin to that of Pilate paralyzes the moral gumption of some men when a large wealthy church asks for the ordination of its candidate. The right thing, the only honest thing to do with many an aspirant for holy orders is to say to him as a venerable Methodist minister once did to a candidate. "The letters P. C. mean to you plough corn, and not preach Christ." Refusal to ordain is an exception. When it happens, for whatever cause, there are a number whose religion seems to consist in bawling the old cry, "narrowness," "exclusiveness," "ecclesiastical bigotry," etc., etc. The reader has only to recall incidents familiar to him to see the force of what is said. Because of this want of courage and honesty the most important office in the Christian church, if not among men, is turned over to those unfit for it in mental culture, in physical condition, or in experimental knowledge of the truth needed to be preached. The church and world suffer the dire consequences.

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Talk Health. The dreary never-changing tale
Of mortal maladies is wrong and stale;
You cannot charm or interest or please
By harping on that minor key, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

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THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

By Prof. D. J. Evans, Athens, Ohio.

There are indications of greater study of the Bible now than probably there was thirty years ago. One gets the impression, in associating with men of business and with professional men, that the Scriptures receive more attention and greater respect from these men than was received two decades ago. In attending meetings of scientific bodies, one feels that chemists, physicists and biologists who make the Bible their rule of life and conduct are more numerous now than in the days when Tyndall and Huxley and Spencer were in their greatest strength.

When we seek the causes of these changes, it will be found that one important cause is the new interpretation that is made of the meaning and purpose and nature of some portions of the Scriptures. This new interpretation aims to base on scientific principles a doctrine of revelation and inspiration that will satisfy men's reason without destroying their faith. This new doctrine goes by the name of Biblical Criticism.

Criticism means to do justice. The true critic points out excellencies as well as defects. Yet we speak of criticism as if it were exclusively disapprobation, and thus there has sprung up an unwarranted opposition to the applying of the canons of criticism to the Scriptures. But when the purpose of Biblical criticism, carried on by Christian scholars, is understood, it will be evident that the work not only is not irreverent or unnecessary, but, on the other hand, is most essential in these days of methodical and fearless investigating of everything challenging our notice.

Of Biblical criticism there are two fields of activities. One called the Lower Criticism endeavors to answer the question, "What did the author of the book write?" and has to do mainly with manuscripts and other forms of old texts. The second is called the Higher Criticism, and it endeavors to ascertain who the writer was, why did he write, for whom did he write, and what were his environments. It calls to its aid history, archaeology, geography, philology, art, and any other field of human endeavor which may help to answer the critic's question.

The scientific application of this criticism is almost entirely a nineteenth century work, a century which had the good fortune to unearth great libraries of ancient documents, monuments of stone, tablets of clay, scrolls of papyrus and parchment. The spirit of the century has been to challenge and to test the conclusions to which mankind has arrived on various subjects. At first the criticism was

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destructive, but its iconoclastic work brought into its field constructive scholarship.

For more than a century men claimed that certain portions of the Scriptures could not be what theologians taught that they were. These claims were confirmed by irrefutable arguments. But the influence of the church and of the universities and state dominated by the church, made it impossible for these claims to be honestly and openly considered and discussed. At last, however, the passion to know the truth led men to study the Bible scientifically by applying to it the canons of criticism, and thus was gradually developed the science of Higher Criticism. At first, as already said, this criticism was mainly destructive, but constructive critics went to work to establish a theory of interpretation that would harmonize, or explain in a rational way, real discrepancies observable in the sacred writings, and harmonize also the doctrines of these writings with the knowledge of the present day.

The account of creation, as given in the first chapter of Genesis, if taken literally, does not give the facts as we know them to-day. It is a province of the science of criticism, therefore, to give an interpretation of this chapter that will satisfy our knowledge, our reason, and our faith.

The same thing may be said of the account of the flood. Physicists tell us that the laws of Hydrostatics, and geologists and archaeologists tell us that facts will not permit a literal interpretation of the Biblical account which we have of the deluge. Then in the account we have of creation and of the flood, there is a mingling of at least two narratives. While there is no necessary discrepancy between the two narratives of creation or of the flood, yet in a book given by divine inspiration, there must be a purpose in giving the two narratives, or there is a cause accounting for them in a rational manner. This the Higher Criticism endeavors to give.

But there are discrepancies which a literal interpretation can neither remove nor minimize. First there are differences between certain portions of the version of the Old Testament which is quoted by the writers of the gospels and by Paul, and the same portions of the version from which our accepted version is translated. One notable difference between these two versions appears in Genesis v., where the length of time from Adam to Noah as given by the one is several centuries longer than as given by the other. There are other differences between the two versions. In our own Bibles we find that the narrative in Chronicles does not agree with the record of the same incident as given in Kings.

Another difficulty which the Higher Criticism endeavors to remove is the fact that in Judges, Samuel and Kings, practices among

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the people of Israel are approved which are positively forbidden in the laws of Moses.

In every catalogue of the books of the Old Testament given by Jewish writers, "The Law" stands first both in place and importance. Why therefore in pre-exilic writings like that of the Judges and Samuel and Kings no such importance is placed on the law of Moses? Nay indeed, why is there no mention made in these books of any ordinance relating to the ritual of Leviticus?

Again, why does Jeremiah vii: 22 say: "For I spake not into your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings and sacrifices?" Was Jeremiah ignorant of the Pentateuch, much of which is given to these commands of burnt offerings and sacrifices? Isaiah i: 12, asks, "When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hands?" Is it likely that this prophet did not know of the law, the greatest part of which is devoted to impress on the minds of the people the divine authority for the ritual given, and to impose punishment for its neglect? The Higher Criticism offers a rational answer to these questions which will satisfy the intelligence of thoughtful men and establish their faith in the divine purpose and doctrine of the Scriptures.

Higher Criticism, like other sciences before it, is winning its way into the convictions of men. Its broad outlines are agreed upon by critics, and may be regarded established. But the working out of details will require time and frequent changes of hypothesis, and much controversy among competent scholars. It is a science that must be reckoned with in teachers' meetings and Sunday School classes. To condemn or refuse Higher Criticism a hearing, is out of the question, when so many consecrated men are not only tolerating it, but even embracing it. It is in the air to regard the Bible a rational book, appealing to the common sense of every age, and seeking an interpretation of its doctrines that will be in harmony with the knowledge and philosophy of each generation. Our fathers interpreted their Bibles in the light of their knowledge of nature and of their own surroundings. We also must profit by our knowledge to apprehend the doctrines the Scriptures would teach us. It is not the writer's purpose to set forth any of the conclusions and surmises to which the critics have come so far: probably in another paper he may do so.

* * *

Talk Happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look out for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

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A FEW FACTS RESPECTING THE FOUNDERS OF EBENSBURG AND BEULAH, PA.

By John T. Griffith, D. D., Bethlehem, Pa.

Having had an opportunity of spending a week in Johnstown, Pa., November 9-18, 1901, as I was supplying the Main Street Baptist Church, I made some inquiries and investigations respecting the Welsh founders of portions of Cambria County, which I think will be of interest to the Welsh and others, not only in America, but also in Wales, hence I send the notes which I have made to "The Cambrian."

Wm. H. Egle, M. D., in his "History of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania," pp. 470-471, says that the Welsh constituted the third settlement of what is now known as Cambria County, Pa.

The first settlement were families of American Catholics from Maryland, and the adjacent portion of Pennsylvania, who settled in the vicinity of where Loretto now stands, the eastern and north-eastern portion of the county. The second settlement were Pennsylvania Germans from Somerset and the eastern German settlements, who settled in the neighborhood of Johnstown. The third settlement were the Welsh who came to the neighborhood of Ebensburg. In the fall and winter of 1796, the families of Thomas Phillips, William Jenkins, Theophilus Rees, Evan Roberts, Rev. Rees Lloyd, William Griffith, James Nicholas, Daniel Griffith, John Jones, David Thomas, Evan James and George Roberts, Thomas W. Jones, Esq., John Jenkins, Isaac Griffiths and John Tobias commenced settling in Cambria township, Cambria County, and in the following spring and summer the families of the Rev. Morgan J. Rees, John J. Evans, William Rees, Simon James, William William (South), Thomas Griffith, John Thomas, John Robert (Penbryn), John Roberts (shoemaker), David Rees, Robert Williams, George Turner, Thomas Griffith (farmer), James Evans, Griffith Rowland, David Edwards, Thomas Lewis and David Davis, bachelors, followed.

There were at this time several families living in the vicinity of the places where Loretto, Munster, Jefferson and Johnstown now stand. The settlers above named, we believe, were all from Wales. They commenced making improvements in the different parts of what is now called Cambria township, the name which the Welsh emigrants gave to their settlement. Cambria was derived from their former home, the mountainous part of Wales. Cambria township afterwards gave name to the county which was at that time part of Somerset County. The tract of country on which the Welsh emigrants settled had been purchased a year or two previous by

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the Rev. Morgan J. Rees from Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia, and by him sold to his brethren in smaller tracts

In my little book entitled "Morgan John Rhys," a chapter may be seen on "Beulah," which he founded near Ebensburg, and from the history of that settlement, it is evident that much attention was given to educational and literary matters for the benefit of the people; a library was founded named "The Cambrian Library at Beulah," also a seminary was founded, and a newspaper was started called "The Western Sky," the first in the county. It was printed by Ephraim Conrad in Philadelphia in 1798, the year in which it was first issued. Its size was a small quarto, eight pages. It had no advertisements, but was devoted to instructive articles. The first issue contained "The Laws for the Regulation of the Beulah Library," "The Constitution, By-Laws and Act of Incorporation of Beulah Seminary," an "Oration" delivered by Morgan John Rhys, July 4, 1798, "Queries," &c., pertaining to Agriculture, &c. From the above we see the noble aims of Morgan John Rhys respecting those whom he had let to Beulah. Some one may ask what became of Beulah. See the answer in my book.

Note.—I am indebted for the above facts to an article which appeared in the "Cambrian Tribune," Johnstown, May 27, 1857. The first number of "The Western Sky" had been presented by Major Moser Canan, the pioneer lawyer of Cambrian County, who in 1805 attended the first court held in the county. Mr. Canan loaned the paper to the writer of the article referred to above, and Friday, November 15, through the courtesy of J. E. Roberts, attorney at law at Johnstown, a grandson of the celebrated George Roberts, one of the founders of Ebensburg, and Mr. George T. Swenk, editor of the "Johnstown Tribune," I was permitted to see the article of 1857.

WELSH MANUSCRIPTS.

When the work of reporting on manuscripts in the Welsh language was begun it was thought best to aim at examining, first of all, those collections which had been, for various reasons, more or less inaccessible to students, and the contents of which were little known. As the work of inspection progressed, it was found more and more difficult to proceed with any one collection continuously, owing to the not infrequent absence of owners from home. Moreover, it soon became clear that different libraries contained duplications. These considerations made it necessary to depart from the usual method of reporting on one collection as a whole before beginning another. The old-

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er manuscripts had, therefore, to be selected as far as possible from the different collections and inspected first, so that it is scarcely practical to do more than indicate the work done, without reference to the various homes of the documents. Manuscripts of the Welsh laws are numerous, and those (written on vellum) at Peniarth, the British Museum, Oxford, and Cardiff have been inspected. The oldest copy is a Latin version of the last quarter of the twelfth century, and the next oldest is the Welsh version known as the "Black Book of Chirk," which can hardly be later than the year 1200. Both these manuscripts are at Peniarth, and their texts contain the substance of the other numerous recensions of later date. The prologue of the Chirk Codez states simply that Howel Dda, "prince of all the Kymry," finding, no doubt, much confusion in the administration of the law, when his lordship extended over Gwynedd and Powys, in addition to Dyved, summoned six men from every commote—four laics and two clerics—to examine the customs and laws of his dominion and to deliberate thereon. The Chirk Codex represents Welsh prose of any extent in its most primitive form, and the MS. must be regarded as a transcript of an earlier one. No one can doubt this who will compare its style with that represented by the fragments of the Mabinogion in a MS. of about 1230. In the latter we find Welsh prose at its best. How far the laws of Howel are purely Welsh in their origin can never, probably, be determined, as no copy of the text in its original form is known to be extent. The vellum manuscripts of Brut y Tywysogion has also been examined, and important variant readings given in Vol. I. of the "Report of Manuscripts in the Welsh Language" There are many "chronicles," some brief, some extensive.

A large proportion of mediaeval Welsh prose consists of translations from the Latin. There are several independent versions of the "Historia" of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Two vellum copies of the "Physicians of Myddvai" exist. There are many copies of "historical" triads and of the genealogy of the saints, and of pedigree MSS. on paper, as well as manuscripts containing lists of proverbs, vocabularies, prophecies, orations, grammars, dictionaries, &c.

In verse we have very abundant material, and by far the greater part is a kind of rhymed chronicle of public events, wars, heroic deeds, adventures, quarrels, reconciliations, incitements to leaders, paeans to victors, and lamentations on the death of patriots and patrons. Without these bards much of the dry facts of Welsh history would have been lost, and nearly all the coloring. For instance, it would probably be possible to draw up a list of the sheriffs of Welsh counties or of those who were knighted from the bards alone. Perhaps no language has so many elegies, and from these can be gathered at least the virtues

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of the subject, as well as what manner of man he was. Incidentally, interesting customs and social habits are vividly portrayed. Many of the old Welsh families retain their own bard. He has his place in the Court of Howel Dda, and we find him housed at Nanney so late as 1700. No incident in the family history escapes him. Scarcely a hawk or favorite hound dies unrecorded, and it is a fact worth mentioning that the least promising subjects often bring out the most interesting information. The student of Welsh history should attach but little importance to the headings or titles of the poems, and read everything belonging to the particular period of his researches, if he wishes to meet with a fresh measure of success.

The poems that may claim to rank as literature of a high quality deal, as a rule, with the human affections or with aspects of Nature. In love and death the Welsh poet is often supreme, and his love and observations of Nature were as keen in the fourteenth century as those of Byron, Shelley and Wordsworth in the nineteenth. There is no Welsh drama. The jingling shackles of the Welsh metres have hitherto proved inimical to the production of anything requiring sustained effort.

The collections of manuscripts inspected and practically completed are those at Mostyn Hall, Conway, Llandudno, Plas Hen, and Chwilog, in Carnarvonshire. The report of the Mostyn MSS. was published recently, and attention was directed in the introduction to an important and interesting history of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., written by a contemporary in the Welsh language.

The Conway MSS. are about 30 in number, and have been in South Africa since they were inspected. Many of these formed at one time a part of the Havod MSS., which were supposed to have been all destroyed by fire in 1807.

The Llandudno MSS. consist of a folio book of pedigrees in the autograph of John Brooke, "lord of Mawddwy," a quantity of poetry, the Gospel of Nicodemus, &c. The Plas Hen collection contains about 70 manuscripts, which are nearly all in the autograph of the Rev. Evan Evans, who bequeathed them to Mr. Paul Panton, of Plas Gwyn, in Anglesey, in acknowledgment of a small annual allowance to the copyist during the closing years of his life. The "Myfyrian Archaiology of Wales," published at the beginning of this century, represents really the labors of the Rev. Evan Evans, whose name should have been on the title-page. The Chwilog MSS. consist largely of transcripts by the Rev. David Ellis and others of originals found elsewhere.

The collections at Peniarth, Sherburn Castle, Jesus College (Oxford), the Cardiff Free Library, and the British Museum are in progress of inspection. The MSS. at Peniarth form the premier collection, both in quality and quantity, and, in addition to 327 in the Welsh language, there are over 150 in English and Latin, some of which contain mate-

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rial bearing on the history of the Marches. The collections at Llanrwst, Carnarvon, Cwrtmawr, Llanstephan, and the Bodleian Library have been seen (mostly unofficially) —none of them are extensive. There are also MSS. at Porkington, Wynnstay, Crosswood (near Welshpool), Newtown, Ruthin, Gwysaney, Glanyrafon, Llanwrin Rectory, and Swansea, as well as single MSS. in various other parts of the country. None of these have ever been seen, and, except at Porkington, the number is believed to range from a dozen downwards to two or three.

MUSIC NOTES.

By William ApMadoc.

A dainty book, like a day in June, is a "thing of beauty, and a joy forever." Such is the "Memoirs of an Artist," an autobiography by the greatest musician of France, Charles Francois Gounod, published by Rand McNally and Company of Chicago; a little book of much information, of peeps at the very soul of art, and an inspiration to every student. The translation from the French is by Annette E. Crocker, of Chicago, in which she demonstrates her mastery of idiomatic English. The literary quality of the "Memoirs," the critical perception shown throughout, with its loving tributes to the mother of the eminent composer, makes this little volume a real treasure. It also proves that a trained literary mind is indispensable to a great artist. Gounod's literary attainments lead us to place him along with Schumann, Liszt and Wagner.

I could not wish anything better to the readers of these notes than that they should possess themselves of such a book. Mothers should read it in order to teach and inspire their children in the walks of high and pure art. Singers should read it in order to help them to "think" in music; and critics, in order to be taught the art of true criticism, and the mastery of words.

Gounod terms words "docile and faithful servants of thought," and states their duty to be to "lead one to the summit without rude shock —mysterious guides, who conceal both themselves and their methods." The reader soon finds out that Gounod's "words" are in truth "mysterious guides." He closes his short preface by stating that this little book is a tribute of veneration and affection for the being who gave him the "greatest love in the world—mother-love." Space will not permit us to quote the many incidents of the boy Gounod's career at different schools, but what he writes of what went on in

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his mind when listening to Rossini's "Othello," and Mozart's "Don Juan" when he was only twelve years of age, will be welcomed by every serious reader. His pen, he remarks, can never transcribe the emotions produced in him "during those few hours" he sat at his mother's side, listening to "Don Juan" especially. Let every reader ponder over this musical analysis:

"The hearing of Rossini's "Othello" stirred in me the fibers of musical instincts, but the effect produced by 'Don Juan' had quite another signification, and an entirely different result. It seemed to me that between these two kinds of impressions there must be something analogous to that felt by a painter in passing directly from contact with the Venetian masters to that with Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo. Rossini gave me to know the intoxication of purely musical delight; he charmed me, delighted my ear. Mozart did more; to that enjoyment so complete, from an exclusively musical and emotional point of view, was then added the profound and penetrating influence of true expression united to perfect beauty. It was, from one end to the other of the score, a long and inexpressible delight. The pathetic tones of the trio at the death of the Commandant, and of Donna Anna's lament over the body of her father, the charming grace of Zerlina, the supreme and stately elegance of the trio of the Masks, and of that which begins the second act under Donna Elvira's window, all, finally (for in this immortal work all must be mentioned), created for me that beatitude one feels only in the presence of the essentially beautiful things that hold the admiration of the centuries, and serve to fix the height of the esthetic level of perfection in art." Thus, the French boy writes of the German masterpiece.

Is there a novelist, or "tale-teller," as he would like to have himself called, who has written so eloquently about music, as our own Ernest Rhys? Gentle reader, have you read his "Fiddler of Carne?" If not, do so at once, and open your heart to all the exquisite Welsh and musical touches of this perfect artwork, published by Patrick Geddes & Colleagues, Edinburg. It is a "North Sea Winter's Tale," and we must not forget that a good many Welsh old-fashioned, brave and hospitable people lived up on the northern coast, a Welsh colony on the Scottish border, as is seen in the old map of "Greater Wales" in Ernest Rhys's "Readings in Welsh History." It is there in the old Welsh Inn (y ty yn y Penryn) that we find David Ffoulkes, and his musical daughter, Marged Ffoulkes, both being able to siarad Cymraeg, and the latter possessing a rare voice, able to sing "Mentra Gwen" and "Bydd Myrdd o Ryfeddodau." This sounds modern, but the author remarks in his Dedication, that his work is an attempt to describe at length the adven-

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tures of the romantic fiddler "as it was in his day in that primitive sea-port town, near a hundred years ago."

When this fiddler, the artist, was thrown up from the sea, and is taken to the Welsh Inn, we find unmistakable proof that David Ffoulkes was a Welshman, and a North-Walian at that. It was Marged who took in the fiddler in the dead of night, and as she calls her father, that worthy exclaims,

"What? a fiddler at this time o' night! My diawl, let him go to the 'Three Turns!' Send him away send him away!"

But the fact that the fiddler was a shipwrecked guest, softens the heart of the Welshman. This French Fiddler is an artist, and it would not be wise, perhaps, to quote the many eloquent descriptions of his playing—the melodies of, and improvisations upon this king of instruments, that abound in the book. Says the French lady who condescends to give a few lessons to Marged "His violin sings like a Malibran."

This is the first impression made upon Marged by this wizard of the bow, "The fiddle sang, and a hundred doors seemed to open. Into one she found her way; one opening in a wide staircase, up which she went. Suddenly a gust of wind swept her feet from under her; her head reeled; she shut her eyes fast, but it was of no use. "The garden of a summer night, full of roses; this is what her closed eyes saw. At her side walked one, a lover, whose words made her afraid."

One more quotation for the benefit of many who indulge in the effort at hymn-translation. Andrer, Marged's lover, is on a sick bed after an exhibition of heroism in the sea-storm of the night before. Andrer "had faced the sea-death, and seen others die by it." He speaks to Marged:

"What do you think, Marged? What gets them that's drowned—dragged down like that—and no time to cry Christ keep us!"

"There's plenty of room for all where they are gone!"

"I wonder at that sometimes. Dead bodies go aal to nothing, and we see nothing more come of them as is drownded!"

"Don't, Andrer; I cannot bear ye to talk like that. I'll sing ye another song; 'tis a burial one; but 'tis one at my mother taught me; and when I sing it, I know she is there; and when I sing it, I know I'll go to her, and so will you, and all brave men, and all kind people; but not La——!"

Who?"

"It doesn't matter, lie still, and I'll sing it to you!"

So she sang the most moving hymn in the ancient tongue of her fathers, which is not to be translated, "Bydd myrdd o ryfeddodau," &c.

Will many of our hymn-translators take the hint? These good people mean well enough, but this will never atone for their wretched

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work. There are hundreds of Welsh hymns, odes, awdlau and penillion that are untranslated. Let them alone in their native strength, pathos and beauty. Even our most scholarly and accomplished linguists are far from being satisfied with their efforts in hymn-translations from the Welsh. It is given to but very few to be translators.

From the article upon the Welsh Eisteddfod, published in the Chicago "Musical Times" and republished in the March "Cambrian," our Eisteddfod committees can learn a thing or two, if they will. The author of that article has seen the "weak spots" in our "beloved fighting festival." Is the Eisteddfod above or beyond reform, as an institution? One of the leading editors and writers upon musical matters in this country, one who has gone through the so-called business of "adjudicating" at an Eisteddfod, remarked in a magazine article, that Eisteddvodic exercises had led its promoters and contestants to pose before the world in false colors, or to make themselves believe to be what they were not, and are not. There is much truth in this remark, though it is not all truth. Winning a prize should be the means to stimulate the individual to further and higher studies. Adjudications should be truly critical. But, are they? Every one knows that the majority of contestants would not, and perhaps could not listen to, and learn from, what true criticism should be. "The majority of solo-contestants," was the remark of a musician of high standing in our hearing some time ago, "have been duped by wordy, beslobbered and pointless adjudication into the belief that they are not in need of voice-training at all. The fact of having won a worthless prize has spoiled them for all purposes. True and fearless criticism from the Eisteddfod platform would waken many out of their dream of self-sufficiency and egotism." Such, in substance, and much more, was the criticism of the musician referred to, upon the lack of criticism in the Eisteddfod. The author of the article in the "Musical Times," remarks, perhaps, with too much truth, "But most of these choral adjudicators, we are informed, merely point out the "sins of omission and commission, and are of no particular educational value."

Once upon a time, many years ago, if not centuries, the Eisteddfod was an educational institution. Even in the life of some poets who are living to-day, the Eisteddfod was the arena of scholarly debates by men of ability and learning, of literary criticism, and of resplendent oratory. That was before the preponderance of "singing contests" was allowed to change the institution's character.

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THE BRETON AND WELSH LANGUAGE.

From Carnhuanawc's "Tour Through Brittany."

"Although the languages of Wales and Brittany are not so absolutely identical as to admit of the natives of those countries using them in common, yet they certainly do bear so striking a resemblance to each other as to make it evident that they must at some period not very remote have sprung from the same origin. The resemblance between the Welsh and Breton is by no means so striking as that between the Breton and the old language of Cornwall. Nevertheless, the Cornish does in many particulars draw nearer to the Welsh than the Breton, and may be considered as a connecting link between the two." Further on Mr. Price says: "It must be admitted that there exists a very striking similarity between them, and that not only in single words but also in phraseology and modes of expression, and this is frequently so strong that it might be thought that the two nations had separated but yesterday."

Some excellent examples of the similarity of idiomatic constructions are given by Mr. Price, who has selected them from a Dictionary by M. Le Gonidec, who shows the difference of idiom between the Breton language and the French. When the Breton wish to say "quench his thirst," they say "torri he zeched," literally "to break his thirst," while the Welsh use the expression "tori ei syched," which is precisely similar. Again, for the Breton "gwell eo gan en," "I had rather," literally "it is better with me," the Welsh say "gwell yw gan i." Also, "gwerza war goll," "to sell upon a loss," is in Welsh, "gwerthu ar golled." Compare also "a hed ann deiz" with "ar hyd y dydd;" "merch he mamm eo Katell" with "merch ei mam yw Cati;" "tro all" with "tro arall;" and numerous other cases, and we must feel surprised that the two languages are in other respects so different.

The verbs also in some of their formations have a resemblance to those of the Welsh, especially the reflective, as Breton "emurska," "to dress one's self," in Welsh "ymwisco." Some of the minor parts of speech have also a strong resemblance, as "piou-bennag," "whosoever," to Welsh "pwy bynag," and "pe gement bennag," "how much soever," in Welsh "pe gymaint bynnag."

The Breton initial or radical letters undergo mutation as in Welsh, and in many instances precisely in the same manner, as "dourgi," an otter, or "dour ki," "a water dog," in Welsh "dwrgi;" and "dwr ci;" "morvran," a cormorant, for "mor bran," a sea crow, in Welsh "mor fran" and "mor bran;" also in local

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names, as "Pen wern," for "Pen gwern," the head of the alder swamp.

The plurals of nouns are also much alike, especially in the irregular declensions, as "askourn," a bone, plural "eskern," in Welsh "asgwrn" and esgyrn; "blaiz," a wolf, plural "bleizi," in Welsh "blaidd" and "bleiddiau;" "krogan," a shell, plural "kregin," in Welsh "cragen" and "cregyn;" "davad," a sheep, plural "deved," in Welsh, "dafad" and "defaid;" "irvinen," a turnip, plural "irvin," in Welsh "erfinen" and "erfin," and many others. They have also several formations resembling those of the Welsh, as "dournad," a handful, from "dourn," a hand, which words in Welsh are "dyrnaid," from "dwrn;" "teoder," thickness, from "teo," thick, in Welsh "tewder" and "tew."

The degrees of comparison also correspond, as "uchel," high; "uchelach," higher; "uchela," highest. Even the irregular adjectives are not altogether destitute of some resemblances, as may be seen in the words "good" and "bad;" as in Breton "mad" good; "gwell," better; "gwella," best; which comparison Welsh runs "da," good; "gwell," better;" "goreu," best. Again, in Breton, "drouk," bad; "gwaz," worse; "gwasa," worst; and in Welsh, "drwg," bad; "gwaeth," worse; "gwaethaf," worst.

The Bretons have the gutteral "ch" in common with the Welsh, but it is often introduced into words in which it is not used in the Welsh, as also in the mutations of tne "c;" for example, "Poaz a-walch eo ar chig," the meat is done enough; here the Welsh would say, "Poeth ei wala yw y cig."

The Bretons also occasionally make use of the "sh" or "ch," though it is asserted that this sound is a modern innovation, being formerly that of "s;" and it is rather singular that the same idea obtains in Wales respecting that pronunciation in their native tongue. For example, the word "siarad," to talk, in many parts of the Principality pronounced "siarad;" but in others that sound is exclaimed against as a modern corruption.

There are several letters common to the Welsh which the generality of Bretons cannot pronounce, amongst others are the "th" and "dd;" and such words as in the Welsh are written in these letters, are, in the Breton, generally written with a "z," and pronounced accordingly, as "gliz," dew, in Welsh "gwlith;" "bez," a grave, in Welsh "bedd," &c.

The Welsh "ll' is also unknown to the Bretons. Whether the French "ll" had originally an affinity to this sound is not known, although when we see how variously some of the old French names are written which commence with the letter "l," as in the name "Lothair," which is written "Clotair," "Chlotar," and "Lhotar," &c., it would seem as if some attempt were made to express some similar sounds to that of the Welsh "ll."

We have given above some resemblances between the two languages

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which appeared to the Rev. T. Price, who further remarks on the languages thus: "Notwithstanding these resemblances, the conjugation of the verbs, together with the declensions of the nouns and a variety of other grammatical essentials, are so totally dissimilar that without absolutely studying it as a foreign language it is impossible even for a Welshman perfectly to comprehend in a connective sentence more than a very few words of Breton. If I were asked what language I was chiefly reminded of by hearing the Breton spoken by the natives in conversation, I should say certainly not so much the Welsh as the Gaelic; and this from the frequent occurrence in the Breton of a certain nasal pronunciation, very much resembling that so frequently heard in the Highlands of Scotland. This sound, which is unknown to the Welsh, is in the Breton expressed by the character "n," and bears some analogy to the French "gn," in the word "gagner," and also to the "n" in "vin," thought not exactly the same, being in the Breton so lengthened out and strongly accentuated as to form a very striking characteristic of that language, as in the words "klany," sick; Welsh "claf;" "hany" and "han," summer, Welsh, "haf," &c. However, it must be allowed that although there is not in the colloquial sound of the language so close an affinity to the Welsh as some have imagined, yet in the pronunciation of individual words there is often a considerable resemblance.

It has been said that the Cornish language may be considered a link between the languages of Brittany and of Wales. One of the most remarkable of differences existing in relation to these languages is the fact that the Bretons and old Cornish count by tens, "Whereas the Welsh count up to ten in the first decade of the score, and then by fives in the second; that is, counting up to fifteen in the usual way, and then stopping at that number and forming a new series up to twenty, saying 'one-upon-fifteen,' 'two-upon-fifteen,' &c., and so on through each of the five scores up to one hundred. Now this, it must be confessed, is a most rude and awkward method of calculation; yet it does at the same time argue a very remote origin, and affords a strong plea against the assertions of those who maintain that such words as are found in the Welsh resembling the Latin must of necessity have been borrowed from that language; for instance, the words 'cant' (a hundred) and 'mil' (a thousand), as they so nearly resemble the Latin 'centum' and 'mille,' it has been urged that they must of course have been taken from those words. But it seems beyond a doubt that if the Welsh had learnt the use of these terms from the Romans, they would also have adopted the Roman intermediate arrangements of numerals, and not have used their own less commodious process of calculation."

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THE LITERARY GALLERY (Yr ORIEL LENYDDOL), by Rev. D. S. Thomas, A. M., Shenandoah, Pa.

The above is the title of a new book just issued from the press of T. J. Griffiths, Utica, N. Y. It is in a handy form, being a twelve mo. volume of 682 pages, well bound in cloth with guilt lettering, and a fine picture of the author. On page 3 is an original chart, showing the branching out of the various Christian churches. The book is a collection of facts pertaining to all the churches and sects, the various denominations, their history, their doctrines and practice; and is divided into three principal parts.

In the first part the main and positive facts of ecclesiastical history are given regarding the Greek and Roman Churches, their disputes, their separations, their differences, and subsequent developments. The various sects of Nonconformists, previous to the sixteenth century, are described, and the differences between them and the Roman Catholic Church. Under this head are treated the standards of the Christian Church, the Bible, and its place in Christianity, the doctrine of purgatory and punishment after death, the use of the confessional and masses for spiritual purposes, the canonizing of saints in the Catholic church, Apostolic succession in the Church of Rome, and the development of the Episcopacy of Rome. The second part reviews the reformation in the sixteenth century, and the growth of Protestantism on the continent and in Great Britain. The principal facts of the struggles of Luther, Zwingli and Calvin on the continent, and of Henry VIII. and others in Great Britain for reform and freedom from Popery are narrated. An historic review of the churches in Great Britain to show the origin of the Church of England as well as a critical review of its teachings and career. The various confessions of faith, the Augsburg, Helvetia, Westminster, the Luther Catechism and the Heidelburg, the book of common prayer, the Savoy confession, and the Welsh Calvinistic confession and the Baptist and Congregational confessions, all examined with a view to find the truth in the light of the word of God

The third part gives a bird's eye view of the churches as they are to-day in England and America, and their development and progress; and has interesting chapters on the Gospel of Faith Healing, Play and Pleasure, Multiplicity of Organizations, Church Membership, Church Services, the Ministry of the Word, Sacred Music and worship in general. The book discusses also in special articles the celibacy of the clergy, the convents and nunneries, the Koran of Mahomet, the Book of Mormon, the works of Swedenborg, Mary G. B. Eddy's production, "Science and Health," Mormonism and Christian Science and Dowieism.

The book has been reviewed by eminent writers in America and Wales, and the Rev. Dr. Owen James and Dr. H. O. Rowlands have pronounced the work worthy of the widest circulation. The author is well and favorably known to Welsh readers by his former book on the social influence of Christianity. —Rev. W. F. Davies, North Scranton, Pa.

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"Yr Ymofynydd" opens with an interesting sketch of Lampeter 50 years ago, by Rev. E. Gwilym Evans, B. A., Chesterfield. It tells of the low state of culture and education among the clergy of Wales half a century ago, and the awful eruption which a great scholar caused among them. Verily, people were afraid of light. Religion in the Church was also at a low ebb. Progress was an inconvenience and a discomfort There are several other papers which cannot fail to interest and instruct the considerate reader.

"Yr Haul" is hard and harsh on Radicals, Calvinistic Methodists, advocates of Disestablishment, Penrhyn strikers, &c. As leaders of Welsh radicalism, "Yr Haul" thinks Lloyd George less dangerous than William Jones. Lloyd George bullies the friends of the Establishment into opposition, while W. J. charms them into taking sides with disestablishers. W. J plays the part of the serpent in the paradise of Church politics. The "Dialogue" between A. B, C, anent the Penrhyn lockout should be revised. The author is not only extremely prejudiced against the quarrymen, but has become hopelessly entangled in his own mesh before the end. The remarks are foolish, and serve to strengthen the charge that the Church is opposed to labor.

In "Y Gymraes" for April Miss Ellen Hughes, Llanengan, writes sensibly and entertainingly of the right kind of ambition for girls—an ambition to improve themselves in the best sense; not to become superficially pretty, but of use and a blessing to society. Miss Kate Williams, of Bryncir, discusses the all-important question "Whether a woman's dress should be simple or ornate?" She confesses that the men are wiser in the matter of simplicity than women, and suggests that woman is more superficial, which accounts for her frivolity in dress. We may say with Shakespeare that "her dress oft proclaims the woman."

In "Y Cronicl" Eynon discusses the miserable plight of the Liberal party, which is divided beyond hope of restoration. The old metaphorical cave of Adullam has been turned into compartments wherein the different irreconcilable sub-parties sojourn for some indefinite time. The party is powerless and helpless as a political unity. In fact, it is in a state of decomposition, which is another name for death.

In the "Story of the Month" Keinion rejoices that he is able to compliment a Welsh Bishop for once, for what he has said. The Bishop of St. Asaph recently expressed in a speech that he would rather see the Church disestablished than a patron of the saloon.

In "Cymru" for April, we find Chap. VI. of the "History of Wales," by the Editor, which contains the story from the Civil War until the Union, and the prominent part which Wales took in it. The article "Quarries and Quarrymen" is instructive and entertaining, from the pen of Glaslyn. The other substantial papers are "The Fairies of Lake Glasfryn," "The Life and Ethics of Tolstoi," "Recollections of Gwalchmai," "Priesthood and Sacredotalism," "Memories of Youth,' "'From Corwen to Bryneglwys," "Caregian," "The Singer's Funeral," etc., etc. The musical number is "Sleep, Dolly," words by J. D. Jones (Llew Tegid), and music by D. W. Lewis, Brynaman. The poems are of a high order, and the illustrations are beautiful. The Editor's notes are as usual practical and piquant.

"Cwrs y Byd" gives an interesting sketch of a typical Welshman, a workingman with literary tastes, something

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rather common in Wales. John Parry (Ioan Dderwen o Fon) is a native of Elim, Anglesey. In 1867 he published his poetical works under the title of "The Red Dragon." He is young and sprightly at the age of 67. In the April number is the 22nd chapter of the "Origin of the Boer War," by D. Jones. Then follow a Sermon; the Reminiscences of Ioan Morgan; the Spirits of the Age; the Landlord; Hither and Thither by the Editor. "Cwrs" discredits the scheme to get the Welsh away from Patagonia. It is a scheme, he says, to give the land-sharks a chance to despoil them. He bitterly condemns John Bull for being such a patron of the saloon and the drink evil.

"Pregeth y Mamau" (A Sermon for Mothers), a celebrated sermon by Williams o'r Wern) is interesting reading in "Y Dysgedydd" for April, a mere skeleton of the once popular and powerful discourse, by the Rev. Henry Hughes, M. C. of Bryncir. It is really a misfortune and an irreparable loss that the once celebrated Sermon for Mothers is no more to be found. At one time, its influence was somewhat marvelous. Williams had a most godly mother, and it is supposed that the discourse was composed very soon after her death. The other articles are "The Family Pulpit," "The Resurrection of Christ," "The Young People and the Churches," "Events of the Month," Reviews, Poems, News, &c., &c.

In "Trysorfa y Plant" for April is an excellent portrait of the Rev. Owen Owens, Liverpool, with a short sketch of his life and work. He first saw the light February 21, 1843, in a place called Nasguborlwyd, Gaerwen, Anglesey. He was grounded in the rudiments of education at the British School at Gaerwen, whence he went to Llangefni, where he remained for 5 years. In 1859 he came under the influence of the religious excitement of 1859, when he consecrated himself to the gospel. Subsequently he attended Bala College, remaining for 4 years under the tuition of Drs. Edwards and Parry. His first pastorate was Elim, Llanddeusant, Anglesey. In 1872 he moved to Liverpool to take charge of the church on Cramer Street, and later moved to Anfield Road, where he has labored assiduously for the last 30 years. The membership when Mr. Owens took charge was 150, which has increased to 664, and including children 1007. Mr. Owens is an influential minister and a popular preacher, and is moderator of the N. W. Association for 1902.

"Y Drysorfa" contains the usual quota of articles and papers theological and biographical which are truly interesting and edifying. William Lewis of Cwmparc writes of the Rev. John E. Davies, M. A., of London; then follows a sermon on "Christian Success" by the late Rev. John Hughes, D. D., Carnavon. Dyfed continues his entertaining remarks on Islwyn's "Tempest." The other articles are "The Western Text" by the Rev. J. Young Evans; "Temptation," a response, by the Rev. W. Glynne, B. A.; "The Llanidloes Association of 1819," out of the diary of the Rev. Humphrey Gwalchmai; "The Monthly Notes" are made up of extracts from the correspondence which passed between two brothers, Rev. John Jones of Edeyrn and Hugh, who had settled in Virginia in the end of the 18th century. Two of the letters are dated 1792-3. In his letter Hugh who has been lost to his brother for years, writes inviting John to immigrate to Virginia, where he may get a wife and land and negroes to till it, which he promises will be far better for him that working at the barber's trade. But now John is in the M. C. ministry. Hugh's bit of information that he has joined the Wesleyans in Virginia starts the brother John into a theological argument with him

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regarding the atonement, &c. John in his letter tells his brother that the word "Arminianism" sounds unpleasant among the Calvinistic everywhere.

In "Y Cerddor," David Jenkins, Mus. Bac., gives instruction as to what to select for competition at Eisteddfodau, as well as suggestions as to how to cultivate a new taste among the Welsh for nature. He wants more poems describing nature, flowers, birds, breezes, &c., as also the beauties of God's creation. He criticizes the too common custom of selecting the most superficial trash for competition, which creates a taste for the veriest rubbish, and the most obstreperous style of elocution. A short sketch of the lives of the authors of the Welsh National Hymn and music of "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" is given, viz., Evan James the father, and James the son. The words and music took form gradually, the son composing the music on the harp as they went along. They never dreamed the simple words and strains would ever become national. No. 70 in the Gallery of Musicians is David Lewis, Llanrhystyd, a self-made composer of some renown in Wales. In his own simple and unpretentious manner he has done much for the advancement of the art in Wales. He has been victor in many a musical contest, and his congregational tunes and anthems are quite popular. The "Notes" as usual are readable and entertaining.

"Yr Eurgrawn" has several papers of interest to religious readers: The Best Way to Organize Church Work in order to Attain Success," "A Memoir of the late Hugh Owen;" "Welsh Wesleyan Hymnology;" "John Ruskin as a Scholar;" "Wesleyan Missions;" "Our Picture Gallery, Gipsy Smith." Poems, &c., &c.

Gipsy Smith, one of the most successful evangelists of England to-day, was born at Wanstead, six miles N. E. of London, of gypsy parents. For some time he worked in the ranks of the Salvation Army, wherein he accomplished some wonderful work. He was sent to Hanley, one of the worst places in England, where he became such an attraction that his audience numbered between seven and eight thousand. He is entirely the product of nature and grace. He is a man of wonderful natural abilities. He was until lately working the Manchester mission, the greatest thing of the kind in the world. He is now evangelizing under the National Free Church Council.

The April issue of "The Gael" contains an increased number of pages, with an unusually interesting profusion of handsome illustrations, and a great variety of entertaining pieces. "The Intellectual Revival in Ireland," by Sir Thomas Esmonde, Bart. M. P. (with portrait of the author). The rapid spread of the Irish Language Movement is fully recognized, and the great need of giving more attention to the publication of Irish manuscripts, all of which are of inestimable historic value, is strongly and urgently dwelt on. "Father O'Growney—His Home and Work," a special article by Mr. J. J. O'Kelly, The Gael's representative in Dublin, is a very full and sympathetic biographical sketch of this much-beloved professor of Irish, from his cradle to the grave. "Jimmie Ryan and the Fairies" is a delightful little fairy tale by Miss Shiela Mahon. The Gaelic department this month contains the conclusion of the "Parliament of Women" and several other pieces of equal literary merit. "The Blacksmith's Son," by Alice Furlong, is a sprightly little love sketch. The poetry includes "Mo Faoileann Dubh," by A. Sylvester Falkner; "Father O'Growney," by D. A. McCarthy; "The Colleen Donn," by Alfred Perceval Graves, and "Lovely Wicklow." "The Gael" is published monthly

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at 150 Nassau Street, New York, for $1.00 a year.

Among the other articles and papers in the "Monthly Treasury," a Welsh Calvinistic magazine, are the following: "The Sacraments," by the late Dr. Griffith Parry, which is continued from preceding numbers. The writer states that a large section of the Christian church regards baptism as being the essential question, and practically denies Christian fellowship to all those who have not been immersed. In this section of the dissertation, he deals with the question of the mode of administering baptism, which he resolves into a question of quantity, not of grace, but of water. However, it seems that the old interminable question of baptism is beyond the power of settlement. A, B, C, furnishes a sketch of Evan Evans, an honest lawyer, a wonderful phenomenon. The writer admits that it is often said that an honest lawyer is an impossibility, yet he presents Mr. Evans to the readers as an honest Christian lawyer. Rev. D. Lloyd Jones, M. A., of Llandinam, continues his series of articles on the "Uniqueness of the Earth," which contains some very interesting information. This chapter deals with Mars, its volume, density and gravity. Its density is not that of our earth, and consequently its force of gravity is only 38 to 100. A man could leap on Mars over a wall eight feet four inches in height with no more effort than it would cost here to spring over a two feet fence.

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SCIENTIFIC

The Methodist Episcopal Hymnal contains 81 hymns on the subject of Christ. Of these 15 have to do with his incarnation and birth, 21 with his sufferings and death, 37 with his resurrection, priesthood and reign, and only 8 with his life and character.

War is no longer a matter affecting only the internal affairs of the nations directly involved; it concerns all, for commercial bonds unite all. The exigencies of commerce have aroused a public opinion which curbs rapacity and demands arbitration of international disputes.—P. S. Monthly.

The child considered as a member of an animal species is incapable of social functions. He is restricted to physical individualism. He is not yet a whole human being, but is rather, to adopt the words of another, "a candidate for humanity."—George A. Coe.

The ladies of seventeen hundred and two had the pleasure of using a fork, they having come into fashion at that time. At large assemblages they always carried their own knives and forks. It is natural to conclude that it was not the fashion in those days to use three or four knives, forks and spoons at each place.

Tuke, when his tooth was being pulled, repeated to himself "How delightful! how delightful!" The founder of Christian Science says "We attack the belief of the sick in the reality of sickness, in order to heal them." Again she advises "Mentally contradict every complaint from the body." Medical science gives clear recognition to the fact that fear or expectation of disease tends to cause disease, and the replacing of fear by cheerful states of mind is one means of restoration.

Nietsche declares that Christianity cultivates an imaginary psychology, nothing but self-misunderstandings, interpretations of pleasant or unpleasant general feelings; for example, the conditions of the "nervus sympathicus" with the help of the sign-language of religio-moral idiosyncrasy—repentance, remorse of conscience, temptation by the devil, &c., &c.

Prof. Brunor makes a startling prediction as to human development. He sees in the future man a being in whom strange transformations shall have taken place; a being in whom brain is master, ruling a body much larger than that of the present man; a body which has lost its floating ribs, its vermiform appendix, and its little toes, and in which many other changes have taken place. He believes the chest and upper and lower limbs will be larger and that the future man will be much taller than his prototype of to-day.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.—William Henry Channing.

Out of 598 miscellaneous cases of conversion collected by E. G. Lancaster, 518 showed new religious inclina-

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tions between the ages of 12 and 25, and mostly between 12 and 20. Of 776 graduates of Drew Theological Seminary, the largest number were converted at the age of 16, and the average age was 16.4. Of 526 officers of the Young Men's Christian Associations in the United States and the British Provinces, the average age was 16.5. There are three well-marked periods of awakening, namely 12 and 13, 16 and 17, and 20.—"The Spiritual Life."

In fact, exercise, although an essential part of physical culture, is not nearly as important as correct eating and breathing; for if good blood is not formed by judiciously selected and well digested food, and enriched by contact with oxygen in the lungs, the result of any attempt to develop muscularity will only result in premature collapse. Any system of physical culture that does not start with correct eating and breathing as its fundamental principles, cannot hope to attain success. When the true scope and significance of physical culture is fully recognized, a great advance will have been made.

The first thing a child should learn is to ask for a drink of water. I have seen hand-fed children scream and fidget for hours together, as if troubled by some unsatisfied want, but at the same time rejecting the milk-bottle and pap-dish with growing impatience. The nurse will too often either resort to paregoric or try the effect of a lullaby. I need not say that the poison-expedient would be wrong under all circumstances, but, before you try anything else, offer the child a cup of cold water. To a young nursling the mother's breast supplies both food and drink, but farinaceous paps require a better diluent than milk.

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit, in God's out of doors—these are little guide-posts on the footpath to peace.

Men, says a German physician, begin to grow smaller in their thirty-fifth year, and women a little before they are forty. Men, however, he maintained, stop growing when they are thirty, and for five or six years their stature remains stationary. Then it decreases, at first very slowly—not more than half a millimetre every ten months—but afterwards more rapidly, so that from the eightieth year onward the annual diminution may be as much as three millimetres. It follows that except during a few years of life change is taking place in the stature of every human being.—Family Doctor.

Inoculation is not vaccination. The former was introduced into England from Turkey before the end of the second decade of the 18th century by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and was opposed by the medical professors with the same zeal as that with which they now defend vaccination, and the clergy denounced the innovation from their pulpits as a impious attempt to take the issues of life and death out of the hands of Providence. Inoculation was commonly practised in Wales long before Dr. Jenner's discovery, and by others than the profession. The Rev. Thomas Morgan, minister at Blaen-

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gwrach, Vale of Neath (1772-1813), did so for many years. In the "Philosophical Transactions," vol. v., p. 370, we read that two Italian physicians sent information of the practice to the English medical profession, by whom, however, no notice was taken of it.

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MUSIC AND TUBERCULOSIS.

Dr. Isambard Owen has pointed out an additional reason for the practice of singing. In Wales, where singing is so generally pursued, tuberculosis ought to be reduced to a minimum, for he said at the University College recently that in the love of music they had a valuable aid in that work, as systematic voice-training was one of the most efficient means of keeping the lungs in a condition of health. What explanation can be offered concerning the fact that North Wales contains more consumptive patients than any other part of the world, if my memory serves me right, for there the conditions of pure mountain air and the general practice of singing are to be found together? It is true that, as a rule, the population huddle together in the valleys, where fogs are prevalent, and that their dwellings are antiquated and unsanitary; but the same can be said of other districts where consumption is far less known. Some explanation ought to be forthcoming why the quarrymen of North Wales, who invariably work in the open air, are victimised to a greater extent than the colliers of South Wales, who have to subsist in artificially-made air, and are constantly inhaling coal-dust, but both classes are about equally given to singing. Is the artificially-made air freer from disease germs than the moisture-laden air of the deep valleys of North Wales?

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EVOLUTION.

The idea of evolution, as is well known, is by no means a modern thing. On the contrary, we find in the classic writers traces of the view that living nature did not appear to them as a collection of fixed and stable units, but that on the contrary living beings were subjected to conditions as the result of which they underwent more or less different changes. There is underlying men's conceptions of the world of life the idea of an unfolding or a becoming through the variations and changes which living beings undergo. The passage of the plant from the seed to the leaf, from leaf to flower, and flower to fruit is in its way a process of evolution very much as in the same way the origin of a frog from its egg, and its passing through a tadpole and vent or eft stage indicates to us the probable manner of development of the frog class. All nature is fairly eloquent regarding the reality of the great law that in the development of animals and plants all things proceed from that which is more complex. The difference between one living being and another simply means that the lower forms are arrested in a simpler state of development and remain so, while the higher forms proceed from the lower plane of simplicity in the higher plane of complex structure. The idea of evolution has therefore been universal ever since man began to speculate regarding the manner in which the living worlds have come to be what they are. Later on in the domain of physical science the astronomer has shown cause for entertaining the same belief regarding other worlds than ours. There is community of matter and position apparently to be found amongst the stars, and when we find that hydrogen gas, a common product of this earth, is that which blazes in the sun and gives us light and heat, we are forced to see in such a fact an indication of the probability that all worlds have had a common origin.

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"The Welsh Defender of the Faith." So the Vicar of Skewen characterized Dewi Sant.

In Milford Haven a public-house named the Lamb Inn has been changed into the Butcher's Arms.

All the officers of the Rhyl and Holywell Teachers' Association are surnamed "Jones." The retiring president was also a Jones.

During the reign of George II. all the silver coins were stamped with the Welsh plumes to denote that the silver of which they were made came from the Welsh mines.

A juryman from Mountain Ash has startled the readers of a London weekly contemporary by stating that he recently served on a jury on which there were three John Joneses and one John John.

They are a striving people at Llanelly. The tin-plate town provides more prisoners for the county gaol than all the rest of Carmarthenshire, with Pembrokeshire and Cardiganshire, put together.

When "The Creation" was performed in a Welsh chapel at Cardiff, the minister, sitting near Principal Edwards, remarked, "The 'Creation' is going on well." "Yes," said the witty doctor, "it is quite a recreation."

There is a tradition that the British Queen Boadicea was buried at Newmarket, in Flintshire. While making excavations in the neighborhood some years ago Mr. Boyd Dawkins discovered a prehistoric cave which contained several graves, human bones, and other relics.

Few people are aware that Canon Silvan Evans was reared among the Nonconformists. "He is one of the few clergymen in the Established Church," remarks the "Goleuad," with a show of magnanimity, "whose secession from the ranks of Nonconformity is considered a loss to the Nonconformists." But they have the use of his dictionary.

Here is another English englyn by the Rev. Thomas Nicholson, of Bromley, Kent, composed in the sound of the roar of a waterfall in his native land:

Roam, ye ramblers, and hear my rumb-
O'er the slope I'm foaming; [ling—as
To resound my wild bounding
Sober rocks your echoes bring.

There are 4,000 or more Welsh people scattered over the city of Birmingham and its suburbs, and an interesting article appeared appropriately for St. David's Day in the "Birmingham Post."

Among the notable Welshmen who died in March were Dewi Sant 554 (?), Dafydd Ddu Eryri 1822, Williams o'r Wern 1840, Morgan Howells 1852, Evans Ffynonhenry 1866, Caledfryn 1869, J. D. Ffraid 1875, Dr. Roberts (Pontypridd), 1895, Professor Gethin Davies 1896,

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Thomas Job (Cynwil) 1898, and Principal Edwards (Bala) 1900.

At last the difficulty in reference to the publication of Dr. Silvan Evans's magnus opus, the Welsh-English Dictionary, has been at least temporarily surmounted. Messrs. W. Spurrell and Sons, Carmarthen, who have printed the four parts which have appeared containing the first six letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, CH, D, and DD, are now engaged in printing the fifth part, which, it is understood, will cover the letters E, F, and FF, but it is not expected that the part will be issued during the present year. The first six letters run to 1,828 pages.

An English englyn is a rarity, and though the following may, technically, be in strict accord with the rules of the "Cynghaneddion," it falls far short of the ideal. It was written by "Edeyrn o Fon" well under the effects of a rousing temperance address:

I will drink not of ale a drop—no more
By no means in beershop;
And shall flinch from a gingshop
And go to nature's sure shop.

Though only a deacon, "Mabon" is, nevertheless, a more popular preacher than the majority of ordained ministers in the "Corff." It is, therefore, interesting to note that "Mabon" is a Hebrew word meaning "instructor." When Methodism began the unordained preachers were called "cynghorwyr," that is, "counsellors" or "instructors." According to the Old Testament Hebrew the Levites who arranged the great Passover in the time of Josiah were "Mabons." And it is fitting that an Abraham should have a Hebrew title.

Government estimates have been issued for the year ending March 31, 1903, of the amounts required for grants in aid of the expenses of certain universities and colleges in Great Britain, and also of expenditures under the Welsh Intermediate Education Act, 1889. The grand total is £121,706, as compared with £116,700 in 1901-2, showing an increase of £5,006. The grant to the University of Wales is stationary, viz., £4,000; and under the head of university colleges the estimate for the Principality is £12,000, the same as in 1901-2. For intermediate education in Wales, the total is £21,-900, an increase of £200 upon 1901-2.

The historian of the iron trade of Wales writes: "I wonder whether any of the descendants of the old Welsh people are now engaged in the banana trade of the West Indies. It appears from Cromwell's letters that after the Battle of St. Fagan's a large number of the Welsh prisoners were exiled to the West Indies, in the same manner as the Boers are being deported to St. Helena. Bristol, which had a settled traffic of prisoners and captured men from the Welsh coast to Algiers and the West Indies, probably figured in the transportation. It is interesting to know that the kinsmen of St. Fagan's natives are now profitably engaged in the banana trade."

A correspondent who read in the "Mail" the statement that an elderly Welsh couple in Kentucky were recently presented with a coffin on their golden wedding day suggests that the following lines should wind up the epitaph (which is all complete barring the blanks for dates and ages):

John Williams and his faithful wife
Passed half a century free from strife.
Each said, "In marriage we were lucky,
The happiest couple in Kentucky!"
E'er dreading to be left alone,
They'll sleep together 'neath this stone;
The date we know not—may it be
At least one more half-century!

You can get in perfection in a Welsh farmer's house toasted cheese and the

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roast goose—the goose with its inevitable attendant, "the potch pytatws (mashed potatoes), which of all food is the most delicious with the Welshman. Potch, I have been told, is unknown in England. It used to be that the potch only was eaten the day the goose was roasted, and the oatmeal—"bara mewn saim," or oatmeal bread—soaked in the gravy. There are very few now who know the way to make oatmeal bread after the old Welsh style, and fewer still who could cook the right, real Welsh bara mewn saim. The goose was eaten cold the next and following days with a new supply of hot potch.

A lot of men worked together in the quarries in North Wales, most of them having become members of religion during the revival known in the Gogledd as "Diwygiad Richard Owen." One of them who was a bit of a poet challenged another who was an adept at music to compose a hymn on a "metre' he had no tune he could sing it on. A marvellous production, whether it was ever sung or not:

Y mae'r byd yn dod i ben,
Dydd y dyrnodiau;
I dy walcis yn dy ben,
Am dy feiau.
Am drybaeddu tynu'n groes,
Ti gei gernod.
Gwell anghofio yr hen strokes
Na chael eu danod.

Not so very long ago it was not customary to lay knives and forks on the dinner tables of the most respectable and wealthy farmers who lived in the hilly parts of Glamorganshire. Mr. D. Prichard, of Cowbridge, who died about 1850, used to say that he went as a boy to see a wealthy relative in the hills. Dinner was the first meal served after his arrival. After he had been helped he sat waiting, because he could not cut up his food. At last his host asked him why he did not commence to eat. "If you please," said David, "I want a knife and fork." "Haven't you got a knife in your pocket?" said the good man, to which David was obliged to reply that he had not. "Here is a pretty fellow," said his uncle, "to go about the country without a knife in his pocket!"

To translate an englyn is an impossible task; but "Subscriber" sends us the following rendering of one that caused considerable discussion and amusement.

THE WATCH.

Perfectly curious, round of make
A marvel whence the time we take;
Its two fine hands so fixed to run
Right to a second with the sun.

The following was a prize englyn on the state of this country during the Cleveland administration:

The land was shapeless,
Had a trouble inside,
Gradually to ruin
She went on a slide;
But to-day she's all right,
In good health and business bright.

Since the spoliation of Church revenues by Cromwell the poverty of the Welsh curate seems to have become chronic. Five pounds was considered a fat living in the time of Charles II. A hundred years later a Mr. Gilbert demanded some Parliamentary returns in 1787, and a Welsh curate, in sending his report, said:—"But the distresses of my poor neighbors cannot be greater than mine are. I have a wife * * * around me nine poor children, for whom I never yet could procure shoe or stocking. It is with difficulty I can supply them with food. My income is £35 per annum, and for this I do the duty of four parishes." The letter had such effect upon the Parliamentary Committee that Mr. Gilbert forwarded at once a bank-note to the poor curate. The letter was shown to the King and Queen, inquiry was made as to the moral character of the man, and event-

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ually the Duke of Chandos conferred on the poor curate a living of £120 per annum.

The day for the installation of our present Prince as Chancellor of the University of Wales is fixed to take place in April next. Let us hope that the function will be at Cardiff, the Metropolis of All Wales, and we are confident he will receive a Royal Welsh greeting, and will return prouder of his ancient and most distinguished title and of the Principality, as well as of his "Gwaed coch cyfa."

We who live in these later days should feel thankful that Royal visits to the Principality at the present are solicited by the inhabitants, and are intended to benefit the nation, and have succeeded in that object to a great extent; and our present King, by his many visits, has found that no part of his kingdom is more loyal to the throne than "Gallant little Wales." This has not always been so. From the times of the first Prince of Wales to the days of Harri Tudwr Royal visits were marked by the desolating scourage of war and carnage; and though it took the English eight hundred years to conquer us, the glory of the conflict is less in favor of the conquerors than the vanquished.

An article entitled, "Little England Beyond Wales" appears in a recent number of the "Spectator." The article opens with: "Almost everyone can talk about Cornwall, yet how many visit Pembrokeshire, not more remote? * * * Of historic relics the Welsh county shows, we believe, a longer list even than Cornwall, while for the number and splendor of its ruined castles it shares with Glamorgan a pre-eminence that we should imagine is nowhere disputed within these islands. Lastly, it possesses a cathedral which for romance of situation and eventful story is, beyond doubt unique in this country. An uninterested layman in such matters might readily forget or confuse in his memory most of the cathedrals he has seen in his life, but he could never forget St. David's or by any possibility confuse it with another. If all these things fail to attract more than a mere sprinkling of English visitors to Pembrokeshire, it is hardly to be expected that its remarkable cleavage of race and language should do so, though, considering the advanced state of civilization enjoyed by the county as a normal part of Britain, there is, probably, nothing like it in Europe."

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SAINT DAVIDS' DAY.

How many persons who recall the Mother Goose rhyme

Taffy was a Welshman!
Taffy was a thief!

know that Taffy is Welsh for David, and the lines are a libel. Taffy, or David, was not a thief, but a saint and a hero, who in the days of King Arthur fought the heathen, and in a memorable battle won a great victory for the stainless king.

The 1st day of March is St. David's day, and on the last day of February St. David receives high honor in London. On that evening St. Paul's Cathedral is given over to the honorable society of Cymmrodorion, who there hold a service in honor of their patron saint. It is the regular cathedral service, with a sermon, but given entirely in the Welsh language. The singing is always of a very high order. If Ben Davis is in London you will hear him in St. Paul's on the eve of St. David's.

For hours before the service begins the cathedral is crowded with people. Later, it is often impossible to find even standing room in the great building, which easily holds 12,000 or 15,000 people. The London papers which announce the service invariably con-

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clude by saying: "The cathedral clergy have forbidden the hwyl." To the person who sees the strange word for the first time, and then goes to the cathedral and hears the hwyl, as hear it he will, forbidden thought it be, the annual Welsh festival on St. David's eve will be something to remember all his life. The hwyl is a peculiar quality of voice or tone, said to be possessed only by certain gifted ones, to whom it has been transmitted by some Druidical ancestor, who moved his savage followers by that same magic tone, and incited them to battle or moved them to religious frenzy. It is a marvelous thing, the hwyl, and every hearer, with a drop of Celtic blood in his veins, is moved to the depths of his being. To the Scotchman it is as the voice of the bagpipes; the Irishman hears the banshee, but to the soul of the Welshman it whispers more than ever banshee shrieked or bagpipe skirled. In the cathedral it is forbidden because it excites the people, but if Rev. Killin Roberts, the greatest Welsh clergyman in London, reads ever so small a part of the service, the hwyl will not be absent, for keep it out of his voice he can not. St. David is remembered, not alone in London that day, but in every little village in the principality of Wales; the leek, his emblem, will be worn in his memory.—St. Louis Daily Globe-Democrat.

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INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN WALES.

Although our advance on the path of instrumental progress is necessarily slow, and perhaps inconsiderable looking at the country generally, especially in the case of orchestral music—we do not here include large centres such as Cardiff, Newport and Swansea, where more favorable circumstances obtain—proofs are not wanting, nevertheless, that we are moving onward and, as far as one may judge, without any signs of faltering or halting on the way. Under present conditions and in the absence of some systematic plan for the development of orchestral playing amongst us, the formation of orchestras must be left to local initiation. And after the instrumentalists are brought together the promoters have, above and beyond their mere technical training, also to educate both performers and audiences in the higher demands and aspirations of the art.

During this educational process probably "high art" has often to make way for expediency—the sop to Cerberus is not without its application even in musical matters, although we are not at all sure that the popular taste is so superficial as some musical entrepreneurs seem to think. However, from some orchestral programmes which have lately reached us it is satisfactory to notice that in the bills of fare provided good music is not ill-represented. If we take Aberdare and Oswestry as respectively representing the southern and northern divisions of the Principality—for Oswestry, though within the Shropshire border, is practically recognised as a Welsh town—we find in the programme of a concert recently held in the former town instrumental works by De Beriot, Flotow, Tschaikowsky, Edward German, and Mendelssohn, and in the latter by Nicolai, Brahms, and Grieg. Mr. Arkite Phillips is to be congratulated on the orchestra which he has under his baton at Aberdare, numbering a band of a little over forty performers in all, and which, we hope, has before it a long period of successful activity in this important branch of musical work.

From Newtown, Montgomeryshire, we have received preliminary information of a brass band contest to be held thereat under the auspices of the Royal Welsh Warehouse Recreation Society in June next, when there will be an open contest, and one confined to Welsh bands, in addition to quickstep and other competitions.—D. E. E.

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PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

JOHN GROVE.

The news of the death of Mr. John Grove which took place Wednesday morning, March 19th, from cerebral hemorrhage, at the residence of his brother Mr. Thomas Grove, 1639 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, will be received with surprise and profound sorrow by those who knew him in life.

He was the second son of the late Mr. William Grove, Maesteg, S. W., who was a very prominent figure both in religious and business circles. He was employed by Messrs. Park & Tilford on Broadway. His modest, amiable and cheering disposition endeared him to all who came in contact with him. He came to this country fifteen years ago, and during all these years he has lived happily at the home of his brother Tom and his kind and esti-

JOHN GROVE.

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mable wife. Though the Atlantic rolled between him and his dear mother, it is pleasant to think that on his grave the consecrated tear of affection and love was dropped. To know that many kind hands decorated his last resting place with flowers and evergreens. This was done in Cypress Hill in connection with the grave, where rests the body of our brother. It was not his lot to press fondly the hand of the mother who had so tenderly nursed him, yet it was his privilege to breathe his last in the home of his brother with whom he had lived so happily for so many years.

His funeral services were held on Thursday evening, March 21st, the sermon, which was a very touching one was preached by the Rev. G. K. MacDonald of Long Island City. He based his remarks on the words found in 2 Kings, 19th chapter, and 14th verse. Very tender references were made to his mother, who is still living in Wales. A very large company were present, among whom we noticed his sister, Mrs. G. M. Evans and family, his brother William, his brother Tom and his family; Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas; Mr. and Mrs. Whinzor Thomas; Dr. William D. Thomas; Byron Thomas; Mrs. Evan Evans, New York; Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Matthews (Brenin y Te); Mrs. Harrison, Hackensack; Mr. Morrison, L. I. City; Mrs. Dr. Hoxsie, Brooklyn; Mr. J. Goodsall, N. Y., and numerous other friends. Beautiful floral pieces were contributed by his family and his friends. He was laid to rest the following day in Cypress Hills Cemetery. He leaves behind him to mourn his loss a mother sister and two brothers.

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BEN DAVIES.

Ben Davies was born January 6, 1858. The place of his birth was Pontardawe, a populous village about eight miles from Swansea, situated in the same valley as Craig-y-Nos Castle, the residence of Adelina Patti. The father of Ben Davies was an engineer. Like many of his countrymen he was an excellent preacher, and his services were in great demand for supplying the various pulpits round about Swansea. But when his oldest son Ben was only seven years old the bread-winner of the family was prematurely called away by the angel of death, leaving behind him a widow and four young children.

Young Ben began to sing when he was about five years of age. At the age of six he was a member of a choir that competed for a prize at an Eisteddfod at Carmarthen. At an early age he joined the choir of the Congregational chapel at Cwmbwrla as a boy alto; he never sang soprano. There was no organ in the church, therefore all the music which included an anthem now and then was purely vocal, and it scarcely need be said distinctly congregational. It was first intended that young Ben Davies should go to college, and in due time blossom forth as a D. D., for he had inherited the talents of his father as a preacher. He had often said, even at this late date, "To this day my mother is disappointed that I should not become a preacher. I sometimes extemporize a sermon to show her that I should have become a failure in that capacity, and then friends console her with the remark that I often preach sermon when I sing such strains as 'If with All your Hearts' and 'Be Faithful Unto Death.'"

As a clergyman wrote in one of the London papers: "Was there for instance a lovelier sermon preached in London that Christmas day than the opening, recitative and air 'Comfort Ye' sung, I had almost said spoken, gloriously by Ben Davies, and what is true singing but elevated poetic speech." These words should be pondered by all inspiring young vocalists; yes, and even by those of older growth. But to return to Ben Davies. "Ever since I was twelve years old I have earned my

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own living," says Ben Davies. "I held a situation in a store at Swansea for some years, until I was twenty-four. In 1878 I paid my first visit to London as a member of the South Wales Choir."

It was at the age of nineteen that Ben Davies suddenly discovered that he possessed a tenor voice. He then went to London, where he studied at the Royal Academy of Music on the advice of Brinley Richards. Mr. Davies remained at the Academy three years, at the end of which time he took the gold medal, and a year later he graduated with the highest honors. Other prizes he has won are the Evill prize for "Declamatory English Singing," and the Parepa Rosa Gold Medal. Both of these were given by the Royal Academy.

His first oratorio engagement was in 1879 when he sang in the "Hymn of Praise." Then followed in numbers appearances with the most prominent of English societies for at his first appearance he had made a fine success. After this his successes grew until he was looked upon as England's greatest tenor, and with acknowledgment he first came to this country in 1893, when he was engaged to sing at the World's Fair in Chicago. Critics claim him to be the greatest tenor now before the public.

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Ann Griffiths, the sweet songstress of Welsh religious life, is to have a memorial in the form of a chapel at Dolganog. The centenary of her death will occur in 1905.

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The well-known North Wales bard, "Menaifab," is dead. He was considered one of the best stanza composers, and had won several distinctions at the National Eisteddfod.

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The oldest Wesleyan Methodist preacher in Wales—the Rev. Humphrey Humphreys—was buried recently at Llanfyllin. He was in his ninety-second year, and commenced preaching as far back as 1833.

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When in South Africa Colonel Morgan Lindsay received an invitation to a concert in the Kroonstad Refugee Camp. He was surprised when he got there to find it was conducted by a Mr. Watkins, from Llanbradach. How Mr. Watkins became a refugee is not explained.

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The first man in Wales to deal with the subject of ventilation of dwellings was the late Bishop Thirlwall, of St. David's. Some forty years ago that learned prelate published a small pamphlet in Welsh entitled "Awyriad Anneddau," which, like many other good things, has disappeared from sight.

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The late Mr. D. E. Williams, J. P., Hirwain, S. W., held strong views as to the necessity of taxing royalties and wayleaves With the object of advertising his views he had the words, "Royalties ought to be taxed," printed as a headline on envelopes he sent through the post.

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Among notable Welshmen who died in the month of July were: Howel Harris, 1783; Christmas Evans, 1838; Aneurin Owen, 1851; "Pryse Cwmllynfell," 1869; Mynyddog, 1877; Judge Watkin Williams, 1884; Dr. Harries Jones, 1885; Roger Edwards, 1886; Dr. Lewis Edwards, Bala, 1887; D. Davies, Llanuinam, 1890; Gwilym Gwent, 1891; Dr. J. Thomas, Liverpool, 1892; William Owen, Prysgol (author of "Pen Calfaria"), 1893.

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Archdeacon Thomas has been speaking about the Anglicisation of certain Welsh surnames. He said they saw "ab" or "ap" absorbed into the name it qualified, as found in such names as Batho, Beddow, Binner, Bonnor, Brodrick, Breeze, Prewes, Povey, Pro-

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bert, Prynallt, and Prothero. Then forms of Ap Evan were seen in such names as Bevan, Baven, Beaven, Bevern, and Bevon. Then there were epithet names—sort of nicknames—in which they got a great variety. From Bach (little) they had Baugh; Coch (red), Cock Coke; Goch (red), Goff, Gough; Du (black), Dee Dew; Dwn (dun), Dun, Dune, Done, Donne, Donus and Downes; Glas (grey), Glace, Glaze; Gwyllt (wild), Gwilt; from Llwyd (brown), Lloyd, Floyd, Lluett and Fluett; and from Teg (fair), Teague and Tegging.

M. Jaffrenou ("Taldir"), the young Breton poet who has made so many friends in Wales, is now paying the penalty of the system of conscription, and is engaged doing the duty of an ordinary soldier in the army of France; but the band of Breton patriots who visited the Cardiff National Eisteddfod are in high glee through the changed attitude of the French Government towards Breton literature. The Marquess of L'Estourbeillon, who headed the said delegates, and whose picturesque and expensive higher class costume is so well remembered, is a member of the French House of Assembly. He has just succeeded in getting a Government grant of 5,000f. in support of Breton dramas; whilst M. Cloarec the then mayor of Ploujeau, who may be remembered on account of his burly form and exceptional bonhomie, has had permission to make a railway from Morlaix to the neighboring agricultural districts. He is filled with the hope of being able to send vegetable produce from Roscoff—"where the onions come from"—to Cardiff, and to take coal back from Cardiff to Brittany. This is a project which has been yearned for for long years, and now that it is about to be realised Cardiff people ought to watch its progress with interest.

Dr. John Hughes (Glanystwyth) was as eminent as a litterateur as he was as a preacher, and was one of the finest scholars in the Welsh Wesleyan Connexion. Whatever he did, he did it with all his might, and all the multifarious aspects of Welsh Wesleyan effort found in him a strenuous worker of enkindling enthusiasm. He was the editor of the oldest Welsh Wesleyan monthly magazine—viz., the "Eurgrawn," in the columns of which he had recently been waging keen controversy with the Rev. Canon Williams of St. David's, on the "The Origin of the Welsh Church," and also on "The Institution of Christianity." He was also one of the editors of the new Welsh Wesleyan Hymn Book. Dr. Hughes was also a prolific writer, both to the daily and weekly press, and as an author, and amongst his works in the latter capacity may be mentioned "Oesau Boreu'r Byd," "Life of Christ," a "Life of the Rev. Isaac Jones," and a volume of sermons "Delw y Nefol," &c. He was one of the earliest and most strenuous advocates of the establishment of the Welsh Wesleyan Assembly. Dr. Hughes was also the president of the Free Church Council in Bangor. As a bard he was widely known under the ffugenw of Glanystwyth, and was one of the adjudicators of the awdl at the last Liverpool Eisteddfod. At the time of his death Dr. Hughes was engaged on an epic poem on "St. Paul," on the lines of Hiraethog's great epic on "Immanuel." Dr. Hughes leaves a widow, three sons, and a daughter, to mourn his loss, to whom the sympathy of the whole Welsh Wesleyan Connexion will be freely extended.

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Original and Selected Miscellany:

"Pa, what are prejudices?" "Other people's opinions, my son."

"My son is taking a post graduate course." "Indeed! Is he studying to be a letter carrier?"

Edward Everett Hale says: "We are all in the same boat, both animals and men. You cannot promote kindness to one without benefiting the other."

A wife should be like roast lamb—tender and sweet, and nicely dressed with plenty of fixings—but without sauce.—Charles Lamb.

Prof. Schubert of Hamburg has figured out that, accepting the ordinary chronology, 1,000,000,000 minutes will have elapsed since the birth of Christ, on April 29 at 10:40 in the forenoon.

Humor at the expense of another is mere brutality. That was a fine tribute which Senator Hoar paid to his late friend, Senator Davis: "No spark from him was ever a cinder in the eye of his friend."

They talk about a "woman's sphere"
As though it had a limit;
There's not a spot on sea or shore,
In sanctum, office, shop or store—
There aint no nothin' any more
Without a woman in it.
—"Boston Herald."

"I presume I was at least as nervous in going through with the ceremeony as they were," said the minister. After it was over, a "little brother" remarked, "They ain't married at all. They just stood up on the floor and the preacher talked to them."

Little Nina went to church with her grandmother, and for the first time put two pennies in the contribution plate. Leaning over she whispered very audibly: "That's all right, grandma. I paid for two!"—Junior Herald.

It is stated that an old Welsh Baptist minister in one of the most retired and rural districts of Wales finds it very difficult to resist the encroachments of laziness. One day at breakfast his wife said to him, "Samuel, there's a bit of butter on your waistcoat." "All right, girl," the minister slowly responded; "it will fall off when I get up."

There are lots of honest people in this world. Some years ago my doctor, experimenting for the cure of asthma, ordered one prescription after another up to the number of perhaps half a dozen. On carrying in the last to that prominent druggist, the late Theodore Metcalf, he said to me quietly, "I think, Mr. Angell, the less of this stuff you take the better off you will be."—"Our Dumb Animals."

According to the new liquor law before the British Parliament, if an habitual drunkard several times convicted attempts to purchase liquor within three years of a conviction he is liable to a penalty, as is the seller of the liquor. Dealers in liquor are liable for knowingly selling liquor to drunk-

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en persons on the premises. All clubs are to be registered, and any unregistered club that supplies liquors is subject to a penalty of fifty pounds.

A Sunday School teacher told her class of a cruel boy who could catch cats and cut their tails off. Now can any little girl tell me of an appropriate verse of scripture! There was a pause an.. then a small girl arose, and in a solemn voice said: "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

The Russians—even the poorest peasantry—are noted for their kindness to dumb animals, and particularly for their kindness to their horses. No blinders are used in Russia; no high check-reins; no mutilation of horses for life by docking. If the polo players of Massachusetts were half as humane as the Russian Cossacks their horses would be saved a vast deal of suffering, and we should be saved a vast deal of trouble.—"Our Dumb Animals."

A Welsh witness was giving evidence when the magistrate told the interpreter to ask where the prisoner stood when arrested by the police. This was correctly translated into "Pa le y safai y carcharor pan y cymerodd yr heddgeidwad ef i'r ddalfa." The witness gasped and shook his head. "Tut tut," said the stipendiary, "I can speak Welsh better than that. "Lle rodd y prisoner yn standio pan catchiodd y policeman e." And as he got his answer he smiled upon the court.

G. R. Glenn, superintendent of public instruction of the State of Georgia, one day explained the powers of the X-ray machine to a gathering of darkies at the school commencement. After the meeting was over a negro called him aside and wanted to know if he was in earnest about the machine. Mr. Glenn assured him that he was. "Boss, I wants ter ax you ef er nigger et chicken kin you look in him an' see chicken?" "Why, yes, Ephraim," said Mr. Glenn. "Well, boss, I wants ter ax you one mo' question. Kin you look in dat nigger an' tell whar dat chicken come from?"—Argonaut.

It is astonishing to think how deeply the ritualists in the Church of England have sunk into superstition. Some years ago they published a prayer book of which 20,000 copies were sold, in which was a service for the blessing of holy salt to be eaten by the clergy for the health of their souls! There was also holy water, blessed by the ritualist priest as means of driving out the devil and disease. Another book also was published called "The Services of the Holy Week," which contained a form of service for driving the devil out of flowers, and another for blessing fire!

A German military critic has been adding up the grand total of the continental armies, and, after noting that we can form only a vague idea of what is meant by tens of millions, he tries to bring home to his readers in another way the colossal growth of modern armaments. If, he says, we could have all the armies of the continent on a war footing and drawn up in one long procession, with their guns and ammunition and baggage wagons, the column would be rather more than 24,000 miles long, and, marching day and night, it would take nearly a year to pass a given point.—"London Chronicle."

A lawyer, distinguished in his profession, owns a delightful summer home in Vermont. His neighbors there tell this story about his youngest child, a girl not more than 10. After much coaxing she prevailed on her father to buy her a donkey and cart. The first day of the donkey's arrival he was permitted to browse on the lawn. The child followed the little animal about,

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and thinking his countenance wore an uncommonly sad expression she cautiously approached and stroking his nose gently with her little hands, said: "Poor donkey! you feel lonesome, don't you? But never mind, papa will be here to-morrow and then you will have company."—"New York Times."

"Superstition saves me a lot of trouble," said an elevator man in a Philadelphia department store, being in a communicative mood during a slight lull in business. "You know I have orders to carry only 12 people in my car. It's a hard rule to enforce ordinarily, for when there's a rush the people will crowd in, regardless of everything. If an extra woman insists upon crowding in all I say is: 'Very well, ladies, if you can stand it I can. But 12 is the limit, and we now have 13. That's unlucky, and if something happens it won't be my fault.' That fetches 'em every time. Rather than ride up in a car loaded with 13, some woman always steps off."

"The Christian Herald" says: "Perhaps the devotions are too hurried. We have so much before us of the day's work that we hustle the children together. We get half through the chapter before the family are seated. We read it as if we were reading for a wager. We drop on our knees, and are in the second or third sentence before they all get down. It is an express train, with 'Amen' for the first depot. We rush for the hat and overcoat, and are on the way to the store, leaving the impression that family prayers are a necessary nuisance; and we had better not have had any gathering of the family at all. Better have given them a kiss all around; it would have taken less time, and would have been more acceptable to God and them."

JAPANESE LIFE.

A picture of Japanese life drawn by Professor Morse shows such a pleasant relation existing between the human and the brute creation that no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is needed:

Birds build their nests in the city houses, wild fowls, geese and ducks alight in the public parks, wild deer trot about the street. He had actually been followed by wild deer in the streets, nibbing melon rind out of his hand, as tame as calves and lambs on our Michigan farms. A dog goes to sleep in the busiest streets; men turn aside so as not to disturb him. One day a beautiful heron alighted on the limb of a tree, and the busy, jostling throng stopped. Every man's hand went into his pocket, just as they would with us, but instead of bringing out a "popper," out came pencil and sketching paper.

———o:o———

THE CIPHER THEORY.

As a satire on the theory that has lately gained many supporters in England that Bacon wrote the works attributed to Shakespeare, a writer in a London newspaper announces the discovery of the Book of Psalms, supposed to be the work of King David, contains a cipher proving that the real author was Shakespeare. "In the name Shakespeare," says this writer, "there are four vowels and six consonants. If you write down the figure 4 and then follow it by the figure 6, you get 46. Very well—turn to Psalm 46 and you will find that in it the 46th word from the beginning is 'shake,' and the 46th word from the end is 'spear.'" He insists at if this does not prove that Shakespeare wrote the Psalms it does not prove anything. This is certainly quite as reasonable as the argument made to sustain the theory that Bacon

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wrote Shakespeare's works. Further perusal of the Psalms is likely to disclose further points to emphasize this proof. There are no limits to the expansion of the cipher theory.

———o:o———

THE KING'S SCRAPBOOK.

Members of the royal family, from the King downwards, rarely, if ever, contradict, through the medium of the press or otherwise, any statement made concerning them. The King, however, who, with all his family, is a great newspaper and magazine reader, has at Marlborough House a book—a unique and most fascinating book, be it said—which his majesty calls "The Book of Royal Contradictions."

In this book are some hundreds of "cuttings" from various newspapers, etc., all of which have something to say, not only about his majesty himself, but also about other royal personages. Underneath these "cuttings" are written the royal criticisms and often the royal contradictions.

One of these "cuttings" referring to some great work in Scotland in which the King, as the Prince of Wales, was taking part, says: "His royal highness is evidently influenced—and rightly influenced—by the feelings of the Scotch people."

Underneath this the Prince has written: "The writer of above was evidently influenced—and rightly influenced—by Scotch whiskey."—"London Tit-Bits."

———o:o———

THE HARD COAL CENTENNIAL.

February 11, 1802, Jesse Fell gathered some of his neighbors, of Wilkesbarre, to show them how a pile of "black rocks," piled in his grate, would burn. His visitors were skeptical and scoffing, but they warmed themselves by the fire, which they found to be as "good as that of hickory logs." This little event opened to the world not only vast deposits of fuel, but enabled steam to become the new power of the world. It was the beginning of that age which developed enormous manufactories, opened the whole continent to settlers, and enriched the nation more than if there had been a discovery of gold and silver. * * * During the century, from 1802 to 1902, the output of coal went from zero up to 270 millions. The whole world to-day hangs upon the development of these mines. Civilization may be said literally to depend upon the black rocks of Jesse Fell's grate. The coal famine of the last two years has shown that even a check in the output closes the factories of Germany, England and America to such an extent that they are obliged to question whether the steam age is not near its close. Our new naval ships are being adjusted to the use of oil. No one of our centennials deserves consideration on the part of all classes of the people more than this which was commemorated so quietly at Wilkesbarre.

———o:o———

Man has done wonders since he came before the public. He has navigated the ocean, he has penetrated the mysteries of the starry heavens, he has harnessed the lightning and made it pull street cars and light the great cities of the world.

But he can't find a spool of red thread in his wife's work basket; he cannot hang out clothes and get them on the line right end up. He cannot hold clothes-pegs in his mouth while he is doing it either. He would sooner think of kissing his rival when he met him, as a woman will kiss her rival.

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

June.

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THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII. JUNE, 1902. No. 6.

THE HUMBLING OF HOPKIN DAVIES.

By Rev. R. H. Nant Hughes, B. D.

The evening was gray and chill; a cloudy turban enswathed Cilgwyn's tall summit, while Cwm Silyn's bare head struck out of a diaphanous robe of mist, which flowed down the mountain's giant form in restless, infinite folds.

There was a wail and a menace in the wind, as it swept in a chariot of dust down the lone street of Pantllef, lying in the hollow of the great hills, and caused the flames in the church lamps to shiver like so many yellow flowers, when they first feel the cool kiss of the dawn.

And, it was Seiat Night (Noson Seiat) at Pantllef.

At precisely half-past seven, Hugh Rhys, ex-private in Her Brittanic Majesty's Life Guards, and senoir elder of Pantllef church; war-worn, iron-grey, his nether members encased in leggings of coarsely-twisted straw — suddenly shot up his six feet three; and looking steadfastly in the direction of a small, dark man who sat, stoopingly, in one of the side pews, said, with an abrupt nod: "John Jones, Y Rhes!" and sat down. Then was enacted the following little scene:

The said John, when he first heard his name called, flashed a scowling glance in the direction of the big pew (i. e. altar), where ..e elders sat; gazed abstractedly at the ceiling and finally shook his head vigorously.

"Sion," repeated the uncompromising Hugh Rhys in a theatrical whisper: "Paid a bod yn ful—tyrd yn dy flaen!" (Don't be mulish, get a move on ye!")

A thinnish grin lighted up the faces in the congregation at this blunt sally of the tall elder.

Then, Sion stared, for the space of a minute or so, at the toes of his go-to-meeting boots—stirred uneasily—leaned backwards—stooped down low—spat in the dark corner of the pew, and finally, getting to his feet, reluctantly lurched along towards the big pew.

Poor Sion, truth to tell, could scarcely read his own name. Nevertheless, as was always his wont, he now ostentatiously snatched up the hymn book from the communion table, and sat down with his back—narrow, toil-bent—towards the audience.

A deep silence filled the grey dimness of the little church, as Sion kept deliberately turning the leaves of the hymn book; wetting a broad

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thumb once and again, and staring absently the while, at the coarse matting on the floor at his feet.

All at once he contemptuously slapped the book back on the table, and, rising, recited from memory, the following stanza:

"Fix, Oh Lord! a tent in Goshen,
Thither come and there abide;
Bow thyself from light celestial,
And with sinful man reside;
Dwell in Zion, there continue,
Where the holy tribes ascend;
Do not e'er desert thy people
Till the world in flames shall end."

Guto Parry, the precentor, having satisfactorily fixed the key by means of an immense pitchfork and sundry inimitable and withal indescribable little ventral whines, "raised" "Moriah." Every one now fairly reveled in the spirit-stirring strains of the grand old tune, Hugh Rhys, with both eyes shut, and swaying like a tall tree in a breeze.

The singing ended, Sion, still persisting in the same honest deception, opened the Bible and read or rather recited the first Psalm. An all but inaudible prayer followed. "Dowch blant!" (Come children)! —this again from Hugh Rhys.

"Mr. Price!" he continued, addressing the well-to-do shopkeeper of Pantllef, and withal the youngest elder (aged 60), "will you hear their verses?"

The children stood in a row in the "commons," and recited, as their names were called by the ceremonious Price, the texts, and a few, the "heads" of the previous Sunday's sermons.

Boys and girls all, went through this much-dreaded weekly drill smartly, all save tiny Johnny James, standing forlornly on alternate foot at the end of the line.

He after a valiant but vain attempt to inform his questioner what "Job answered and said," broke down and weepingly declared "he'd forgot," what the afflicted patriarch "did" say.

Hereupon, that saintly mother in Israel, Malan Owen, drew him gently into her own pew; strove to allay his distress with much whispered consolation and the ever-ready "botwm gwyn" (peppermint drop).

Poor motherless chick! he snuggled close to the kind old lady's side, and soon sobbed himself to sleep; happily oblivious of Job and the entire line of patriarchs; even of the white peppermint "button," which nevertheless he clasped tightly in a dingy little fist.

Once, and only once, my entire boy-nature rose in indignant and heretical revolt against the peculiar teaching of my native church. I was ten, and my opinion was decidedly at variance with the preacher's. Small wonder! for that reverend individual announced, with much unction, one Sunday morning that heaven was a "seiat!" Nay more! he said that the angels attended not only their own seiats, at their own capel of gold and pearl (properly enough of course), but that "horribile dictu" they were constant frequenters of "our" seiats here!

Now, while quite ready to admit that an angel (born and "raised" in

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heaven) was a most exemplary sort of a being, that I firmly believed was too much of a good thing even for him, even though he did have wings and could sit on the edge of the gallery, unperceived, and without danger of toppling over if he happened to fall asleep. "'Taint no such thing!" I stoutly declared to my half-shocked, half-amused mother. And to substantiate my theory, I triumphantly referred to certain well-known passages in Revelation and the "Pilgrim's Progress."

And as if in grimly-ludicrous confirmation of my boyish belief, a chill lethargic pause had fallen upon one seiat that evening. "Testimony" was scant, brief, and reluctant. The angel visitants had all proved truants. The pool was still! This irritated Hopkin Davies visibly. Hopkin, a small lean man, had already lingered overlong in the land of the living. Mentally he existed altogether in the past. He possessed a memory of abysmal depths.

Sassiwns, all but forgotten, he referred to as though they were the happenings of yesterday. Texts and fragments of sermons innumerable were at his tongue's end. Moreover, the remoteness of Hopkin's ideas was revealed by the very clothes he habitually wore. These consisted of a pair of bluchers, knickerbockers, a high black stock, and a coat of blue broad-cloth ornamented with bright brass "fletchers"—six in front and two at the back. (I counted them for the thousandth time that evening).

Rising painfully to his feet, he now—his emaciated face contorted by the most amazing grimaces, and his thin voice vibrant with a prophetic wrath—declared the silence due to "pride." Having thus fairly got started, he launched out into a tremendous phillipic upon his favorite theme, the "Pride or Vanity of the Rising Generation" (Balchder yr Oes sy'n Codi). It was against the women, chiefly (as always) that the old man's lava-torrent of burning reproach was directed. On, on, he rushed, the rapidly-dimming eyes set in a fanatic stare; the spare form electrified in every nerve by the might of overpowering emotion. On, and still on and on like a withered leaf swept away upon the tossing flood of his own wild words. "Because," he almost shrieked, and glibly, malevolently quoting Isaiah's terrible words, "Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and wincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet * * * in that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments; about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon. The chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings, and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods and the vails, &c., &c."

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Breathless at last, he paused, but remained still standing and gazing into space, a mute, quivering, grimacing mummy! Then it was that Hugh Rhys quickly struck out just the red tip of his tongue, in a way he had; while a mirthful gleam stirred in those still grey eyes of his. An expectant rustle now rippled through the surly silence in which Hopkin's "tantrum" had been received. Something was coming, we all knew, when Hugh Rhys thrust out the tip of his tongue like that. Rising abruptly, he said, with good-humored irrelevancy as it at first appeared: "There was once an old man, older than you and I Hopkin," turning to his fellow-elder. "This old man had a little granddaughter, and they were great friends—these two. One day, as the little thing sat on the old man's knee, he asked her playfully, 'What are you good for anyway?'"

O, said she putting her arms around his neck, "Just to love gran 'pa, and Jesus Christ and—for pretty!" ("Dim ond i garu taid a Iesu Grist—a bod yn glws"). And I believe brothers and sisters, that the heavenly Father has created a heap of things (hylldod o bethau), "just for pretty" as the child said. "He hath made everything beautiful in his time." "The lilly of the field, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." And when he wanted a ribbon to tie up the covenant he made with Noah it wasn't a strip of crepe he used but a rainbow. Hopkin, a rainbow! I used to wonder a great deal, what in the wide world ever induced the good God to take the trouble to create dandelions, toadstools, daisies and such like trivialities (rhyw betheuach o'r natur yna), why didn't he, I thought, make it all plain useful timothy and clover? Old man, dog roses, sweet williams, and foxgloves ain't of no particular benefit as I can see." He paused, thoughtfully, fingering an unshaven chin, for, at this point, a singular thing happened.

Hopkin Davies was still on his feet, and, with one quivering hand resting upon the altar-rail, and the other back of his left ear, had listened attentively to his brother's remarks. But, now, growing suspicious, he suddenly shot out his lips in blunt displeasure, and with infinite disdain he slowly turned his back toward the speaker, thereby exposing to full view the two round brass "fletchers" at the back of his old-fashioned coat.

"Sweet williams, and old man and pansies ain't of no particular use perhaps," Hugh Rhys had just said. "And," he proceeded, with a sly twinkle in his eye, and a quick little jerk of his thumb in the direction of Hopkin's contemptuous back—them two buttons on brother Hopkin's coat—they hain't of no practical use anywhere at the back of that fine coat of his—they don't button anything. And yet I shouldn't want to see them taken off, the coat wouldn't look well without them, but you wouldn't say they are there for 'pride' or 'vanity'—they are there for pretty! Gwedd-

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iwn!" And the grisled old guardsman suddenly sank to his knees, and prayed as few could pray—to him who "is altogether lovely!"

A moment before, the entire congregation had been agrin at the discomfiture of the waspish Hopkin. But soon, breasts heaved, and eyes grew moist with a far different emotion.

Simple, earnest, confident yet reverent, with a face that gradually assured a look like that of haloed saint, this guiless child of God poured out his heart in an inimitable cadence of devotion.

Mr. Price knelt at his chair under the pulpit, and leaning his head upon his hand, looked on with a shining countenance. Malan Owen's bonnet moved in a succession of rapid little nods expressive of intensest joy, while the unheeded tears coursed down the fine old face. And Hopkin? Well! he too gave way, and now blissfully oblivious of the "Rising Generation" and its "Vanity," he exclaimed, now and again, in broken, subdued tones "Ia! ia! Amen!"

'Diolch iddo byth am gofio
Llwch y llawr!"

Rung by rung, the golden ladder grew, and from the open heavens, the angel visitant came gently down.

At last! the sleeping pool was "disturbed," and weary men and care-worn women received healing unto their souls.

SPRIN GTIME.

By R. W. Matthews.

The spring has brought a brighter day,
The winter's clouds have passed away;
And summer with its joyous song
Her varied gifts our paths will throng.

All things to some great purpose move
All things God's love and goodness prove;
The sun he moves at His command,
And pours His blessings on the land.

Hark! music wafts her sweetest strain,
Across the woodland and the main;
The fields clap hands with joyous glee
And nature dances merrily!

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EDWARD LLWYD'S VISION.

By Tom Edmunds, Poultney, Vt.

CHAPTER II.

The day was spent in recollections of boyhood and the many scrapes they had indulged in together. A happy day, you will say, fellow-countrymen, when you remember such hours of your own past life, tramping through the sweet scented heather and fern of Welsh hills; starting when the lark ascends "like a prayer through the blue," and lingering here and there to enjoy those unsurpassed views of hill and dale amid the peace-infusing bleats of lambs and ewes, and the warblings of thrush and blackbird; inhaling that pure, invigorating mountain air of Gwyllt Walia, and meditating, perhaps, upon those patriotic old heroes that climbed the same steeps, looked upon the same scenery and inhaled the same air, until you feel a quicker coursing of the blood and almost imagine yourself a mountain warrior of other days.

Well, after alluring a goodly number of fine trout by their adept handling of flies, the two young friends started for home, satisfied with having spent a very pleasant day. They had descended from the hills and regained the highway, when they met the carriage of Col. Rogers, owner of the Plas. The colonel and his family were also returning from a day's outing, and he called on the driver to halt.

"Let me see your spoils, Alun!" cried the hearty old soldier and our young friend respectfully approached, holding the well-filled basket to his view.

"Splendid!" cried the colonel, "you are a veritable old Isaak Walton with your rod, my boy; but let me see, you start for school to-morrow, do you not?"

"Yes, sir!" answered Alun.

"Well, pay the same strict attention to your studies, and when you are ready, if you will care to accept, I will procure you a commission from the Government, where your sturdy manliness will have full scope for development; but, upon my word, I do not know who will fill your place at home, and guard the old village against the invasions of visiting bullies." And the grizzled old veteran laughed heartily as he recalled the incident knowing nothing of the coolness and estrangement which it had caused at the boy's home.

Alun thanked him warmly for his kindness and with a cordial handshake all around they parted. A few yards further he exchanged farewells with his companion, and after reaching home and partaking of supper he settled himself for a quiet evening with his mother, for his father was attending a fair at a nearby town.

His mother was a short, plump

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and pleasant little woman, whose loving nature was reflected in her smiling, kindly face. She loved to cling to the few remaining relics of Welsh costumes, most important of which was the little white-frilled cap —so truly becoming to Welsh matrons—with genuine Celtic tenacity. She was proud of her honored lord and master, and she lavished her heart's warmest affection upon this, her only child. They presented a rare home-scene as they sat together in the cozy little kitchen on this night. The room was so clean and orderly, its tall, old-fashioned clock, with its highly-polished mahogany case in one corner, the shining oaken table—its age running back into past centuries—in the center, and the fire-irons gleaming like burnished silver on the hearth. In fact, everything the room contained bespoke of neatness and cleanliness of the highest order. The mother was knitting, and as her busy fingers plied the needles with lightning-like rapidity, she hung with rapt attention on every word uttered by her boy as he spoke with boyish ambition, of his plans, and tinted the future with such glowing brightness that she was quite carried away, and the gloom that had settled over the household was for the time dispelled.

The evening passed quickly, and upon his mother's advice he retired, so that he would be fresh to start his journey with the early morning train. He was up at the first call, and while breakfasting, his father condescended to be a little more social, tendering counsels that had less of the usual rigid sermonizing, and accompanying him to the station, discoursing upon the importance of good behavior; but at the last moment he must needs cool the reviving flame by expressing his hopes that Alun would return a better and a wiser boy after a few months of sober meditation over the rupture and its cause; so that while entering the carriage, the boy that so hankered and longed for more of that feeling of fellowship between his father and himself, found the leave-taking more like the military commands of an officer in authority to a subordinate, than a farewell between father and son; and as the guard's shrill whistle sounded, and the revolving wheels increased their speed, adding a lengthening distance at every turn between Alun and home, he thought of the other distance that yawned before his heart's eyes, so vast and untraversable.

We will not follow the young man back to college, nor stay to depict his daily routine of study, hard faithful study; but suffice it to say that he graduated with honors at the head of his class, and returned home to receive the congratulations of his many friends. His father, always proud of his son's achievements in spite of misunderstandings, complimented him warmly upon his brilliant success, and his mother exhibited her pride in her glowing face; in fact, everyone, from the simplest rustic to the village sages and scholars had words of praise and

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encouragement, so that the young man felt it good to be at home once more to enjoy the rest he so well deserved, before entering upon his life's profession. He found pleasure in visiting old friends, or roaming over the Berwyn hills,exploring their wild precipices and ravines; also paying attention to his father's interests, and consoling himself that the strained ties were being healed and pleasanter relations were to be established.

It was autumn, and he was invited, while on one of his mountain strolls one day, to join a young game-keeper of the Plas for an afternoon's shooting, and as permission was extended to him by the owner and grouse, partridge and pheasant were so plentiful on the estate, the invitation did not need pressing. But to his chagrin, this act caused a renewal of hostilities, for his father had always strongly condemned the sport of shooting, and would never allow any more than the killing of an occasional hare or rabbit for their own consumption or as treats for invalids, on his own land. For this transgression he was forced to listen to a long harangue on "deliberately slaughtering such harmless creatures, that that proud man might send them in hamperfuls to load the extravagant tables of London friends."

But this was only the beginning; the fore-runner of a storm, like those whistling high winds that foretell the devastations of the oncoming hurricane, and thus he was rudely awakened from his dreams of peace and friendliness, only to find that the towering barriers which he had dreamed away stood higher and more unsurmountable than ever. It was only natural that such a spirited youth would chafe and worry under such high-handed restrictions, and pine for that wider range which his energy and ambition had so vividly painted. He was ready and anxious to enter upon his chosen vocation, and these home troubles worked him into that restless state of mind where he was forever planning some means of shattering the fetters that held him at home.

His father was to equip him with a full outfit of instruments and books necessary for his profession, but under prevailing conditions he could not bring himself close enough to broach the subject. That restless, melancholy spirit which weighs upon many of us in late October, also helped to increase his uneasiness; the falling leaves that crackled in withehred crispness under foot, the ever-changing hues of death, blasting the verdant greenness of nature, and the gloomy and forbidding aspect of earth and sky, together with the melancholy moans of the autumn winds, surely had their depressing influence upon his young mind; and that never-failing instinct of migratory birds, which "turn their minds to thoughts of oversea," seemed to be forever whispering to him "Spread thine own wings and follow them."

Halloween was at the door, that ancient celebration which we call

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Calan Gauaf, when many a reverent old custom of former ages is still preserved; for, who has a better right to Halloween customs than the descendants of those old Druids that established it? Although it has lost the heathen grandeur of the religious rites of the old Sun God-worshippers, it still possesses many a hoary old custom that is as pretty as it is harmless. Halloween gatherings, which were considered so fateful by the Welsh people of an age or two back, have lost their superstitious charms, it is true, but are fraught with the far more precious mirth and pleasure of education and enlightenment.

Imagine a circle of young folks around an old-fashioned fire-place, with the fire brightly burning, and nuts, which of old personified the idea of mate-finding, placed upon the glowing coals, while their varied and unexpected antics, under the influence of heat, are translated to the watching circle by one skilled in Halloween lore, while the fore-telling and prophecying are accepted with the mock seriousness of true mirth and gladness.

Apples and pears are floated in large receptacles nearly filled with water, and the duckings of contestants for the floating prizes are highly amusing. Others are hung by strings to the ceiling, and participants must, with hands tied behind them, catch the suspended fruit with the teeth. Another old custom which takes part in the early evening is the lighting of bonfires. This derives its existence from the fact that the Druids of old extinguished their altar fires, that had been kept burning throughout the year, on this night, and the imposing ceremony of kindling fresh fires was often accompanied with the offering of human sacrifice, but bonfires of to-day are the withered potato stems of the annual crop, or some such debris, which are piled up in conspicuous places, and flames answering flames can be seen illumining the hills, carrying an imaginative mind back to those times when the beacons of Llewelyn or Glyndwr carried signals for a morning onslaught on the Saxon enemies.

On this Halloween Eve in question, bending his steps toward the cheerful hearth of a well-to-do farmer, Alun Llwyd walked alone, but his reveries were not of an historical bent as he watched the flickering flames of a dozen fires. He felt this would be his last Halloween in Wales for some time, and he also knew that he was transgressing anew against paternal principles; but knowing that the gathering had been planned by some of his warmest friends, and possessing the same proud, unbending spirit that made his sire a leader of men, strengthened of late by added stubbornness, he did not ask consent, knowing it would be declined, and reasoning with the heedlessness of youth that a row beforehand would be quite as bad as a row when things were over and done with. On his arrival, the party which had been anxiously waiting their favorite was complete, and he quickly entered

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into the fun of the evening, calling out all his powers of entertainment, and taxing himself to add vim and variation to the programme.

But after all was over, and the visitors were homeward bound, his reflections turned upon the results of the evening, and his father's ire. He knew fully what to expect, and consigned himself to what presentiment and determination told him would be the last scene of its kind. Poor Alun! he was not mistaken, for his father had been informed of the gathering, and was waiting for the culprit's return; so that on his arrival the tornado burst in all its raging fury. Cruel epithets and cutting sentences, which had never before been heard in the house, were hurled at him, maledictions and damning quotations from Scripture were heaped upon his head, and the last words of the ireful old man were "Leave my house at once, and never may its doors be darkened again by such a disgraceful son."

After listening in silence to this bitter attack, Alun cooly but respectfully answered by saying, "I must tax your hospitality for this night as it is too late to start out; but Sir! I will rid you of the disgrace at an early hour in the morning, and now, I will make all preparations before retiring." And calmly withdrawing from his father's presence, he went to his bedroom to pack his valise with a few clothing, and what valuables and keepsakes he possessed, carefully stowing three or four credentials he had received.

When everything was completed he lay on his bed, pondering as to what course he would take, and after hours of sleepless thinking he remembered that Col. Rogers was starting for London in the morning. This decided his course of action; he would tell his story to the old soldier, who had many times proffered his assistance, and ask him to find a position. This brought relief to his troubled mind, and as the strain relaxed, sleep came to his pillow, and he rested the few remaining hours, awakening with daybreak and jumping from bed to realize that he was a condemned exile, bidding adieu to his father's roof that very morning.

After dressing he silently slipped downstairs and lingered in the kitchen long enough to eat a light and hurried breakfast of whatever he could find handy, and was gone. At the little gate he stopped for one long, loving glance at the old place, and his heart yearned for a farewell kiss from his mother; once he started back to call her up, but resolving that the parting would be all the more painful he swung the gate open and hurried down toward the railroad station. He was just in time for the train, and even before his parents were up he was speeding well on his way to London. He evaded the Colonel at the home-station, fearing he would try to dissuade him, but kept a close watch lest he should leave the train during the journey; and on their arrival at the metropolis he approached him politely, asking him

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if he could see him the following day. The colonel evinced a great deal of kindly surprise at seeing Alun in London, and smilingly gave him his town address with instructions as to how and when to find him. That day was devoted to sight-seeing and visiting the old historical landmarks of the world's greatest city; and on the next day, punctual at the appointed hour, he rapped for admittance at his old friend's home. He was admitted and ushered into the reception room, where he found the Colonel awaiting him, and in his manly, straightforward manner he at once disclosed the object of his visit, detailing the home troubles and their causes with candid honesty, and entreating the assistance of his influence to find him a position.

The old soldier expressed his sympathy and told him it would be no trouble to install him in a good place under the Government, where he would have every chance for promotion and future success. "But," he added, "you will remember, Alun, that you are about to take your first step on the ladder,and advancement will come, only as you grow worthy and capable for it; so, place a firm foot on the bottom rung and start with your bravest resolutions to gain the top. And now, in consideration for this favor, I want you to write home, asking your father's forgiveness, and telling him of your firm intentions to be worthy of your parents, and to strive with unfailing energy to win the prize which honesty alone confers upon every good, upright aspirant.

Alun promised to do so, and the Colonel told him where to meet him that afternoon to be examined and to receive his instructions concerning the work. Alun's heart expanded in warmth to this kind friend, and as they clasped hands, he could hardly find words to thank him for such fatherly kindness, so bowing himself out, he found himself once more in one of London's crowded thoroughfares.

In the afternoon he was on hand to the minute, and after undergoing a rigid examination, and complimented on his ability, he was detailed to join a staff of engineers at a distant sea-coast town. Anxious to enter upon his new life, he took a train that afternoon, that would bring him to his destination before night, and he had ample time to inquire about the locality where he was to be employed and find suitable lodgings, so that he was ready to report for work in the morning. He took hold of his work with a vigor and earnestness that soon attracted the attention of his superiors, and in a short time advancement began to open her shining portals for him.

He found no difficulty in conforming with his new life, and his generous nature and open-faced frankness soon brought him into high favor with his fellows. He wrote home as directed by the Colonel, and his father declined to answer him in any manner, indeed, his

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mother felt forced to conceal her one simple and loving letter to her boy, so he determined that, not being allowed to correspond with his own parents, he would not write to any person in his native home, but remain an exile in the fullest sense.

During these few years many changes had taken place in that little Welsh village, and many old friends had departed for "that silent home, from whence no traveler returned." One, whom had he known, he would have sincerely mourned was the old pastor of his church, who had resigned his sacred duty and gone to his eternal rest in less than a year after Alun's departure, and a younger man, a stranger to Alun, had been installed in his place. Constant diligence and a great deal of traveling from one place to aother had also brought their changes upon Alun, and his fine manly qualities were being beautifully developed when we find him entrusted with a very important piece of work at Plymouth: working in concert with army engineers upon some new fortifications. Here his good luck is to be sorrowfully interrupted by an accident that nearly cost him his eyesight. It happened by the explosion of powder that had, in some mysterious manner been mislaid, and the explosion shattered an optical instrument that he was using, driving some of the broken glass into both eyes.

He was immediately taken to a hospital, and had it not been for the timely aid of a noted specialist that happened to be present, he would have been doomed to blindness for life. After some days of gloomy doubts, he began to show signs of improvement, and it was decided to remove him to London, where the great doctor had returned. His eyes were carefully covered so that not a glimmer of light could reach them, and he was acompanied by a young officer that had become warmly attached to him. They had boarded the train, and were seated in a second class carriage that had one occupant beside themselves, a young man in clerical dress, who seemed deeply absorbed in a book he was reading. From one thing to another the conversation turned upon our friend's past life, and his companion asked such questions that Alun, who had grown to love him as his dearest friend, told his story from beginning to end, and the fresh recollections of past troubles together with a sense of loneliness brought by his present dependent condition, embittered his mind to such a degree that he could not withhold harsh words. Indeed, we must confess, he analyzed his father's characteristic traits in a way that would not reflect much credit upon that worthy, and among other things he used the very words of old Wmphra Huws, that "his father had crippled his own soul by bigotry and what he miscalled zeal for the cause of religion." His intense feeling during this talk held his friend's attention spell-bound, so that he did not perceive that their studious fel-

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low-traveller had for a long time forgotten to turn a leaf, and was as much interested as himself. Their destination being reached, the young clergyman proffered his assistance and helped the officer off from the train with his charge, and with his lips close to Alun's ear he whispered those lines of Ceiriog:

Gadewais fy mhraidd ar y mynydd,
A chefnais ar drumiau fy ngwlad,
Breuddwydiais am fyd o lawenydd
Tu allan i furiau fy nhad.

and before the astounded young man could ask him who he was, he had vanished, and was hurrying to take part in a C. M. conference held in one of the London Welsh churches.

THE SINS OF THE SAINTS.

By Geo. James Jones, D. D.

VII. Quality of the Gunners.

An office-bearer once said to his young pastor: "I want my spiritual teacher to be able to say, I know from personal experience that what I preach is eternal truth." That honest statement made a deep and lasting impression. Many preachers seem to possess only a mental knowledge of what they say. Christianity to such is a theory, a sort of mental gymnastics, not a condition of soul harmonizing with the love of God. Such men do not, and can not feel that they are representatives of the Lord Jesus Christ in anything further than to speak eloquently and pleasingly of the ethics of his teachings. The system of doctrine they find in the Bible may present to them loftiest philosophy, but the value of Christianity to the world is not in its philosophy, but in its life giving power. Speaking learnedly and rhetorically of the ethical beauty of Christianity comes far short of testifying its spiritual power, its transforming force, its sanctifying influences, its magnifying grace. Rationalism has no argument with experience. The philosophical friend of Job pressed him hard in argument, but when the good man fell back on the experience of his soul and cried from the depths: "I know that my redeemer liveth," philosophy was silent. Much is said just now in our country about "the man behind the gun," and God bless him, he is worthy of our praise and adoration, and we should not forget that Christianity has always insisted on the unflinching courage and most potent exprience of its gunners. The call of the "Gunners of the Gospel" is a call from God; they stand in his name; they labor in his power, stimulated and strengthened by the knowledge that the grace which proved sufficient to save them from selfishness and sin is sufficient to save all men. No amount of theory or of rhetoric

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can make up for deficiency in experimental religion. Because of the want of that very essential churches have become centres, drawing to them persons of the same social strata. In many pulpits Christ in all that He is to a sin stricken world is not preached. Instead of sermons delivered with such vigor and force as to make men tremble for their sins, and repent of them, and seek forgiveness through the only medium God can forgive, beautifully worded essays are read on current topics, or on the morale of the last novel, or on the depravity of the ancient Jews. What needs to be told is the depravity of present day Gentiles; that a Christless life is a worthless life; that the way to enjoy the world is to receive it as a gift from God to be used for His glory in the building up of men of faith; that the one great need of men is the Holy Spirit directing and guiding in perplexing business problems no less than in religious affairs. Many of the doctrines thundered in the ears of men no more than a third of a century ago are not often mentioned today. There is no need for the use of the rhetoric of those days, but there is sad need of the old truths in the linguistic garb of to-day. Much time—time that ought to be given to show the harmony of divine truths to the eternal needs of men, is worse than wasted by being utilized in explaining them away, or in robbing them of their force by establishing literary methods of studying the Bible which makes the intelligence of Jesus to appear insignificant when compared with the intelligence of gushing modern prophets. A comparison of the yearly ingatherings of the churches show best what methods and what truths God blesses in the salvation of men. The damaging effect of criticising instead of preaching is painfully felt in the weakening of the work. Thank God, sermons are preached to-day with fidelity and force, and they are not preached to the wind, but to men and women who believe them and practice them. God honors such preaching, and the pity of it is that all pulpit endeavors are not such as God can use in building up His Kingdom in the world. The preaching that attempts to quiet a guilty conscience without repentance, retribution, restitution and sanctification is a sin against God and man. Not very long since a stranger in a large city attended what was called a prayer meeting at a famous church. In years gone by that man had been greatly blessed in that church. With very tender emotions did he go there the last time. The subject of the evening was, "Does God Answer Prayers?" The pastor made a long talk on the philosophy of prayer. The talk may have been highly entertaining to men of similar notions, but to the "stranger within the gates" all that was said seemed to deny that God answers individual prayer. The stranger at that time needed spiritual help. To have a noted minister to say, "Have courage, God reigns, and the avenue of

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His throne is open, pour out your prayers before Him, He has promised to hear and to answer" should have been a benediction falling from a throne or a sunbeam in a dark place. Instead of that the stranger was bowed down, broken hearted, hurt; he returned to his hotel to spend a sleepless night battling with doubt and with fear. On the following evening he attended a meeting held at a mission house, and it proved to him the very gates of heaven, for there were hundreds of glowing testimonies given of the certainty of God's promses in answering the prayers of His people. That man was helped by those humble but earnest Chrstians to regain the use of his moral faculties after the paralytic stroke of the night before. It is the old Gospel in simple terse terms that the people need. Dr. Hammond, in his Evangelistic meetings often says that "no man can lead another man nearer to Christ than he himself." He who has conversed with God as friend with friend, who knows His ways, understands His law, is able to lead the less spiritual to the sanctum sanctorum of His presence.

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THE BEING OF GOD.

By G. H. Humphrey, Utica, N. Y.

Certainly nothing can be of more vital importance than the questions involved in this thesis. Is there a supreme being, a life-creating, life-giving power that makes for righteousness and a future beyond this sphere where mortality holds sway? I believe there is, and that the Being of God not only dominates the world, but controls the cosmic forces. The truth of the essence, or real being of the Almighty, is not based upon any single argument, but rather grounded upon the postulate that the study of human history, of human nature, particularly on its ethical and spiritual side, and the universe in so far as science reveals it, make for the existence of a supreme ruler.

The arguments of St. Anselm, prove that "without God the world is a chaos;" Aristotle's that "beyond all finite causes is the infinite," as well as the argument of design, adaptation and order as definded by Paley and the teachings of Kant which hold, "that God is a postulate of our moral nature, and the moral law in us implies a lawgiver without us," all conjoin to the conclusion that the Being of God is omnipotent, and that he is a living, active force, whose power is infinite. Truly, "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

Yes, we believe in the Being of God, but we believe also, "That in the beauty of the lilies, Christ

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was born across the sea," and that life with immortality is vouchsafed to each and all through the love and mediation of that Savior, whose knowledge surpasseth all understanding.

"It must be so—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter
And intimates Eternity to man."

A superb Hebrew drama that is certainly much older than Homer's Iliad, contains the following somewhat skeptical inquiry by one of its dramatis personae:

"Canst thou by searching find out God?
Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?
It is high as heaven; what canst thou do?
Deeper than sheol; what canst thou know?

This has ever since been a foremost and uppermost question, and it will continue to be such until the whole human race shall repose in enjoyment of the beatific vision that results from a purified heart. The question has been variously answered, as it has been variously understood, and as outer circumstances and inner character prompted. Outright atheism—a blunt and positive denial that there is a God—has been very rare among men. Every first rate and up-to-date evolutionist will agree with the ancient hymnologist, that only "the fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.'" It has been doubted that, as a matter of fact, any human being can be a real atheist. But as some individuals are born, or are become color blind, why may it not be credible that some men are without what may be called the God-sense, that sense being in them absent from birth, or afterwards lost or destroyed? Much more prevalent than atheism has been agnosticism, a denial that, if there be a God, man can know him, or know anything about him. This has been the position taken during the last half century by some who have been regarded as leading scientists and philosophers, among whom, in England, Herbert Spencer is most conspicuous.

In ancient times, and among uncivilized races to-day, the answer to the inquiry has been polytheism; that is, that there are several, or many Gods—a God to preside over every department of nature, and over every class of people. At first, man was undoubtedly a monotheist—a believer in one ever living and true God. His soul was like a large mirror containing the image of but one sun in the heavens about it. But as the result of a disaster—call it the apostacy, the fall, degeneracy, or what you will—the mirror was broken; but after the calamity, every separate piece of glass reflected a separate image of the one great, actual luminary in the firmament. Such may be the

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history and explanation of polytheism. Restore man to his mental wholeness and moral integrity, and he will be again a monotheist. It has been maintained under various philosophical guises and theological terms that the universe, taken or conceived as a whole, is God; that there is no God but the combined forces and laws of nature; that God is all, and all is God; that God is the sum total of existing things; or, conversely, that the sum total of existing things is God. This is pantheism.

The Being of God Self-Evident.

That there is a supreme being back of and above all material things and behind all physical phenomena, a being possessing and exercising intelligence, volition, wisdom, goodness, power—in other words, a personal being—has never been seriously proposed as a debatable question. It has always and everywhere been taken as a self-evident truth, as it certainly is. It does not follow from this claim that theism is any more given to begging questions than are science and philosophy. The whole superstructure of mathematics is built on axioms and postulates—propositions or principles taken as true without any proof whatever. In this discussion it will be assumed as true that matter has a real, objective existence; that the testimony of man's experienced five senses is reliable; and that man's fundamental constitution guides him to the truth. To the human mind the inference that an effect must have a cause is as convincing as the results of the most rigid reasoning; yea, it may be more convincing. Accordingly, the book of Genesis, that opens with the broad statement, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," assuming the existence of God and his ability to cause a universe to exist, without any attempt at proving that fact, is as scientific as any arithmetic or algebra. It is as consonant to the laws of man's intellect as is our Declaration of Independence, which says: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator, with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." Though it would not be conceded all over the globe that these truths are self-evident, "We, the people of the United States," yet accept them as such. In like manner we would maintain that the existence of God is self-evident to all enlightened and unperverted

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minds, even if it could be shown that such a belief is not quite universal among men.

Consciousness and Conscience.

The existence of God is as certain as human consciousness. Man is possessed by a feeling of dependence on some being superior to himself. That feeling may be usually dormant or latent, but at times of great peril, commotion or emotion, such as in an earthquake, thunderstorm, tempest at sea, or at the deathbed of a loved one, this feeling will be aroused into great vividness, and may, perchance, wring even prayers and supplications from quivering lips untaught and unaccustomed to make appeals to the omnipotent. Belief in a living God is part of man's original nature, like the juice in a bunch of grapes; getting it out is only a matter of sufficient pressure. The being of God is implied in man's innate moral sense or conscience; that within him which, apart from instruction, recognizes one act as right and another as wrong. Man stands in the world filled with an inborn feeling that he ought to be of a certain character, and to do certain things, and that he ought not to be of a contrary character, and to do the opposite things. As the profound Kant has said, the sense of duty and of obligation in man echoes the existence and sovereignity of a supreme ruler. The human conscience on the shores of time is so constructed that forever and ever it contains and reverberates the solemn sounds of the eternal sea of a moral law whose source and force is the deity. Man can not have a sense of obligation or of duty to a mere principle or energy, or concept, or idea, or formula; as, for instance, gravitation. symmetry, harmony, evolution, the multiplication table, the ten commandments, etc. Such a sense must have reference to a personal being.

The Universe the Product of Mind.

It is self-evident that an intelligent and mighty designer has had to do, and still has to do, with the material universe. We say that this is self-evident for the reason that the human mind can not but include with any conscious ratiocination, that where there is contrivance there must have been a contriver; that where there is a plan there must have been a planner; that where there is method there must have been thought. This has been called "the argument from design," and so it is in a certain and very convincing sense, although there is no argument about it, except the constitution and course of nature, as they are seen and understood. Viewed merely as an immense mass of circumstantial evidence, there is enough in this argument to remove every sane doubt as to the existence and operation of intelligence fashioning matter and directing the forces in matter.

There has been a tendency for some time past to belittle this argument and to discredit this evidence. Some scientific specialists

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have attempted to account for the marvelous skill, order and ingenuity undeniably manifest in every part of what is called the creation, without admitting the exercise therein of mind in any way or in any degree. These theorists have been atheistic in the cosmos (Eph. ii:12) and have tried to boycott the supreme architect but their attempts have only served to expose the absurdity of their speculations, so that the best thinkers of the present day acknowledge that the being and the exercise of a supreme mind must be taken into consideration before the conditions and the actions of the universe can be even plausibly explained. A 50 years' war between theism and materialism, waged on the plains of nature,seems to be about over, with every Godless hypothesis repulsed and routed. The conclusions on this point of such writers as Vogt, Buechner, Haeckel and Strauss are today repudiated in the leading universities of Germany. Darwin concludes the last edition of his book on the "Origin of Species" by saying: "There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the creator into a few forms or into one." And even the late John Stuart Mill, in his "Essay on Theism," makes the following concession: "I think it must be allowed that, in the present state of our knowledge, the adaptions in nature afford a large balance of probability in favor of creation by intelligence.' This argument has been most forcibly wrought out by Paley in his "Natural Theology," an author whose words should be still studied by all cultured people. Chalmers, Bell, Hugh Miller, Guyot, Duke of Argyll, and many others have still further elaborated and illustrated it.

Every audible, tangible and visible thing, small and great, is an exhibit of divine genius. As some one has said, God geometrizes. The crust of the earth is an encyclopedia on whose granite leaves the thoughts of the all-wise are written with an iron pen and lead forever. The majestic footsteps of a creator are traceable in the rocks of the ages. The mighty deep, with its grand diapason, swings its everlasting oratorio in His praise. It is also a "glorious mirror where the Almighty's form glasses itself in tempests." A young man of destiny, as he watched his flocks by night on the highlands of Palestine, expressed the ultimate conclusions of reason when he said:

The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth His handiwork.

So did the royal seer of telescopic vision when he exclaimed: "Lift up your eyes on high, and see who hath created these that bringeth out their host by number. He calleth them all by name, by the greatness of his might, and for that he is strong in power, not one is lacking." The material universe is one vast bush, all ablaze with the manifested presence of Jehovah!

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God Knowable—Conclusion.

We must pass by the ontological argument, and the argument from an apparent divine wheel within the human wheels of history, and likewise the argument from the superhuman origin and character of the Bible, and proceed to consider the essence and attributes of the supreme being. In these days, when many fast and loose indefinite definitions of God are abroad, let us repeat and emphasize the great basal truth that God has a perfect personality. This does not mean that He has a corporal form, but that He has an eternal consciousness capable of saying "I am." He is not a mere energy, force, harmony, principle, vitality, or the good as an abstraction, even when these, and other similar common nouns, are written with capital initials. Nor is he the sum total of these. He is not "the all in all" in an impersonal or pantheistic sense. He is distinct from nature. Matter, man and angels have to him an objective existence. He is independent of the world, and of all worlds. He is absolutely free. Hebrew and Christian, and all Christians, will accept the venerable definition: "God is a spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in his being, power, wisdom, holiness, justice, goodness and truth." Accordingly he is omnipresent, omniscent and omnipotent. He is everywhere, and all everywhere. To him all verbs are in the present tense. In his substance he is a spirit; in his character he is love; in his relation to the universe he is creator and sustainer; in his relation to man he is father; in all his manifestations he is glory. There is but one God. This we must believe as a logical necessity. The existence of more than one infinite and absolute being is inconceivable and impossible. But that in this one God there may be complexities amounting to a trinity is not unthinkable, any more than that man may at the same time have individuality and a composite constitution.

This is beyond the analysis and scrutiny of finite minds, as is also the eternal self-existence of God. And yet God may be known, so that he may be loved, feared and obeyed by man; for we may apprehend what we can not comprehend. The babe on his mother's knees knows his mother. He believes in her; he studies her; he understands her more and more as he grows up, becoming a man. The better he knows her the more he loves her. And yet there will be forever, in some respects, an impassable gulf between the mother and her son. It is so between the rational creature and his creator. Man can never fully comprehend God, but he can understand him better and love him more forever and ever. That is what true religion is on its upper, or God-ward side, while its lower, or manward side is righteous living. The Christian can say to the agnostics of to-day as Paul said to the Athenian worshippers of an unknown God: "That they should seek God, if happily they might feel

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after him, and find him, though he is not for from e.ch one of us; for in him we live, and move, and have our being."

Now, as there is a God who is a personal being, having unlimited freedom, intelligence, wisdom, power, justice and philanthropy, it follows: That a revelation of his mind to man is not unlikely; that the miracles mentioned in the Bible were not impossible nor incredible; that prayer is a rational act of the soul; that adoration, worship and gratitude are becoming in all rational creatures. Denial of these things or doubts and difficulties concerning them are almost invariably traceable to a false or wrong conception of the supreme being. It would be well for us all to cultivate a habit of thinking and meditating more about God. As the theme is most lofty and sublime, contemplation of it can not but be elevating and ennobling. In our age more awe for and fear of the Lord are needed to curb flippancy, silence profanity, prevent perjury overcome sin generally. With culture we need humility. As Tennyson said:

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell."

LILY GARDENS AT QUINSIGAMOND, MASS.

Clara E. Rewey.

The golden, lilting sunlight
Gleams o'er isles and lake,
And many a joyous burst of song
The birchen woodlands wake;
While softly on the sandy beach
The silver wavelets break—
Come row me o'er the lake, Florelle,
Come row me o'er the lake.

There's a dainty breath of perfume,
In the dewy morning air,
That wafts from the lily-gardens,
With their chalices so fair;
While softly on the sandy beach
The shining wavelets break—
Come row me o'er the lake, Florelle,
Come row me o'er the lake.

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CARNARVON AND THE ROYAL VISIT.

The town of Carnarvon is of great antiquarian interest, its history extending to a remote period. Antiquaries have fought sorely over the story of its castle, and the vexed question is, "Was the first Prince of Wales born within its walls?" But

Carnarvon General View.

first we must say a little about the present state of the ruins and the exertions that have been made of late years to preserve them from further decay. This structure has been pronounced by the most competent authorities to be, with the exception of Alnwick, "the finest castle in Great Britain," It covers between two and three acres of ground, and presents from all points features of singular majesty and beauty, especially the Eagle tower, which has three tall and graceful turrets. A good deal of judicious reparation has been done to this castle by the Government, and successive deputy-constables, including the present one, Sir Llewelyn Turner. The walls of the banqueting hall have been dug out to the proper depth, and the three elegant state apartments with their ante-chambers have been carefully restored, in their original form.

A fortification is supposed to have been erected here shortly after the Norman Conquest of England, by Hugh, Earl of Chester, who had, after much fighting, succeeded in temporarily dethroning the Welsh monarch, and in nominally possessing himself of the bulk of North Wales. The magnificent fortress, the ruins of which so many thousands of people visit every year, was built by Edward the First, after

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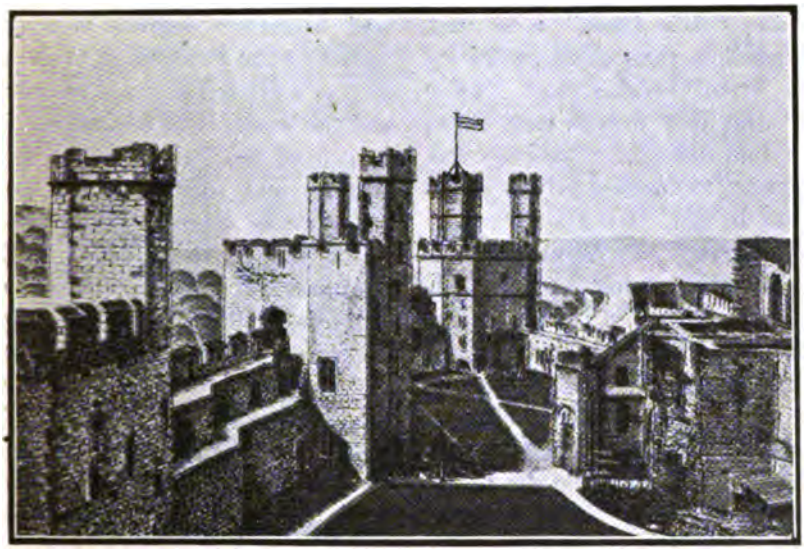
he conquered the country. Nineteen out of every twenty tourists who visit the spot seem to be quite impressed with the idea that the first Prince of Wales—who became Edward the Second—was born in a miserable little room in the Eagle Tower. In a popular Guide Book near Queen Eleanor's Gate, as the birthplace of royalty.

None doubt that the birth took place in Carnarvon town, but Mr. Hartshorne, no doubt, proved his case, that, so far from being born in the Eagle tower, the prince built it, though we are aware that, in Car-



Carnarvon Castle Eagle Tower.

we scarcely care to overload the pages with matter so heavy as archaeological discussions, but those who wish to know on how slender evidence the belief in this birthplace rests, can satisfy themselves on reference to more than one authority, notably to the paper by the late Mr. Hartshorne in the Archaeological Journal, and more than one article in the Archaeologia Cambrensis. A new hare, we may remark, has been started of late years, and on the strength of a print, a century old, some point to the Black Tower, narvon, a different opinion is held, and that Sir Llewelyn Turner believes he has strong arguments in favor of the old theory. So much is the birth assumed as a matter of course, that when the Prince of Wales in 1868 visited Carnarvon, he was welcomed in the castle "on this the anniversary of the birth within these walls of the first Prince of Wales," and reference was made to "the period in which the first Prince of Wales was presented to a reluctant population from the gates of this majestic and venerable build-

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ing." The editor of "Notes and Queries," writing in 1873, said:—"The Eagle Tower was not built till long after the prince was born, and he was not created Prince of Wales till he was in his eighteenth year;" and at the same time Dr. Doran contradicted another popular error. Many Welshmen fondly cling to the belief that the motto of the Prince of Wales, "Ich Dien," is neither more nor less than a corruption of "Eich Dyn," Welsh for "Your Man," and that it was with these words that the baby prince was presented to assembled Cymry; whereas, in fact, "Ich Dien," meaning "I Serve," was assumed as a mark of humility, just as Elizabeth of York took that of "Humble and Reverent." "Nor are these," says Mr. Timbs, "all the strange stories of the castle. It has been affirmed, on authority, that the castle was built in one year; and that the Eagle Tower was named from a now shapeless figure of an Eagle, brought, it is alleged, from the ruins of Segontium; but an eagle was one of Edward's crests." Three eagles, we should remark, were the arms of Prince Owain Gwynedd, and are those now of the town of Carnarvon.

The Prince of Wales has paid his first visit to the Principality since he assumed the title of its Prince, and it seems to be specially fitting that his appearance should be made within sight of the ancient fortress with which the history of Wales and its Prince is so closely bound. The principal event was the installation of the Prince as the Chancellor of the University in succession to the King, who has displayed his interest in Welsh education and the University by assuming the new position of Protector. There have been many historic assemblies within the spacious pavilion at Carnarvon, but none more brilliant or interesting than this, when the Prince of Wales was installed Chancellor and honorary degrees were conferred on the Princess of Wales and men of mark in the world of thought and the business of education. The speech of the Prince was a model oration, and touched many points of supreme interest not alone to Wales but to the British nation. And first and foremost among those interests is the proper training of the youth of the land, the future citizens who are to make her fortunes and guide her destinies. The aspirations of the Welsh people for education have been marked in all times, but not until the creation of the University, with a system of secondary education, did she come into her birthright. And satisfactory as the progress in educational institutions and facilities has been there is much to accomplish ere Wales can be said to have a satisfactory and complete system. The colleges are still to be housed in suitable buildings which will afford the necessary accommodation for carrying on the great work of education, and this cannot be done without a generous display of public benevolence on the part of the rich men of Wales.

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MEMORIAL DAY.

(Abstract of an address delivered by J. Vinson Stephens, Racnor, Ohio.)

"Indeed," said Wendell Phillips, that great apostle of Liberty, "the government has fallen into the hands of the slave power completely. So far as national politics are concerned we are beaten—there is no hope. The future seems to unfold a vast slave empire united with Brazil, and darkening the whole West. I hope I may be a false prophet, but the sky was never so dark."

Such were the sad deplorable condition of things when Major Anderson was compelled to surrender Fort Sumter, but allowed by Gen. Beauregard to take home with him the battered flag of his government, that he might present it, as it was, with the compliments of the Confederacy to his President as a symbol of shattered hopes. But as Deborah was strengthened by a prophetic vision to lead her countrymen against the apparently invincible army of Jabin, so Lincoln's soul must have been sustained in that hour of severe strain by thoughts and promptings that none around him shared. Gazing intently upon that shredded ensign, which Major Anderson was by courtesy permitted to bring back to him, he bethought of its history, and saw the clear demonstration of the divine majesty which was made to George Washington, and in his reverie had a realization akin to a prophetic vision that the God who gave the Constitution to the father of his country, and had just handed it down from that illustrious person for him to protect, preserve and defend was still Ruler in heaven and on earth.

So he called for 75,000 men to go at once to put it back in its rightful place. They came at his call and went at his command to hoist it again on Fort Sumter in due season, each man inspired by the President's faith that the Almighty God of Yorktown was still back of its tattered shreds. What a mighty host! What a majestic sight! Seventy-five thousand boys in blue jeoparding their lives unto death to protect the Union Flag! And yet before they reached Bull Run to be repulsed and driven back by the foe with severe slaughter, 183,500 were already sworn in that they would also risk their lives unto death in the high places of the field to defend that flag until it would be replaced on Fort Sumter. They took it with them, and as they marched along they triumphantly waved it over Fort Henry. Unsoiled they showed it after the battle of Shiloh, and despite Gen. Bragg's desperate opposition, they proudly brought it out of Perryville, and though they had to mourn the loss of over 13,000 comrades when they left Murfreesboro, the flag was with them ready to front the next fire. Gen. Lee could not take it at Antietam. They plodded through the mud of the Peninsula to protect it, and when

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beaten back with a terrible slaughter from Fredricksburg, they took it with them. They stood around it like a wall of adamant on the heights of Gettysburg, and forced Lee from the wilderness to Five Forks, and from Richmond to Appomattox.

Appomattox! What a strange sounding name! Yet it has a peculiar charm to every American patriot, for there Lee surrendered unconditionally the last hope of the Confederacy, when Grant with chivalry worthy of his valor told him to keep his sword and command his men to take home with them their horses to do their spring plowing.

It was already the 9th of April, and the brave heroes hurried away in order to be on scheduled time at Fort Sumter, where on the 14th of April—the fourth anniversary of their flag's humiliation, Major Anderson in the presence of the army and the navy replaced it, shredded and tattered it is true, but without either soil or taint upon it. It is back again at its own rightful place. But in order to place it there, 67,000 men were killed in the field, 43,000 died of wounds received in battle, and 230,000 succumbed to diseases and other causes. Hail precious flag! Uncover in its presence, people! Having been baptized in the blood of 360,000 men who jeoparded their lives unto death for its sake, that flag is sacred evermore.

Lincoln sent it back in the care of 75,000 men to be replaced; 360,000 fell by the way in that heroic act of service, yet 1,000,000 loyal lads marched back to Washington to tell him that Anderson who at the opening of the war was compelled to take it down had put it back again. That self same day Abraham Lincoln was killed, and in the morning when his great soul looked down upon his beloved country from the highest heights in glory he beheld three millions and a half slaves, as free as the air they were breathing, and the Union Flag proudly waving over Fort Sumter.

OUR HEROES.

Simon, the leper, invited Christ
  One day to his house to dine;
His table he made a place of tryst
  To meet the Physician divine,
Who lovingly touched the loathsome
    disease
And sent him away rejoicing in peace.

Our vast Republic united and strong
  Like Simon the leper of yore
Is feasting today in speech and song
  From Eastern to Western shore,
To honor the heroes of Liberty
Who cleansed a native more leprous
    than he.

Mary was drawn to that humble throng
  To honor the One who gave
To her a brother alive and strong
  From the dark and hopeless grave,
And as her beloved reclined at meat
She poured sweet ointment upon His
    feet.

But to the dark tomb our Marys go
  To praise the Author of life,
That ever their brothers loyal and true
  Met death in a noble strife;
'Tis better to sleep in a warrior's grave
Than live to promote the woes of a
    slave.

Good woman! she couldn't keep her
    nard
  Until her Master was dead,
But poured it forth while yet alive
  Profusely upon His head;
What others could bring to His dismal
    tomb
She lovingly used to brighten His gloom.

Like her we won't wait till our heroes
    true
  Are dead before we will tell
How grateful we are that they passed
    through
  Such slaughter of shot and shell,
We'll tickle their ears with speech and
    song
And give them the flowers while they
    march along.

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MUSIC NOTES.

By William ApMadoc.

"Can Tunes be Inherited," is the title of a delightful bit of writing by the late and lamented poet and scholar, Edward Rowland Sill, who it seems had Welsh blood in his veins. A few months ago we made remarks upon, and quoted from his charming "Poems" lines that proved him to be a poet-musician. His "Venus of Milo" poem is considered great, and there are even educated people who did not know that he is the author of a volume entitled "The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill." In all there are four dainty volumes of his works published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, besides his excellent translation of Rau's "Mozart" —another fact showing his musical tendency. Mr. Sill was born in Windsor, Conn., in 1841, and died in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, in 1887. What he writes in answer to the question "Can Tunes be Inherited?" will be read with great pleasure by the readers of "The Cambrian." It is only once in a great while we find so much newness, freshness, and magic in a prose sketch, which, also, engenders much thought. Mr. Sill says:

"I am not a musician professionally, or in any strict sense of the word; but I am fond of music, and, having a correct ear and some facility of touch, I have played on a good many instruments without acquiring much skill with any one of them. One musical endowment there is which might have been strong in me, if it had ever received any proper cultivation: it is the power of composing tunes, of improvisation, on a very limited and unimpressive scale. Tunes make themselves in my head, such as they are. While I "whistle as I go, for want of thought," it is neither classical nor popular music, but such as makes itself as it goes along. It is very indifferent whistling, considered from the point of view of the "distinguished amateur" whistler, but unconsciously the tune, if a "poor thing, sir," is nearly always "my own."

All this personality only by way of prelude to a curious fact. From about the age of twenty I have found more and more frequently coming into my mind a peculiar sort of tune; a queer minor melody, like the Scotch, and yet not like the Scotch. Its angular yet taking wildness is more like the Irish tunes that one occasionally hears a genuine Irish girl singing, or half humming, with unconscious pauses and sudden crescendos that follow the vicissitudes of her work. This habitual presentation in the mind of these broken, wavering melodies, always on a half-fierce and half-pathetic melodies, had continued for some ten years when I made my first acquaintance, by chance, with the folk-music of the Welsh. It was on a Cunarder in mid-ocean, on the voyage to Liverpool. One evening I was loitering up and down the deck in the warm moonlight, when a group of steerage passengers, sitting or reclining about the foot of the foremast, began to sing in a low and half-unconscious strain in the midst of their talk. They were, it seems, Welsh people, who were choosing this particular time to revisit the fatherland because of an approaching Eisteddfod, somewhere in South Wales. It was, I perceived instantly, the "music of my dreams." To the best of my knowledge and belief, I had never heard these tunes, or any such tunes, sung, whistled or played anywhere before. It had so happened that I had never lived in or near any Welsh settlements. I had never chanced to make the acquaintance of so much as one solitary per-

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son, so far as I know. Yet here, sung by these returning Cymric exiles in the yellow moonlight, as we rose and fell on the gently heaving waves; here were the very strains that had for years been floating, unbidden and recognized, through my brains. I do not mean to say that the precise phrases and cadences were here. But the character, the musical mpods and tenses, the tone-color, were the same.

My explanation of the fact is simple, but to most will probably be incredible. I have Welsh blood in my family, far back on my mother's side. By some freak of heredity the music of my Welsh ancestors has come down through six, eight or ten generations, as a dormant germ, and come to life again—a dim, somnolent, imperfect life, to be sure—in a corner of my brain. I could almost fancy (though this I do not soberly believe, for it is explicable in other ways) that there has come down with it a visual picture of wild torchlight marchings and countermarchings in savage Welsh glens. So plainly do I see in my brain, ever since that night on the steamer, and especially ever since the corroboration of that instantaneous recognition through a collection of Cymric songs which I afterward obtained, visions that befit this strange, barbaric music. I see mountain gorges at night, black, clad in stunted and leaning trees, under a wild sky, where an unshapely waning moon dives among scudding rags of storm. Winding along the pass comes a procession of my Keltic ancestors: it is a burial, or some savage midnight gathering against the Saxon invader. Red torches flare in the midst of their flying smoke; some indistinct dark mass is borne among the leaders; and now and again there are metallic gleams along the vanishing line. There are small, dark men, half clothed in skins of beasts, and their wild eyes shine under streaming locks of black hair. A mountain stream beside them flashes its white bursts of foam out of the darkness under the crags, and continually there rises and mingles with its roar that fierce yet woeful music, half shouted and half sung."

In the same book, we find an article on "Management of the Mind While Hearing Music," wherein we find that Mr. Sill was a deep thinker in music. We understand that this volume of prose is being taken up by the high schools of the country as a text-book.

There are three conspicuous musico-literary masters in the list of those who flourished between 1810 and 1886—musicians who were masters of letters as well as of music, namely, and in chronological order:

(1) Robert Schumann, born in 1810 at Zwichau, Saxony; died in 1856, at Bonn, where the great Beethoven was born; (2) Franz Liszt, born in 1811, at Raiding, Hungary; died in 1886 at Bayreuth, Bavaria; (3) Richard Wagner, born in 1813 at Leipsic; died in 1883 at Venice.

Robert Schuman, besides composing four great symphonies, piano sonatas and fantasias, the symphonic poems "The Minstrel's Curse," "Herman and Dorothea," "The Pilgrimage of the Rose," and many piano and organ works, songs, &c., he established and conducted the "New Journal of Music," and wrote for it essays and sketches full of literary power and critical perception. The volumes of this journal are considered a rich literary treasure.

Franz Liszt, the noble and great-hearted Hungarian, in addition to three oratorios, several masses, choruses, psalms, a number of beautiful songs, the symphonic poems—("Dante," "Faust," "Mazeppa," "Hungary," "Hamlet," concertas, rhapsodies, transcriptions, &c., he wrote the "Life of Chopin"—a work which can be termed an epic poem. Also, he wrote "Robert Franz," and many essays in French, German and Hungarian.

Richard Wagner, while writing in tumultuous times thirteen operas, the

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most famous being "Rienzi," "Flying Dutchman," "Tannhauser," and "Lohengrin," and then his tetralogy, the "Nibelungen Ring," consisting of the music-dramas—"Das Rheingold," "Die Walkure," "Siegfried," and "Gotterdammerung," which were followed by "Tristan and Isolde," "Die Meistersinger," and "Parsifal," the great operatic reformer found time to write his theory works—"Opera and Drama," of several volumes, two novellettes, many essays, and his own masterful librettos. He was a trenchant literary writer and critic, and in fact a great poet—a man of action, determination, strong conviction, and a genius.

A LOVE SONG.

(From the Welsh.)

When the morning blue is breaking,
I will sing my love to greet;
She is sleeping, do not wake her,
For her rest is honeyed sweet.
In her slumbers she is dreaming
That she wanders far with me,
Where the roses red are blooming
In the meadow by the sea.

Innocence her shield and buckler,
She is clothed with purity;
Dearer far than gold or silver
To my lovesick soul is she.
Though this moment thou art sleeping
Flies thy fancy still to me,
While my heart in life is beating,
Sweetheart flies my love to thee!

LONGING.

Sarah Hoy Williams.

Deep in every human breast
Is a spirit of unrest;
Something hidden far from view·
Do you know it? Tell me true!

Prince and peasant, high and low,
All this restless spirit know;
Ah! it is a touch divine
And it leads to heights that shine!

Longing must be Heaven's will,
For the heart is never still;
Every longing of the heart
Makes of life itself a part.

Would we know the heart's full scope?
Realize our life's full hope?
Then no longing must we bar
Longing makes us what we are.

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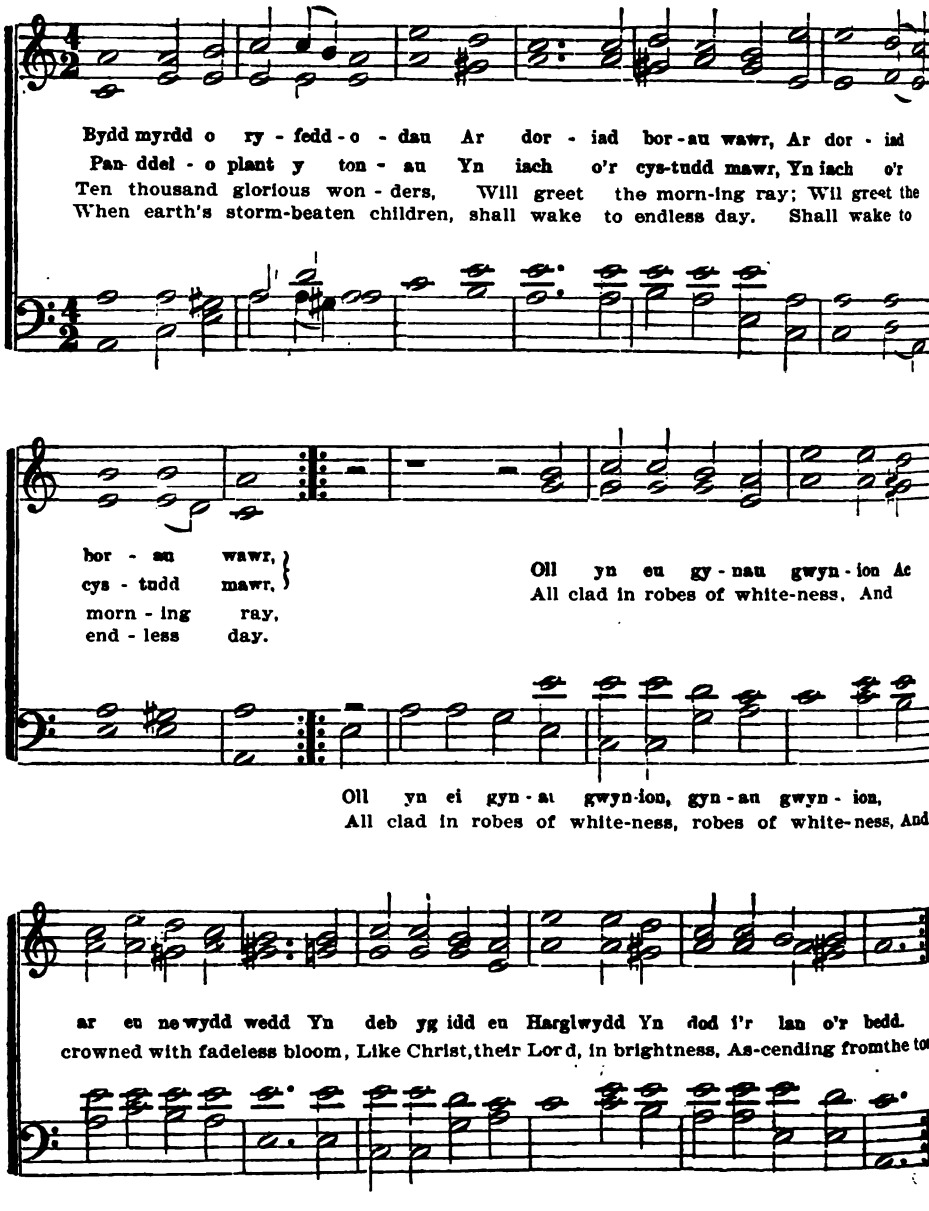
English Words by "Ap Daniel."

BABEL.

Old Chorale.


Bydd myrdd o ry - fedd - o - dau Ar dor - iad bor - au wawr, Ar dor - iad
Pan ddel - o plant y ton - au Yn iach o'r cys-tudd mawr, Yn iach o'r
Ten thousand glorious won - ders, Will greet the morn-ing ray; Will greet the
When earth's storm-beaten children, shall wake to endless day. Shall wake to
bor - au wawr,
cys - tudd mawr,
morn - ing ray,
end - less day.
Oll yn eu gy - nau gwyn - ion Ac
All clad in robes of white-ness, And
Oll yn ei gyn - au gwyn-ion, gyn - au gwyn - ion,
All clad in robes of white-ness, robes of white-ness, And
ar eu newydd wedd Yn deb yg idd eu Harglwydd Yn dod i'r lan o'r bedd.
crowned with fadeless bloom, Like Christ, their Lord, in brightness, As-cending from the tomb

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FIELD OF LETTERS

No. 71 in the Musician's Gallery in the May "Cerddor" is Ivor Foster, a native of Rhondda, S. W. Mr. Foster entered his career as a singer on the Eisteddfod platform, and rose gradually through the National Eisteddfod until he was enabled to enter the Royal College of Music in London, where he studied voice under Henry Blower, harmony under James Higgs, and opera under Dr. Villiers Stanford. He made great progress and distinguished himself as a fine baritone. Of late he has appeared in concert and oratorio with great success, and recently sang in opera in Covent Garden. "The Times" says of him: "Don Pedro is represented excellently by Ivor Foster, who is possessed of a beautiful voice and style." Other musical critics have made special mention of his singing.

D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., makes a few practical remarks on Critics and Criticism, and does not forget to point out the foibles of the would-be critics among our people. The musical numbers are "The Swallow's Return" and "Mae Canu yn y Nefoedd."

In "Yr Ymofynydd" the Rev. W. Copeland Bowie writes of Unitarianism in Cardiganshire. When he first visited the County, he was astonished to find a colony of Unitarians in the south-eastern part. He tells a story of an Independent preacher who was so shocked when he found himself in the stronghold of Unitarianism that he urged his driver to hurry out of the devil-possessed place. This district has been called the Black Spot by bigoted sectarians. The fact of the matter is that this part is as cultured and civilized as any part of Wales, and the difference is merely creedal. Some of the best scholars in South Wales have come out of this Black Spot. Some have been celebrated teachers and schoolmasters.

There is no love lost between Cecil Rhodes and Eynon of the "Cronicl." His estimate of Rhodes's character is certainly uncharitable. "One might think," he says, "that Rhodes was utterly devoid of a moral nature. He was a mere human machine." Yet he admits that he was neither money-loving nor covetous. He was not a church member, yet respectful of religion, and religious workers such as Booth, &c. He was a "great power," not a "great man," which is a ludicrous statement. There is no question that Rhodes was far superior to the ordinary capitalist.

The Calvinistic Methodists are making preparations to build a memorial chapel to the celebrated Ann Griffiths, the Welsh hymn-writer. It will be located near her old home, Dolwar Fechan, a beautiful cut of which appears in "Y Gymraes" for May. The old farm-house with its surroundings are of national interest to the Welsh people, because it was here she spent a simple but godly life. In one of the outhouses are the initials "A. T.," cut probably by her own hand. Recently there were found at Plas Isaf, Meifod, an inventory of furniture, &c., in Dolwar Fechan, also her father's will, both of which have been removed to the Aberystwyth Museum; and recently a copy of the license granted Dolwar Fechan as a place of worship was found. In the inventory just mentioned there are curious particulars, such as

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the names and prices of cattle, &c. The memorial chapel will cost from $4,000 to $5,000, of which $1,000 have already been donated by the people of the vicinity. The Rev. E. Griffith, Meifod, Welshpool, Wales, is Treasurer.

In the May number of "Y Dysgedydd" Beriah Gwynfe Evans contributes a vigorous and a destructive attack upon the new education measure introduced by Mr. Balfour. The aims of the bill, he says, is to restore the old Church rule with the old system of Church taxation. It is an attempt to restore the Church into power; to revive Church taxation; to help Church proselytization; to re-establish taxation without representation; to partially abolish self-government by the people; to deprive the Councils of their legitimate powers. In conclusion he urges the most universal and vigorous opposition on the part of Nonconformists in Wales to the retrograde measure—this falling back under old ecclesiastical ideas.

"Trysorfa y Plant" has a characteristic portrait of the Rev. W. E. Prydderch of Swansea, S. W., and a short comprehensive sketch of his life. Mr. Prydderch comes of a good stock, his father being a preacher of note. He was born at Conwil Caio, Carmarthen, June, 1846. The day was never recorded—so he may be called "The man without a birthday." He commenced his career as a preacher at Goppa, Glamorgan, when a schoolmaster; he was ordained at Llandeilo Fawr. In 1874 he moved back to Goppa, whence he succeeded the Rev. David Saunders at the Trinity Church, Swansea. Mr. Prydderch is reckoned a powerful preacher, and is in good demand as an association preacher in Wales among the Calvinistic Methodists. Some time since Moriah Church of Utica, N. Y., tendered him a call, which after considerable delay he declined.

"Y Drysorfa" opens with a sermon by the Rev. Thomas Rees, D. D. "The Defence of Methodism," by Arvonius, published in response to the letters of Edward Charles furnished by the late T. Hamer Jones, of London, which appeared in a previous number, is spirited and convincing. Methodism has succeeded and Churchism has failed in Wales because the one was possessed of a spiritual power which the other lacked, in spite of its apostolic pretensions. "Nature as Man's Teacher" is an article which has something novel and fresh about it in a Welsh magazine, because we as a people have almost ignored the domain of nature for years. Religion is everything in Welsh sectarian magazines. The writer remarks that a numerous class believes that the gospel teaches man to ignore nature as a religious duty, and therefore has become deaf to all her teachings. The revival of learning is a mere return to the book of nature. If nature is God's work and a revelation of his wisdom, then nature can be listened to as a most authoritative teacher. Science is nature's book of revelation; and a close study of nature will greatly improve and correct our crude and fragmentary views of the Creator and His work. Among the other articles are "John Parry of Caerlleon," "The Consecration of the Sabbath," Reviews, Obituaries, Missions, &c.

In "Y Traethodydd" Evan Davies, Trefriw, continues his valuable sketch of the life and works of Owen Jones (Meudwy Mon), a writer who contributed much to the historical literature of Wales. His "Wales—Historical, Topographical and Biographical" contains much useful information in a convenient form. William Evans, M. A., writes of the teachings of Christ about the world to come. "Jacob Boehme" is continued by W. Hobley, of Newbridge; then follow "Sir Love Jones Parry, Madryn," by John Jones.

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F.R.G.S., Woodcroft, Pwllheli; "Seneca," by Glan Alaw; "Egyptian Hymns" by Robert Williams, M. A., Llanllechid; poems by Daniel Rowlands, J. D. Symmons and J. M. Morgan; Review of Books, &c.

—Rev. Joseph Roberts, D. D., New York, contributes an article under the title "President McKinley and the State of the Country at his Death." After an interesting sketch of his life as an American statesman and Christian, and his remarkable death and beautiful submission to the will of God, he proceeds to discuss the question of tariff and prosperity attendant upon the Republican protective policy. It cannot be denied that this policy has been the most beneficent idea in American statesmanship. The installation of free trade even for a single administration has always been injurious to the prosperity of the country; and the re-establishment of protective tariff has invariably restored confidence and activity. Mr. Roberts also draws attention to a characteristic which distinguishes the Americans from all other people, viz., their strenousness. They are wonderfully active and industrious. Work is honorable; work is the king in the States.

In "Y Geninen" the Rev. D. Stanley Jones writes and discusses the question of the ministry, under the caption of the "New Preacher," but it seems throughout that what he aims at is the restoration of the old. The remarks are conservative and derogatory of any innovations in the spirit and method of preaching. The spirit of the Gospel is the only spirit that should guide and inspire the preacher. Education and modern views are vain unless the right spirit possess man.

—The Rev. Emrys ap Iwan continues his effort to establish a uniformity in Welsh construction. Mr. Iwan ignores the root of the trouble, viz., the individuality of the Welsh character. The difficulty is to get the Welsh mind to acknowledge a regula, a uniform rule in grammar as well as in religion and politics. He wants to be independent. The first idea or notion that strikes him is What about his independence?

Then follow "Recollections of Old Eisteddfodau;" "Lewys Glyn Cothi and his Times and Works;" "Eben Fardd;" "The Celtic Revival;" "Thomas Gee as a Patriot;" "Goronwy Owen and the Morrises of Anglesey;" "Some of the Old Customs of the Aman Valley;" Glanystwyth, Rev. T. Davies, D. D., and Richard Wilson, &c.; "Old Letterds," and a large variety of englynion and poems.

—The most interesting discussion in this number are the two articles by Ben Bowen and Cernyw Williams, against and for close communion, for liberalism in religion and against. In these articles we find arrayed the old prejudices and new reasons, but we are compelled to admit that this old-timed question is past reasoning. Millions of reasons and arguments have been advanced through the ages, but to no practical and profitable purpose. The questions of imersion and infant baptism will both die of old age.

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SCIENTIFIC

The French Government at one time stopped a fanatical religious outbreak in Algiers by sending Houdin, the famous juggler, to outdo the miracles of the Algerian priests.

In dissecting human brains nothing has more thoroughly impressed me than the poverty of thinking tissue which characterizes the average cerebrum.—Prof. Marvin.

"The new task is to equalize the benefits of industrial consolidation, to abolish both millionaire and pauper by making monopoly impossible save as a Governmental function."

Kennan, in his book on Siberia, tells of entering the hut of a Korah, and finding that the household god was a photo of Major-General Dix cut out of Harper's Magazine. It was the first photo the Korak had ever seen, and he therefore regarded it as God.

Mind-cure literature springs from a morbid mental state that has been induced by some chronic organic disorder. Such writers are like the man in Hogarth's picture, who though incarcerated for debt, entirely forgot his condition in the elaboration of a plan for paying off the National Debt.—H. N. Cassion.

The Evolution of Civilization as a whole would teach the ardent political reformer full of lofty ideals, that while the practical statesman must welcome all advanced causes, all social movements in the direction of the ideal, as the very instruments by which further progress can alone be reached, he can in his position as representative of the nation, when called on to act, utilize as much only of these programs as the times will allow, reserving the rest until all the collateral and auxiliary forces necessary for advance have come up into line.—Crozier.

When the medical faculty of Paris, which was the most celebrated in Europe, was asked during the 14th century to give their opinion regarding the cause and cure of the Black Plague, they produced a remarkable document, in which it was shown that it was caused by a battle between the sun and the ocean, and the remedy prescribed was drinking broth flavored with ground pepper, ginger and cloves.

It is doubtless true that the man who has made a thorough and comparatively exclusive study of one book or set of books is capable of more concentrated reasoning and more aggressive disputation than the man who has gathered a disorderly miscellany of posies from the fields of poetry and politics, romance and religion, science and history.

A physician whose large practice is proof of successful treatment claims possession of a sense of smell which detects an effluvium from the human body that indicates dissolution within 48 hours. The physician says the age of the patients, their cleanliness, hygienic surroundings, duration or nature of the illness have nothing whatever to do with the odor, which can only be described as an earthly smell, and which is apparently imperceptible to others. The physician is unable to account for this weird faculty except through superacuteness of a sense of smell which detects the commencement of mortification of the body even while life still exists.

The long cry of oppression comes too frequently from those who would, if

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they only could, oppress. An endless holiday under serene skies, plenty to eat and to drink—particularly to drink, and release from the heavy hand of responsibility, seem to constitute the dream of most of us who only a few hundred years ago came from vassalage. These form our notions of what we are here for. We want to get out of these notions, and remain out. We need to know that power and authority are symbols only of unselfish work and crowding responsibilities. And until this is realized to a man, our authority will continue to be usurped and the divine right to be asserted.—"The Practical Age."

Anyone can observe for themselves that those who go through with physical exercises without putting their mind to it receive no benefit; and they must not only put their mind to it, but put a cheerful mind to it; must enjoy what they are doing. This shows that it is the glad mind, the buoyant mind that makes a healthy body. All the uplifting feelings cheerfulness, gladness, happiness, faith, expectation, etc., lift up and vitalize the vital organs. Depressed and heavy physical sensations, stiffness, clumsiness, weak and inefficient hands, clouded minds, all are the result of corresponding mental and emotional conditions.

Every species of enthusiasm, every violent passion, may lead to convulsions—to mental disorders—to a concussion of the nerves, from the sensorium to the very finest extremities of the spinal cord. The whole world is full of examples of this affecting state of turmoil, which, when the mind is carried away by the force of a sensual impression that destroys its freedom, is irresistibly propagated by imitation. Of all enthusiastic infatuations, that of religion is the most fertile in disorders of the mind as well as of the body and both spread with the greatest facility by sympathy.—Prof. J. K. F. Hecker.

Herbert N. Casson in his "Crime of Credulity" says that "Sanitary reformers have proved that one Colonel Waring will do more for the health of a city than 10,000 healers. For instance, in 1675 the death-rate in London was 80 per 1000; to-day it is 19. Sanitary rules have lowered the death-rate in the British army from 17 to 8 per 1,000; in the East Indian army from 69 to 14 per 1,000; in the German army to 5; and in the English charity schools from 12 to 3. In France the average life has been lengthened from 23 in 1800 to nearly 38 in 1865.

A French investigator has been examining the air of Mont Blanc. He finds that the number of germs in the air taken from the summit of the mountain was extremely small, a fact which coincides with what we know regarding the freedom from microbes of the air both of high mountains and of the sea. The air further down the mountain and approaching the valleys contains a far larger number of germs, a fact no doubt due to the presence of contamination received from the presence of human beings. One curious fact mentioned in connection with these researches is that in ice taken from the top of the mountain disease germs were found, and in very pure water there were many colonies discovered of a germ belonging to the family we find associated with impurity of ordinary water. The presence of these germs at such high elevations can only be satisfactorily accounted for by assuming that they have been conveyed thither by the atmosphere, and have flourished amidst the rigorous conditions represented by the snow and ice of the mountain.

With regard to the greography of cancer, it is known that lowlying

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places through which rivers pass, and which are therefore subject to periodical overflows from the rivers, are typical areas in which cancer cases occur. The districts in which a low death rate from cancer is found are, on the other hand, stated to be places elevated in situation and having older rocks in place of gravels and clays as their foundation. A clayey soil seems to be in some degree or other specially related to the prevalence of cancer. Dr. Tunnicliffe remarks that the difference between the death rate from cancer in different parts of North Germany is somewhat startling. In certain cases cancer is responsible for one in every 100 deaths, but in other localities one in every 33 deaths is attributed to this disease. There must, therefore, in connection with the distribution of cancer be many points of extreme interest and importance to be cleared up by such investigations as those for which the medical profession at large is now earnestly pleading.—Dr. Wilson.

The sentiment which was inbred and perpetuated among the inhabitants of this vast continent during the two centuries or more required to make their way across it, was one of what we may call natural equality, as distinguished from the natural inequality of England, and the artificial or highbred or utopian equality of Rousseau and of France on the other. But it is to be observed that this broad natural equality of sentiment, rooted in equal material conditions, equal education, equal laws, equal opportunities and equal access to all positions of honor and trust, had just sufficient inequality mixed with it in the shape of greater or less mental endowments, higher or lower degrees of culture, larger or smaller material possessions, and so on, to keep it human and sweet; while at the same time it was all so gently graded, and marked by transitions so easy and natural, that no gap was anywhere to be discovered on which to found an order of privilege or caste.—Crozier: "History of Intellectual Development."

Public sentiment about education has its sources in tradition, rather than in accomplished facts. Once academic and higher education was a professional preparation for a few restricted callings, and like all professional education dealt with things of vital interest to those who were pursuing it. Now, academic and higher education is a preparation for the higher stages of all callings. It is the proud boast of engineers that they will soon be the best educated professional body in existence. Not only has the university expanded to meet the needs of mechanical, electrical, chemical and civil engineers, but it also provides higher education for those who follow agriculture, horticulture, forestry, architecture, or any department of pure or applied natural or social science.—"The Practical Age."

The call is for practical thinkers, who work for the sake of the work, and not like monkeys, for admiration, or like magpies for gold and silver. The unfortunate wageworkers who labor with their bodies for ten hours a day have no time to think; and the leizure classes bar out of their curriculum almost all the subjects that really deserve thought and investigation. So that in spite of 600 colleges, America is still in need of reflective and high-principled editors, officials, statesmen and citizens. We have hundreds of thousands of patriots of the bull-dog type, ready to rush out and bite foreigners whenever the Government says "Sic 'em." But we have few enough of the citizen brand, those who will think, vote and spend money for their country's sake.—H. N. Casson.

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PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

MISS CLARA WILLIAMS.

To be able to give our readers a brief sketch and cut of an artiste who so exceptionally honors her nationality, is more than ordinary pleasure.

In the song-annals of Wales, there is a number of brilliant names—not many, to be sure—who have succeeded in breaking into the front rank by their strength of talent and culture, and who are lovingly and gratefully remembered by their people. Forty or more years ago, Edith Wynne was a star of first magnitude. Her sister Kate was a good second. Then came Megan Watts flashing across the Welsh sky a song-light that made all hearts glad. The first proved herself the model lyric songstress, the other the superb oratorio solo-interpreter. If we are not mistaken, the discoverer and sponsor of these two was the late and great-hearted Llew Llwyvo. At any rate, his indorsement of these brilliant children of the Eisteddfod was sufficient to cause the Welsh nation to rejoice in their talent.

It would be very interesting and instructive to trace the evolution and development of Welsh songsters during the last forty years—from Edith Wynne to one who has the same blood running in her veins, Miss Clara Williams, the vocalist, pianist, theorist, and profound scholar in the science of music. Following in the same path, and partaking of the inspiration of Edith Wynne, Megan Watts, Miss Edmunds and others, there appeared with many others, Eleanor Rees, the charming contralto, Eos Morlais with his fiery tenor voice, Lucas Williams and Dan Price, baritones, the artistic James Sauvage, and our present great song-interpreter, Ben Davies.

Miss Williams, previous to her going to the London Royal Academy of Music, by her scholarship and genuine work in song, piano and theory, had placed herself easily in the front rank in the estimation of all musicians who knew of her attainments. The young lady herself, we are sorry to say, is far too modest to push her claims for recognition. Let us hope that her many accomplishments will speedily force themselves fully upon a public that is too prone to accept the "trumpet-blowings" of the press as sure signs of artistic excellence. As in the case of many other lovers of the Eisteddfod, Miss Williams failed to escape from being honored with a sobriquet. It was at a Mankato festival that the poets and musicians formed themselves into a mystic circle, invoking the blessings of St. Cecilia and Parnassus upon her voice and soul, as she responded to the call "Eos Roewen."

Since her return from London to Minneapolis, the first and only Eisteddfod that has recognized her talent and secured her service, was the one held last Christmas Day at Cambria, Wis. All honor to the committee of that festival for so doing. The prettiest poetic tribute of that day to Miss Williams was the following from the versatile englyn-pen of W. W. Jones:

Terydd yr oratorio—yw Clara,
Clir iawn ei soprano;
Un a'i mawl drwy'r freiniawl fro,
Eill osod grym mewn lleisio.
Pwy etyb i hon ond Patti?—miwsig
Grymusol sydd ganddi;
Seiniau y llinos i'n lloni
Geir yn frwd—dan goron o fri.

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Esgyn fel Paderewski—wna'r dyner
Berdones uchelfri;
Yn ei rhwysg yn uwch uwch 'r a hi,
A cha wlad fawr i'w chlodfori.

Since writing the above, we learn that the next State Eisteddfod committee of Iowa has engaged Miss Williams,

Miss Clara Williams.

not only as an artiste, but, also, as one of the three adjudicators in the vocal contests. This is a worthy innovation, at least in this case.

The subject of our sketch was born at Roe Wen, a village near Conway, North Wales. Soon after that event, her parents came to America and "fixed their habitation" at Columbus, Wis. The earlier impressions of Miss Williams centre in and around that pleasant city. She inherited her musical talent from her parents on both sides, and by them was initiated into singing, and the reading of music from the very cradle. Consequently, she cannot remember the time, we presume, how early she began her musical career. We will risk the statement that she read music at sight about the time she picked up her letters. If all parents would do likewise with their children, we would find most of them reading notes more readily and accurately than they read prose and poetry.

Little Clara was a veritable prodigy in song, and in the reading of music. Often she would be placed upon a chair at the Sunday "cwrdd pregethu" and "cwrdd ysgol," when she would sing with expression far beyond her age, and cause congregations to weep tears of joy.

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During the Northwestern "boom," the family moved to its present home, Minneapolis, Minn. It was there that she had most of her earlier schooling. She graduated from the High School, and spent two years following at the University, continuing at the same time her musical studies. When too young to sing, she took organ, piano and violin lessons. Her church positions, either as organist or soprano, with several concert tours in Minnesota, Wisconsin and the Dakotas, comprised her musical life-work up to 1893—the World's Fair Eisteddfod triumph and transition for her, of which the nation should be proud. It is a well-known story how John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia), the world-known harpist, when in Chicago, instantly recognized the beauty of Miss Williams' voice and her interpretive talent, while she rehearsed her songs to his harp-accompaniment in preparation for the Eisteddfod concerts, and how he insisted there and then, that she should proceed at once to the London Royal Academy, which, like a sensible young lady, she did, receiving the benefit of his splendid guidance and care. Let it be said here, that in Pencerdd Gwalia, Wales has found its most illustrious promotor and patronizer of Welsh musical talent. Miss Williams was well-equipped to enter upon advanced studies at the Royal Academy, and at once, and naturally, took a high place in the classes in English, German and Italian languages, literature, history and music. Through the kindness of Mr. Thomas, her qualifications and attainments became known to the leading professors, and she entered immediately into the study of singing, under Signor Randegger; in piano work, under Septimus Webbe; in harmony, under Stewart McPherson, in elocution, under Mr. Farren, and in sight-reading and dictation, under Henry Eyres.

During her three years of studentship, and the subsequent four years of brilliant service on the teaching faculty of the Royal Academy, Miss Williams made occasional trips to sing in the beautiful suburbs of London, in the provincial towns, and of course, to her beloved Wales, spending her holidays in both North and South Wales. Probably, it will seem strange to our readers to learn how difficult it is to get a first hearing, even in musical Wales—we mean in the best circles. Miss Williams, for instance, had visited Bangor several times, not with the intention of singing however, though it was known that she was the winner of the Parepa Rosa Gold Medal. Her friends made many efforts to have her appear in the programs of the summer concerts which were controlled by that superb musician, Dr. Roland Rogers, but all in vain. Though using the best possible influence, it seemed impossible to have the opportunity to sing for Dr. Rogers. Finally, however, Miss Williams was engaged to sing at the Llandudno and Bangor Pier Concerts, and Dr. Rogers, who was the accompanist for both series, came very reluctantly to rehearse with Miss Williams. After hearing but a couple of phrases, lo, the critical Doctor became an enthusiastic admirer, and her best friend. Dr. Rogers promptly explained his reluctance in such matters. Time and again he had received applications to sing, and that the singers so often turned out to be such utter failures that he could not waste time to hear them. Afterwards, Dr. Rogers sent for Miss Williams many a time to sing at concert recitals, and private at homes, and spoke of her voice as being of the purest kind and most beautifully developed—her style being that of a truly great artiste.

It was in last December that another true musician, Professor P. C. Lutkin, head of the music department at the Northwestern University, and director of the Evanston and Ravenswood

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Clubs, sent for Miss Williams to take the soprano solos in two performances of the "Messiah," which she did with such dignity, skill and expression as to win exceptional compliments from Professor Lutkin. It is but natural that we should expect so exceptional an artiste to appear often in the solos of the masterpieces, and also in the lyrics of the concert room, thereby fulfilling a mission that is given in such measure to but few of the daughters of St. Cecilia.

Miss Williams' father, John W. Williams, the druggist, is well known in literary and musical circles. Her mother's maiden name was Leah Davies, both of Roe Wen. The parents with their three daughters enjoy the pleasures of a charming home at 1211 Franklin Ave., Minneapolis. Miss Williams, on Sundays, sings in the quartet of the leading Presbyterian church of that city. During the week she teaches a number of advanced students, and fills incidental concert engagements in the leading cities of the West.

We learn with much pleasure that the Bangor National Eisteddfod committee has engaged Miss Williams to sing at their grand evening concerts, next August. The engagement carries with it all the honor of our National festival.

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THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD AT SCRANTON, PA.

The National Eisteddfod held Memorial Day in the new armory proved to be the greatest event of its kind ever held in America, and quite as successful in every feature as the big national Eisteddfods of Wales. There were 2,500 musical and 200 literary competitors, and an aggregate attendance at the three session of 20,000.

At the night's session 8,000 were present. An innovation was introduced in the shape of a competition for German singing societies. Prizes amounting to $4,000 were distibuted. First prize winners of the principal events were Mixed choirs of 150 voices, $1,000, Philharmonic of Utica; Male chorus, $300, Dr. Mason Glee Club of Wilkesbarre; second prize, the Arion Male Chorus of Utica.

Ladies' Chorus—First prize, $300. Scranton Ladies' Choral Society; Mrs. D. B. Thomas, leader.

Second prize, $10—Cecilians, of Utica; Iorwerth T. Daniel, leader.

German Male Chorus (silver trophies), Class B—Scranton Liderkranz Ladies' Chorus, $300, Scranton Society; mixed quartette, $20, Mrs. Elizabeth Watkins and her three children, of Harrisburg.

Essay on arbitration, $50, divided between William Corliss and Rev. Dr. R. R. Jones of Scranton; Welsh novel. $25, Dr. D. E. Richards of Slatington; English poem, first prize $50, George S. Phelps of Leadville, Col.; song, "Labor," contest continued.

The two best englynion out of 56, Roland Roberts, Bellevue, Pa.

Conductor, T. P. Williams, Newcastle, Pa., who commanded the attention of all.

The adjudicators of music were Walter Damrosch and J. W. Parson Price of New York, and Jenkin Powell Jones of Cleveland. The literary adjudicators were Judge H. M. Edwards and Prof. George Howell of Scranton, and G. H. Humphrey of Utica.

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The Rev. W. D. Williams, D. D. of Little Rock, Archdeacon for the whole State of Arkansas, has accepted a cordial invitation to supply St. Stephen's Church, New York City, from June until October. He supplied the same church last summer during the rector's vacation. The church is on West 69th Street, between Columbus Avenue and Broadway. The Rev. Dr. Williams and his family will reside at 549 West, 156th Street.

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There are twenty-five Welsh Nonconformist chapels in London.

There are forty-five girls working on the collieries in the Maesteg district.

Great indignation is felt in "high circles" at Llanishen because the cuckoo did not make itself heard there first instead of at Dinas Powis and St. Nicholas.

The first Welsh lady singer of note was Miss Edwards (Mrs. Jewell), the prima donna at Covent Garden Theatre from 1760 to 1770. She was a great favorite with the London audiences.

West Wales years ago contributed any number of converts to Mormonism, and now we hear that Dowie, the Yankee, who claims to be the Prophet Elijah come on earth again, has disciples at Carmarthen.

Celts are rising and raising something all round. The Bretons raise onions, the Irish want to raise Cain, the Welsh try to raise the wind for their institutions, but the Cornish Celts are about raising the dead.

It is interesting to note that a shield bearing the arms of Wales, in addition to those of England, Scotland and Ireland, will figure over the King's cypher in the Royal triumphal arch to be erected opposite the Houses of Parliament on Coronation Day.

Welshmen may be said to have brought home the Glamorgan Militia all the way. The general manager of the Cape Railways is a Welshman; the captain of the Lake Erie is a Welshman; the dockmaster at Southampton is a Welshman; and the chief disembarkation officer, Colonel Stacpole, also claims a Welsh lineage.

Scattered over Birmingham and its suburbs there are, says the "Birmingham Post," probably four thousand—if not more—Welshmen, who contribute a considerable share to the municipal artistic life of Birmingham.

Clynderwen is preparing for an up-to-date eisteddfod. Among the novelties is a contest in englynion on the subject of ping-pong; in the useful section a prize is offered for the best essay on "Welsh Courtship and How to Improve It." Suggestions on this subject will, no doubt, be received with interest, but it will be surprising if sweethearts will depart from the old way.

A church which has been closed for fifteen years in a remote corner of the parish of Capel Curig, North Wales, has been recently re-opened for divine service. The young people of the parish devoted their half-holidays for several weeks in the laudable work of cleaning the church, while the new vicar, the Rev. D. Sinnett Jones, undertook to collect the requisite sum for its repair.

Talk about centenarians! A Welsh correspondent informs the "Daily News" that the following inscription on a tombstone in Amroth Churchyard,

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near Tenby, has just been brought to light:—

"Here lieth the body of John
Rees, who departed this life
October 17, 1824,
Aged 249 years.
Reader, prepare to meet thy God."

Now that the memory of the patron saint of Wales is honored by the Royal Family we shall expect to see St. David's Day dinners in every corner of the country. In the Royalty Theatre at Llanelly last St. David's Day the dramatic opera, "The Rajah," was performed, and during the evening the baritone who played the title-role sang "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau." Fortunately for the pronunciation of the words, the singer was a Welshman—Mr. Evan Emlyn ("Llew Cymru").

Seldom, probably, in the history of St. Paul's Cathedral have babies been in evidence among the ranks of the choristers. At the Welsh National Service (says the "Sheffield Telegraph") several of the lady singers who took part in the festival had babies with them. Fortunately, not one was refractory. Among chapel-goers in Wales it is quite a common thing for mothers to take their babies with them.

Parliament is full of gratitude to the Carmarthen Boroughs for sending Mr. Alfred Davies to represent them. Mr. Davies has the rare quality of being able to keep the House of Commons laughing more hilariously and for a longer time than any hard-working humorist could possibly do. And the best of it is that this success costs Mr. Davies no effort; he simply talks and the House simply laughs. It is a rare gift, and Llanelly and Carmarthen are, no doubt, pleased at the stir their representative is making in the world of politics.

A number of Welsh gentlemen residing in Dublin and the neighborhood met together to do honor to St. David's Day, and advantage was taken of the occasion to inaugurate a St. David's League in Dublin, in connection with which it was suggested there should be held a re-union annually. A committee was appointed to take the matter in hand.

In the dark ages the people were made to believe by their priests that to put on a hat which had been worn by a dead king would infallibly cure the worst headache. These hats were kept in churches, on the altars, and people were crowding to the altar of King Henry VI.'s Chapel at Windsor to wear his hat long after he had died. Of course a fee was demanded for this privilege, for unless the fee was paid the cure was impossible.

The Welsh eisteddfod is being adopted or emulated by other nationalities in the British Isles. Not only do English choirs come to compete and carry off prizes from Welsh eisteddfodau, but several English towns have recently adopted the Welsh custom and held English eisteddfodau. The latest aspirants for eisteddfodic fame, however, are the Manxmen. An eisteddfod has been held recently in the Isle of Man, when several of the subjects for competition were in the Manx language. The musical adjudicator, however, was a Welshman, Dr. Rowland Rogers, Bangor.

Cardiganshire, it is claimed, produces more officers for the mercantile marine service than any other Welsh county. The seamanlike qualities of the Cardi are never doubted, but his frugal habits are often a subject of jest for his Saxon shipmates, as the following lines show:

"There's a sailor known as Cardi,
He's just the boy to pinch;
He likes the beef whose ribs do count
Some forty to the inch.

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"But if he's fond of herrings,
And wears a home-spun coat,
You'll find him on the quarterdeck
Of the finest ship afloat."

In some parts of Wales, and particularly at Dyfed, great faith was placed in the trout as a diet in case of serious illness, and especially whooping cough. The freshly-caught trout was placed in a pan of milk—"y badell laeth"—in which it would swim, and after it was supposed that the fish had passed the milk through its gills and left some of its "slime" in the milk, the milk was supposed to have been given the necessary medicinal powers for the cure of whooping cough and the croup. Milk was so used in a certain part of Pembrokeshire within the last thirty or forty years.

Welsh is not the only language in Wales which refuses to die out. It is, possibly, a much older language than the Welsh. But the prophets say that it has only a few years longer to live. It is the Welsh Romany, a distinct gipsy dialect. It is a literary language, too, at least Mr. John Sampson, university librarian at Liverpool, has composed in Welsh Romany what Mr. Watts-Dunton calls a "little gem, so full of the Romany feeling," of which the following is the opening stanza:—

"Romano raia, prala, jinimangro,
Konyo chumerava to chikat,
Shukar java mangi, ta mukava
Tut te 'ja kamdom me—kushki rat!"
"Scholar Gypsy, brother, student,
Peacefully I kiss thy forehead,
Quietly I depart and leave
Thee whom I loved—'Good night.'"

It is a familiar Welsh proverb, but the explanation is to be found in the remote tradition of ancient nations. The custom of holding a cow's tail when dying is said to be a sacred ceremony of the Hindoos. That the same custom once prevailed among the Welsh may be gathered from the old proverb, which, translated, is to the following effect:—"Let each betake himself to the tail of his cow." The oldest form of the proverb is, "He who owns a milch cow let him take hold of her tail." The custom was, when a man was about to die, to bring a cow to him to take hold of her tail, while he repeated some formula which it was believed would "land him safe on Canaan's side."

Mr. Editor: I hereby send you two more translations of englynion which took prizes around Christmas and New Year's. The first provoked considerable criticism.

The Thrashing Machine.

Beside the produce high up-piled
The thresher is a kingdom wild,
Whence straw and chaff come out amain
From which it separates the grain.

The other is a translation of an englyn on "The Ax." The englyn-maker takes considerable license often in the treatment of words. He does not hesitate to cut, maim, twist or torture words to make them serviceable to the meter and the rules of alliteration. In this englyn, "hircoes" is used instead of "hirgoes;" but everything is fair in love, war and the making of an englyn.

The Ax.

The ax, a tool of ancient fame,
"Long-legged" for to cut, it came;
Its sharpness satisfaction gives
And so its mission always lives.

—Subscriber.

If all the clergy were present at a Church Congress we would find among the clergymen 15 bearing the name of David Davies, 13 Thomas Davies, five John Owen Evans, 17 David Jones, 20 John Jones, 22 Thomas Jones, 17 William Jones, 21 John Williams, &c., as well as an astonishing number of clergy called by similar simple names. The Baptists have 10 David Davieses among their preachers and ministers in Wales and Monmouthshire, and the Congrega-

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tionalists 10 John Davieses, and the Calvinistic Methodists have 11 John Joneses and 12 William Joneses. The Welsh Wesleyan Methodists have scarcely any ministers and local preachers bearing the same names, but the proportion of their popular surnames is not less than those of other Welsh denominations.

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THE PENRHYN LOCKOUT.

William W. Jones of Llanllyfni, Carnarvonshire, N. W., President of the Quarrymen's Union there, and a well-known Welsh writer, whose articles appear over the nom-de-plume of "Cyrus," arrived in Utica, N. Y., Wednesday, May 21. Mr. Jones is 63 years of age and a brother of the late John W. Jones of the "Drych." In his tour about this country he is holding meetings to explain the difficulty of 22 months standing between Lord Penrhyn and the workmen. Wednesday evening, May 28, he addressed a meeting at Moriah Church, Utica, in the interest of the quarrymen. Mr. Jones delivered a lengthened address recapitulating the causes which led to the struggle, among which he gave the chief of all, viz., the determination of Lord Penrhyn to play the absolute master. He gave instances of the absolute regime at the quarry which justifies the men in striking against such tyranny. No self-respecting man could submit long to such insolence and injustice. • The men were utterly at the mercy of the Lord and his stewards. The men are ready to submit the trouble to arbitration, but the Lord has nothing to arbitrate, they must crouch beneath his feet. Landlordism and every other form of lordism must go. Mr. Jones will visit Vermont, Pennsylvania, and some of the Western States.

THE VICTORIOUS UTICANS.

The night had just departed and
Day was approaching o'er the land,
When lo! there flashed from southern skies
"We've won the $1,000 prize!"

The brave Arions made them quake
Took off the Masons half the cake!

The Ladies' Choir, now, bless their eyes!
Helped win the $1,000 prize!

But all the tale is yet unsaid—
Professor I. T. Daniel led.—Subscriber.

———o:o———

Among the articles in the "Treasury" for May are "Our Roll of Honor;" "The Uniqueness of the Earth" (Chap. IV.); "The Fathers of the Church—III., Justin Martyr;" "A Book Worth Reading;" "Dr. Lewis Edwards of Bala;" "From Soil to Soul," a short sermon.

In "From Soil to Soul" the author seems to adopt the old doctrine of direct creation. The idea is startling as he says. The soil is taken and formed unto man, then God inbreathes, and the soil becomes soul. Then he proceeds "There is the marvel, the miracle, the power of God. In that inbreathing, that Divine inspiration, Soil became Soul. Death leaped in life, matter danced with spirituality."

In the series of articles entitled "The Uniqueness of the Earth," the writer seems to attempt to put up a system of geocentricity, in so far that he thinks the earth the only habitable world in God's creation. Copernicus destroyed the geocentricity of the earth as to magnitude and position, but Mr. Jones upholds its geocentricity as to life and favor with God. This is a remnant of the old Ptolemaic system, and of the theologic and theogenic creed.

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

July.

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THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII. JULY, 1902. No. 7.

FROM AN ADOPTED SON.

Memorial Day Address at Ainsworth, Ia., delivered by Rev. W. R. Williams.

I come before you as an adopted son of this great republic. You have heard, in the years gone by, the voice of the veterans and sons of the veterans. You have had the privilege of listening to many speakers born and reared in this beloved land. There may be in the hearts of some of you a desire to know what an adopted, or foreign born son, has to say on one of the great crisis of our country. Almost twenty years of active life in America should entitle and qualify one to say something. Then I am reminded that I came to this world soon after the beginning of the war. The American crisis was at that time agitating all Europe. I cannot say that I remember it but I am very sure it was the fact.

Let me also say that any youth of an average mind coming to this country is not long nor should be kept long ignorant of the great facts of American history. And among the agents to perpetuate the lessons of the Civil War none has been more potent than the living influence of the members of the G. A. R. In northern New York, in the Mississippi valley, and at the foot of the Rockies I have at different times listened with interest to these patriotic men telling the stories of their heroic struggles and trials on the battle field. With sadness we approach the time when the voice of the last old soldier will be silenced in the grave, but the deeds of your valor are immortal. The country is growing richer every year in the literature of the war, and those great battle songs of freedom, will ever live. Those old, familiar strains born in those days of suffering will be kept echoing again and again in the years of the generations coming. No war with greater stupenduous issue was ever fought. I trust the occasion for the like of it will never again arise. No such forces ever faced each other in the battle. These were brethren of the same common stock, speaking the same language, worshipping the same God. Of the northern army it has been said:

"In intelligence none except perhaps the Athenian ever equaled or approached it. Most of the soldiers carried books and writing materials in their knapsacks, and the mail sacks heavily weighted with letters were sent from every cantonment. Such privates would sometimes reason instead of obeying, and

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they would see errors of their commanders to which they had better been blind. But on the whole in a war in which much was thrown upon the individual soldier intelligence was likely to prevail."

Neither were the men of the south in intelligence far behind them. If they were inferior their contact with slavery, its vices and its cruelties had made them inferior. Slavery demoralized both the slave and the slaveholder. These men were capable in some instances of untold cruelties. The stories of the massacre at Ft. Pillow, and the stories of southern prisons are the darkest pages in the history of the war. Let the blame be placed where it belongs, the accursed influence of slavery upon the men who espoused it and who indirectly fought for its continuance.

When the first bullet was shot no one dreamt of the extent of the prolonged struggle that was before them. For four long years these great armies met in battle on an average of eleven times per week making in all 2265 engagements and it is computed, between the North and the South one million lives were sacrificed. The suffering and sorrow, the agony caused to the people or this commonwealth none but the Almighty himself could measure.

But out of it came at last through the providence of God, a mighty nation regenerated, born again, and may we not say it irreverently, born from above; baptized liberally in blood.

Eulogies have their places, monuments of granite are carved and built, books are written, but the principles of that great warfare, wherein a million souls went out demands something still more effective to perpetuate them and to impress them indelibly upon the hearts of the people. God commanded the Israelites to keep the passover as a memorial feast. The deliverance from Egypt was never to be forgotten. This day is our national passover, our national holiday sacred to the memory of the dead.

Amidst the luxuries of the age, the swift currents of our commercial life, our reaching out for wealth and power, there is one day of lull wherein the dead out of their graves seem to cry, "Do not forget us, guard our names from oblivion, make the story of our sacrifice to tell on the life of the republic to all generations."

I. The day stands primarily for peace. It does not belong to it to open up old wounds but to close them. It is pagan to keep up strifes it is Christian to bury them. The blue and the gray now quietly resting beneath the sod cry out, let this sacred land forevermore be the land of peace and good will. The bloody wound that gashed the breast of our country is now healed and its very scar is to be covered with flowers.

II. It stands for the indestructibility of the union. (1) The attempt on the part of the South to withdraw from the union was the direct cause of the war. Voluntarily, of their own free will South Carolina and other states claimed they had entered into the union; voluntarily

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they claimed they had the right to withdraw. Lincoln's first inaugural met the issue frankly and squarely. If a state can withdraw at will without the consent of the union, then in time what would come not only of the union but of the confederacy itself. Such action would land the country in ruin and anarchy.

(2) This prospect of the dismemberment of the United States may have caused the European powers, and I am sorry to say of England, to hasten to proclaim the laws of neutrality thus recognizing the South not as rebels but as belligerents. I have a letter from my grandfather to his brother written in 1862 wherein the hope was expressed that the South and the North would be no more united for if they would do so they would prove to be a nation so powerful that no European power could cope with it. But the England of to-day is not the England of 1862. Landing in Wales last summer I was greeted with, "God bless you Americans." And the stars and stripes were then waving in the breezes above a building on the sea shore.

(3) Against this dismemberment of the union, rose the armies of the North with a mighty enthusiasm.

"The uprising of the people of the free labor states in defense of nationality was a sublime spectacle. Nothing like it had been seen on earth since the preaching of Peter the hermit and Pope Urban II. filled all Christian Europe with religious zeal and sent armed hosts, with the command of "God wills it" to rescue the sepulchre of Jesus from the hands of the infidel."

In the home and on the battlefield alike deeds of heroism were constantly and grandly exhibited. The mother of nine sons was speaking to an only son left at home and in response to the query, "Mother, what would you do if one of the boys fell in the struggle?" "God has given me nine noble sons, if one he has taken to himself seven are in the army, and I want you to understand my son, that I only hold you in reserve for your country's defense and the first breach of which you hear being made in our number, go quickly and fill it, and may God take care of you, and I will take care of your children."

This costly sacrifice of millions of sons was the price of our present union liberty. To-day nowhere, neither at home nor abroad does there ever come a faint anticipation of any movement which will have for its object the dismemberment of the union. The four years of bloodshed settled the question once and forever.

III. It stands also for freedom. Liberty is the distinguishing part of our constitution. The land of the free and the home of the brave. While the war was waged in the interest of the union the occasion of it was the selling and buying and the cruel enslaving of human beings in the markets of the south. The abolitionists with their determined opposition had enraged the southern slaveholders, when Lincoln was elected to the presidency the South

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foresaw that slavery was doomed; their one and their only hope was to put up an independent government.

In his second inaugural Lincoln says:

"All knew this interest was, somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetrate, and to extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the union, even by war."

The battle cry of our country has ever been the battle of Freedom. This was the cry of the revolutionary war. This was the cry of the war of the rebellion. This was also the cry of the Spanish-American war. Freedom! The stars and the stripes can lead to no other battle than that of freedom. It came down to Cuba the other day when the flag of freedom took its place.

Devotion to our dead should inspire us to fight for liberty and the highest welfare of our nation. We are still in peril. Peril from concentrated wealth lest it might come and oppress the poor by raising the price of the necessaries of life to enrich the treasuries of men of money. Peril from the liquor traffic in ruining men, ruining homes, and if it be given its way, ruining our free and noble government.

Peril from anarchy whose cold steel hand brought to the grave our beloved William McKinley. To meet these perils we must, like the Athenians, be brave.

Addressing Young America, our great President, Theodore Roosevelt, writes: "He must remember that in the last resort it will be his plain duty if the emergency arises to take arms in defense of the country. The weakling and the coward have no place in our public life or in our private life. It is the duty of every decent man not only to stand up valiantly for the right but to war mercilessly upon the wrong."

Well may we quote the immortal words of Lincoln at Gettysburg:

"The brave men, living or dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above their power to add or distract. It is for us the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought have so nobly advanced."

My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after last, returns the first,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That which began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

—Robert Browning.

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ABERYSTWYTH.

The town of Aberystwyth is built upon a gravelly slope, which fact in itself is a condition of health. It is sheltered, without being shut in, on all but its western or Atlantic side. To the water drinker it especially commends itself by the sparkling softness of the simple refreshment which nature gives, and which is as pure and invigorating as the air itself, in a region so favored, in both respects, as to have drawn from the Queen's physician, Sir James Clark, the declaration that a fortnight in Aberystwyth is equivalent to a month at most watering places. This encomium, of course, applies to Aberystwyth as a centre of healthful change, of mountain excursions, and of delightful wanderings on the seashore. No dweller in Aberystwyth itself is so bold as to claim for it the present attractiveness of a fashionable watering-place in the queenly rank of Brighton, Scarborough, Hastings, St. Leonard's, and Eastbourne.

The mild salubrity of its atmosphere is so well known that many have made their winter quarters in a place which holds forth such palpable recommendations as a genial temperature, small rainfall, sheltered situation, and cheap lodging. Authentic figures show that, for an average of three-fourths of the year, the prevailing winds are south and west, blowing from the Atlantic, while the cold northern and eastern currents are intercepted by the Plynlimon range of mountains; that sudden changes are fewer and less marked; and that, the average rainfall for Wales being no less than forty-five inches per annum, that of Aberystwyth is only about twenty-six inches.

In fact, the charm of the Continent is felt without the fatigue. Aberystwyth has public swimming and other baths which vie with the finest and most complete in the country. They are supplied with sea-water daily, and warmed to a degree suitable to those bathers who are not sufficiently robust to indulge in a plunge from the ordinary bathing vans. It has also a free public library, and accommodation for lawn tennis; bodily recreation being thus cared for as well as intellectual improvement. The sea sparkles with an unpolluted brightness, and is always faithful to the shore, receding only to such distance as permits full enjoyment of that healthy promenade and play-ground, the strip of sand and shingle, with bold, picturesque reef, and never running away, as on some coasts, a mile out of reach. Twenty yards, in fact, is the utmost retiring distance from the parade to which the waves ever retreat. There is excellent sea fishing; and, perhaps, it may be accounted a misfortune for the town and its natural trading interests that the amateurs have so much of the profitable sport to themselves. There is, it would appear from a report of the Fishery Commission, a natural feeding ground along the coast of Cardigan Bay for the fish of the Atlantic. Visitors find in the spring good sport among the rougher fish, such as gurnard, whiting, cod, and

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conger. Later in the season, mackerel and herring are caught. The beach abounds in pebbles which, when cut, show grains of many beautiful colors and take a high polish.

A promenade-pier, to which great damage was done by the storm in 1866—the same that caused such havoc at Dover and on many points of the British coast—was strengthened and re-opened with notable improvements several years ago. During summer evenings the town band plays on the pier-head, which becomes a pleasant rendezvous of visitors. A short distance south of the pier are the buildings of the University College for Central Wales, whose motto is, "Nid byd byd heb wybodaeth;" or, "No world is a world without education;" or, idiomatically, "Life without learning is no life at all." These buildings, somewhat too fancifully mediæval in character, were expensively erected for an hotel. The project was extravagant, abortive, and disastrous. When £80,000 had been expended, failure put a conclusive stop upon the scheme; and the promoters of higher education in Wales were so fortunate as to acquire the property for £10,000, an eighth of its cost. In 1872, the year in which the renovated pier was also opened, the Univer-

Aberystwyth.

sity College began its national work, and is now one of the three State-aided colleges of Wales. The museum of the college, arranged to illustrate the natural and political history of the country, is well worth seeing. It contains some of the silver coins struck off in the mint which was established in the castle, under charter of Charles I., by Thomas Bushnell, who farmed the Royal Mines of Cardiganshire. When

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Charles was in distress, Bushnel lent him £40,000, clothed the whole of the king's army, and raised a regiment from among the miners. Contributions from visitors to the college and its museum go to form a "Visitors' Scholarship." Still further south of the parade and its pier are the picturesque ruins of the castle, scene of many a fierce encounter between Welsh and Norman. The ruins we now see are those of a fortress of Edward the First; but more than one structure on the same spot had been destroyed, the first castle historically known having been built here by Gilbert de Strongbow in 1109. Cromwell's forces destroyed the Edwardian stronghold in 1644. Local industries of Aberystwyth are slate-enamelling, rope-making, shipbuilding, iron-founding, and tanning.

A Street in Aberystwyth.

It would occupy space needlessly to particularise all the pleasant walks and drives near Aberystwyth. These will be found out speedily by sojourners who prolong their visit over a day or two. The valley of early harvests, Clarach, with Llangorwen Church in its center; Nant Eos, "The Nightingale's Brook;" Ystrad Meurig, where the scanty ruins of a Norman castle are to be found, and from whose modest Grammar School has come many a distinguished Welshman, like the Sabine of old "Curibus parvis ac paupere terra;" the ruins of Strata Florida Abbey; the llyns or lakes Teify, Hir, and others in the vicinity; the beautiful waterfall of Pwll Caradoc; the cascades, one of which is 300 feet high, in the Llyfnant Valley, which contains the picturesque hamlet of Pwll Glas; and the Monk's Cave, Twll Twrw, or Thunder Hole, as it is sometimes called, from the sound

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of the tide as it rushes and roars through the cavern, will come into the immediate itinerary as matters of course. The last of these, a picturesque and in every way remarkable cave, only five miles from the town, is well suited for a picnic when the weather is calm, or for a visit of adventure when the sea is rough. Finer coast scenery would be hard to find. But nobody will be kept long in Aberystwyth by its near attractions before starting on a jaunt which keeps all the livery stables busy throughout the season.

LULLABY.

By Ernest Rhys.

(Mam a'i Baban.)

The mother yields her babe to sleep
  Upon her tender breast,
And sings a lullaby, to keep
  Its little heart at rest;
"O sleep in peace upon my bosom,
And sweetly may your small dreams blossom;
And from the fears that make me weep you,
And from all pains, as soft you sleep you,
The angels lightly guard and keep you
  So safe and bless'd!

Your mother, dear, is full of fear,
  As the dark hours run;
Her love entwines so closely, dear,—
  Dearest little one!
Her song is in its music weeping
To think of death and its dark keeping,
That yet might turn those red cheeks white
Life's rose, that grows so in her sight;
And dull those eyes, like morning light!—
  Dearest little one!

So warm you lie, so soft you sleep,
  And nestle still more near;
With careless dreams that smile and weep,
  And not a thought of fear;
Her prayers go up to heaven for you,
That for the boundless love she bore you,
If she were gone one night, and sorrow
Came very close upon the morrow,—
The Christ-child should a candle borrow,
  To light you home to her.

—Welsh Ballads.

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THE SINS OF THE SAINTS.

By G. James Jones, D. D.

VIII. Commissioned Officers.

Every well regulated church has officers other than the ministers, such as stewards, deacons, or elders. They are set apart for special service; they are commissioned to do the work of shepherds, under or in co-operation with the pastor, but in many instances they too are awfully delapidated. The word "delapidate" means to scatter, to cast about in a disorderly manner, and that is the precise use made of the word in this connection. Church officers are supposed to stand together solid as a stone wall for the protection of the church against all intrusion, ecclesiastic or lay. They are the fortifications of the city of saints. The description given of church officers in the Holy Book is dignified, grave, giving the idea of self-abnegation, consecration humility and devotion worthy of their high calling.

Of stewards, Paul says (1 Cor. 4: 2), "Here, moreover, it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful," and of deacons he says (1 Tim. 3: 8, 9, 10), "Deacons in like manner must be grave, not double-tongued, not given to much wine, not greedy of filthy lucre; holding the mystery of faith in a pure conscience. And let these also first be proved; then let them serve as deacons, if thy be blameless."

Of elders it is said, (Heb. 11: 1, 2), "Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen. For therein the elders had witness borne to them." And also (1 Pet. 5: 2-5), "Tend the flock of God which is among you, exercising the oversight, not of constraint, but willingly, according unto God; nor yet for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as lording it over the charge allotted to you, but making yourselves ensamples to the flock. And when the chief shepherd shall be manifest ye shall receive the crown of glory that fadeth not away."

It is true that Peter counted himself as a co-elder, and some may conclude that his words are admonitions to ministers rather than to other officers, but the church at that time was not organized as it is now, and whatever advice might be given to a pastor, or requirements asked of him, aside of preaching ability are necessary in the officers of the church of to-day. Too great importance can not be given to this fact. It goes without contradiction that many churches are watched over and served by men coming up grandly to the divine requirements. And again there are churches with such variety of character represented in the office-bearers that progress with the work is practically impossible. Some churches are found in control of officials, all of which come far short of the measure demanded.

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It may be argued that such churches are few, but granting that to be true, there ought not to be any.

The first requirement for fellowship with Christ is self-denial. "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me" (Matt. 16: 24. It is expected that every church of the Lord Jesus Christ contains a sufficient number of persons filling to the letter the first requirement of fellowship to be elected officers of the organization, but facts speak to the contrary. Hence the church does not possess the essentials of harmonious enlargement, or the moral fitness for the reception of the divine spirit and power. Often men do not become office-bearers because of special fitness to lead, or evident piety, or unvarnished godliness. They may have been elected to the sacred office because of their liberal contributions to the support of the work, and they may have been liberal with a view of being elected. The contributions of some officials are known to have become less after election.

The desire for office may not have sprung from yearning for a more favorable advantage for the building up of a Kingdom of Christ in the world, but for the building of a kingdom for themselves in the church. It is hard to believe it, harder still to say it, and yet it is a fact capable of demonstration that methods sometimes resorted to by church officials—by men solemnly set apart for holy things—to defeat, to freeze out, to overcome those opposed to them that would bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of horse thieves and saloon frequenters. Cold unbelievers look on and are forced to the conclusion that there is nothing in religion or that there is no religion in some professing it, and so the church drags slowly along in the mire to which it is cast by those of its own household.

Of course there are grand men today, as grand as the world has seen, serving the churches of the Lord as office-bearers, true, loyal, self-sacrificing, loving, and we thank and praise God for them, but the good work they could and would do is greatly diminished by the unholy tactics of their brethren. Should a general revival of true religion break upon the churches, ministers would seek other employment, and some officers would beg for humbler positions in the ranks. The question confronts us again. Will the Spirit descend upon us before such changes have taken place? Those born in Egypt died in the wilderness, and new men were called to take possession of the land.

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EDWARD LLWYD'S VISION.

Tom Edmunds, Poultney, Vt.

Chapter III.

It is needless to say that he was the new pastor of Edward Llwyd's church. He had correctly surmised who Alun was, and on his return to Wales, he took the first opportunity to convey the news to his parents, and unflinchingly told all he had heard, for to tell the truth, he held opinions very similar to Alun's concerning this man that had vainly tried to make him conform with all his own ideas.

How the old man's anger was aroused! At first he could not find words, but when speech came he stormed at the young preacher, and railed at his absent son, for although the words carried with them their own full conviction, he had as yet not realized their awful truthfulness. The young minister politely took his leave and was allowed to pass out without even a word of parting, but when the old man found himself alone he fell into a very gloomy meditation. He was, for the first time in his life, carried into the strange realms of self-study, and a long, painful and wonderful journey it was for him. His conscience, having hitherto been kept in a ceaseless lethargy by his self-approbation, was awakened, and the revelations, as they rushed upon him, had crumbled his conceited greatness into dust, which was blown away by the winds of his own convictions.

In this state of mind, when worlds of sorrow and humiliation severed him from his former self, he fell to sleep and saw—a vision! Yes, a vision, as bright and clear as a scene depicted in broad daylight. It was the Day of Judgement, and all humanity in countless millions were arranged in two separate columns, while the awful glory that encompassed the seat of Justice, with its indescribable occupant dazzled his poor eyes as he groped in a vain search for a hiding-place. He saw in the right hand throng acquaintances of earth, arrayed in all the divine brilliancy of salvation; wearing robes of blinding light, woven from the rays of the never-setting Sun of Justice, and he descried faces that he had never thought of finding there.

The old vicar and many of his people were there mingled in a perfectly heavenly blend with preachers and members of other sects and denominations. Indeed, he found persons that had on earth been counted by him as almost heathen, enjoying blissful brotherhood with the chosen of God. No line, no distinction, no doctrine was here; but a perfect unity of divine happiness. Again, as his wild eyes rested for an instant on

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the doomed throng of the left, he saw persons whom he knew, but had never dreamed of them as lost. What a reign of horror was this scene of the damned. The agonized terror depicted on their faces overwhelmed him with guilt and fear!

But lo! limping up to receive judgement, he saw the soul of Edward Llwyd, and what a sight it was! Weak, emaciated and crippled, shrivelled and mis-shapen, so that his own senses were stunned at the sight of such a decrepit, and as he peered for some signs of recognition, he saw the chains and bands that had so cruelly obstructed the growth of the pitiful dwarf, and knew them by such names as Arrogance, Bigotry, Narrow Doctrine and Self-Approbation. It glanced around in wild dismay for the least opportunity to flee —whither? Anywhere out of the awful presence, but, just as the stern, thundering voice of the Divine Judge was raised to announce his condemning sentence, the visionary awakened to fall on his knees and fervently thank God that he was a live man, in the flesh, and within the blessed reach of forgiveness and salvation. What a prayer was this, his first earnest, soul-felt petition for mercy. "Mercy! Mercy!" was the incessant cry of the man who had so often approached the throne of grace to appeal for others and to offer a Pharisee's thanks for his own virtues. During this intense struggle, the death of the old man, and the birth of the new, his wife was attracted from the kitchen by the noise, and in an instant was on her knees at his side, laying one hand gently on his low, bended head and pouring out the fervid thanks of her simple heart for what she realized was the greatest blessing of her life. The following Sunday he was not in his accustomed seat at church, and it was known that he had left home for a journey to England. Different surmises were offered as to the object of this journey, the most generally accepted was that he had learned of Alun's sad accident, had relented and was gone to bring him home. Partly correct was this surmise, for it was unknown to them, as yet, that he had undergone such a complete spiritual change, and was raised to a plane where petty offences of this kind were completely obliterated, and was yearning to press his child to his bosom, and tell him how awfully wonderful had the "awakening" been, and how sweet was the reviving power of the new brotherhood. The young pastor alone held a different opinion which was none the less correct, and he jealously guarded his secret in anxious hopes that he was right, exulting in the very thought of that coming "seiat," when the new Edward Llwyd would give his testimony. Having procured Alun's hospital address from Plymouth through the kindness of Col. Rogers, his father repaired for London with all possible speed and arrived to find his promising young son one day previous to his discharge from the hospital.

We will not attempt to describe the sacredness of this meeting between father and son, when feelings

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were so intensified by recent occurences in both their lives. Alun was more awed by the humility of his father than he ever had been by his former over-bearing pride, and was at a loss to account for the extreme change until he was told the whole story of what the old man called his "conversion." On the other hand, the old man, as he humbly related his story, found such a noble, generous love in his listener's attention that he completely broke down to exclaim that "blessings were showered upon his gray head, and that he had truly found a son, brave, loving and Christ-like." They both wept tears of love and happiness at the reconciliation, and Alun did not need further entreaty to accompany his father back to Wales, home and mother; to rest and recover on the old hearth where perfect peace and love were restored.

The return home was celebrated in the quiet and thankful manner most becoming to the occasion. The mother's happiness was now complete, and she wept tears of unalloyed joy as her son clasped her in his strong young arms and showered kisses upon her tear-stained, beaming face. Old friends flocked to see their favorite, and for a few days the house was not an hour without its visitors. The young pastor came, and at the first sound of his voice, Alun recognized him as the strange whisperer at the London station. The two young men were charmed with each other, and in the first half hour of companionship had become sworn friends. At church, father, mother and son sat in the family pew, for the old man begged to be allowed to remain there for the few weeks that Alun stayed, rather than occupy his old place in the set fawr, and the pastor, who perfectly understood the situation, refrained from pressing him to take any part in the services. But on the last seiat night before Alun was to return, his father, with bowed head walked down to the front, and took possession of his old seat. The young minister thrilled with expectation, and many of those present already felt a strong evidence of the Divine Presence.

When the meeting was well under way, Edward Llwyd was requested to attend to the children's weekly recital of verses. The little ones took their places in a semi-circle in the front, and the man whom they most feared began by laying his hand gently on the head of the child nearest him. The verse was delivered with some trepidation, but when his inquisitor patted his head once more, and commended his recital, all fear vanished, and the next child felt perfectly at ease. Thus he went along the row, patting and praising each little one in a truly fatherly manner; but after dismissing them from the floor he could not wait for that beautiful part of the Welsh seiat, when testimonials are exchanged, but launched forth to tell them of the new words he had discovered in the sacred volume. His voice trembled as he recited that portion "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the

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kingdom of heaven." Oh! the love and pathos that thrilled his voice as his testimony grew warmer; he reverted to his past vanity and pride in a way that touched every heart, and told of his sufferings and awakening until the old, forgotten Amens rung out with fiery fervor from every corner of the sacred place. But it proved too much for the old man; he broke down into sobs and inarticulate sounds, and as the young minister gently took him by the arm and led him to his seat the "Light of the World" seemed to rest halo-like on their faces. Silence prevailed for a few moments, but suddenly, old Wmphra Huws jumped to his feet, and with a new born eloquence took up the hosanna-like strain of praise and thankfulness, until the building echoed and re-echoed with fervent Amens, and Edward Llwyd turned his shining face to the speaker, crying, "Yes, brother! like as a child, thank God!"

AN EXAMPLE OF "ANTITHESIS."

By R. H. Nant Hughes, B. D.

Few people stop to think, that the History of Pantllef, like the History of Rome, begins with a lie. Nevertheless, such is the indubitable fact. For, Siencyn Gam in his diverting book, "Chwedlau Gwir" (True Tales) graciously informs posterity, that some sundry centuries agone, the hounds of Prince ap Gwylltddyn, hunting in the Snowdon swamps, started a strange and terrible "bwystfil." This monster, the veracious historian tells us, was furnished with a tail longer than the tallest pine on Cwmffyrch; a mouth like Jonah's whale's "and withal a pair of eyes huge, glowing and emitting bluish flame like chunks of peat upon the hearth when the wind blows salt from the sea."

The hounds ran their quarry to the foot of Cilgwyn, thence across the Llyfnwy river, away they raced, pursued and pursuers, hot-foot towards the frowning fastnesses of Silyn mountain. And here a wondrous thing happened. "Hereupon," proceeds Siencyn, "the 'bwystfil' paused, and elevated himself upon his hind feet; whereupon terror seized the hounds, for they crept away whining dolefully; and withal a great fear fell upon Prince Ap Gwylltddyn and his companions of the chase, for rising in his stirrups he cried (being a pious and devout Catholic), 'Ave Maria, ora pro nobis!'—It is y diawl!' and galloped back in amaze."

"And the bwystfil," continues Siencyn, "gave forth a mighty bellow, and this was as much alike the howling of a mad hound at midnight

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as it was an owl's hoot, a thousand-fold multiplied. Whereat, all the leaves came fluttering down from the trees; and a stone fell off Eagle Tower (at Carnarvon Castle, eight miles away) and crashed through the bottom of the ferryboat (at the foot of said castle). And the ferryman, he being an old man and slow, was drowned, for he was asleep in the stern. Whereupon the bwystfil gave up the ghost." Hence Pant-y-Llef or Pantllef (the Hollow of the Cry).

At Pantllef, the line of demarkation between the classes and the *masses*, was not an abstract figment; on the contrary, it was a very palpable reality—in short, the highway running through, or more accurately perhaps, past the village.

For, toeing this broad white line on one side stood "Y Rhes" (the Row), tenanted by pale, toil-worn quarrymen and their ever-increasing families; while on the other side, isolated, apart, embowered in its grove of fine old trees rose, "Y Plas" (Manor House). Here dwelt Lloyd Mostyn, Esquire.

The Squire always wrote his name "Lloyd" not "Llwyd." The latter form is Welsh, the former is English, "and it sounds better—much better—eh?" as he himself would have said, supplementing the last word by vigorously blowing his nose, finger-and-thumb fashion, and polishing it off with an immense black, silk handkerchief.

And it was much better than mere rumor that St. Rhedyw's new rector, luckless wight, had come perilously near forfeiting the good will of his most powerful church member, together with a five pound subscription toward the new organ, by inadvertently writing "Mr." instead of "Esq." on an enevelope.

Lloyd Mostyn was the most generous and polished gentleman in the entire parish of Llanllyfni—he thought so himself. Moreover, Mr. Price, draper, grocer and merchant plenipotentiary of Pantllef had "said" so, at a recent meeting of the Poor Guardians.

And the Squire had whispered to Dr. Watkins, who sat next him, "A d——d sensible man that Price, by Gad—for a Dissenter!"

The irregular pile of white-washed masonry, whose gloomy commodiousness had sheltered generations of Mostyns, had always been known as "Ty'r Brenin" (king's house). For is it not written in the book of the chronicles of the Squires of Pantllef—compiled by the aforesaid Siencyn Gam—that King Edward the First, alias Longshanks, built the same for his own particular delectation—what time he hunted Prince Llewelyn like a partridge upon Talmignedd?

The wonders of Ty'r Brenin (excluding the Squire of course) were in number three. First and chief, there was what the Squire magniloquently described as the "leaning turret," called also by vulgar folks the "Simnai Gam" (bulging chimney).

Thereby hung a legend. Longshanks (so again Siencyn) had taken Prince Llewelyn prisoner. Both sat up late singing "God Save the King," "Rule Britannia," &c., &c.,

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both drank deep. Waiting, till the royal Edward, he of the long shanks, had rolled under the table, Llew crept away and tried to make his escape up this chimney and —— got stuck.

Miraculously, the chimney conformed itself to the dilated proportions of his royal Welsh portliness, and so remained to this day.

Too, there was the little iron gate opening into the flower garden in front of the house, which in shutting invariably dealt the unwary visitor a palsying whack in the small of the back.

Also, gossip mentioned a floor located somewhere in the interior of this enchanted castle, in traversing which the Squire paid involuntary tribute to the Simian theory of the origin of the human species.

That Squire Mostyn was a progressive, aggressive and enterprising man has been amply demonstrated by his emendation of the family name. But, he did not stop there, for having an eye to the eternal fitness of things, he went a step further and changed the name of the family "seat" as he called it. Hitherto carts and sundry other vehicles of the Plas had borne the simple legend: "Lloyd Mostyn, Esq., Ty'r Brenin." The Squire decided to lengthen this by one word more. This word was "Hall."

The task of effecting the transformation was entrusted to Dic Gloff —sign-painter and general factotum of Pantllef.

"Nature abhors a vacuum." Anyone—even a philosopher—can see that that is only another way of saying "Nature avoids monotony." There never was a long road without a turning; no river ever took the shortest course to the sea; the mirror of nature's calm is shattered by the fist of the storm, while the wild convulsions of the storm in turn yield to the soothing benediction of the calm. All day long Dic had been painting "Hall," and nothing but "Hall."

True, some folks, disdaining our philosophy, and glorying in their erudition, would simply call what now happened an example of etymological antithesis, which is to say, the substitution of one letter for another (vide Dr. Chewbone's Latin Grammar).

Others with subtler insidiousness would ascribe Dic's blunder to the fact that he sacrilegiously copied the letters from the Presbyterian Shorter Catechism. Howsomever, blunder Dic did. He found out his mistake in bed. It was midnight—no matter.

Dic had lost a leg on the road to the field of Waterloo by falling under a powder cart. He himself never doubted his courage after that. To be sure, he took the king's shilling in liquor; or rather found it in his pocket, on awakening the following morning; but then, he who views motives from a hill-top never grows grey.

So, Dic up-rose, and sneaked into the Squire's farmyard.

Now, the meanest "cuss" in all God's universe is the man in the moon ; for while Dic was laboring in

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the sweat of his brow to make good his mistake, he (i. e., this moon-janitor) with malice prepense, had to hit the slumbering Squire in the eye with a silver arrow.

The latter awoke with a cyclopean snort. "Hello you!" he bellowed through the open window, "Stay just where you are sir!"—just where you are, till I summon the police, I'll teach you, you, &c., &c., &c." He forthwith despatched Thomas, the groom, for Constable

"It's all s d——d funny! I saw the fellow with my own eyes, and told him: "Stay where you are sir!"—just where you are, till I summon the constable, that's just what I said."

Thus the worthy Squire commented to Constable James, as that functionary disarranged his Rufusian locks in profound cogitation over the affair.

"Whoopee!" sniggered the fellow in the moon; the Squire sneezed and swore; while constable James strode majestically up and down the yard and flashed his "bull's eye" to every nook and cranny. Finally, he described one grand arc of light embracing the topmost gable and the utmost verge of the duckpond. He then closed the lantern with a snap—produced a red memorandum book from his coat tail pocket; and having deliberately moistened the point of his lead pencil on his tongue, mysteriously made a few entries therein, saying with due solemnity: "Squire Mostyn, this affair will be investigated—at once!" "Just so, constable," said the Squire, "just so."

As a matter of fact, such a delicate piece of Sherlock-Holmesianism was not in Mr. James' line.

"Let a thief to catch a thief"—precisely! But Mr. James was not a thief; and you cannot shave with an Australian boomerang—even the blind man of Borneo could see that.

Two things the constable could do, and more he could not do, viz., parade and stop a fight. He could cut asunder a Gordian knot of ultra-inebriated citizens in less time than it would take Alexander the Great to say Cleopatra Robinson. He knew that! Hence on festal days

"A man severe he was and stern to view."

* * * * * *

The Squire was an early riser, and the following morning he was strolling pompously through the sunny farmyard, enjoying his "churchwarden;" passing from wagon to wagon and reading admiringly the elongated designation.

Anon, his leisurely steps led him to that very wagon wherein Dic had been laboring with his jack-knife, when he was so rudely interrupted by the man in the moon; and all at once, the old gentleman's ample frame became rigid; his face set in an ineffable stare. He coughed, spat, swore, blew his nose, and finally burst into an earth-shaking guffaw.

This is what the Squire read:

"Lloyd Mostyn, Esq.,
Ty'r Brenin, H—ll."

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MUSIC NOTES.

By William ApMadoc.

That versatile writer on musical topics, critic and novelist, James Huneker, author of "Mezzo-tints in Modern Music," "Chopin," &c., is out with an extraordinary book, published by Charles Scribners' Sons, and entitled "Melomaniacs." Some critics seem to have taken the title as an affront. They should have been wise enough to hide their emotions, for surely they belong to the "melomaniac" brood. There is no use in denying that. "Genius is a phase of insanity." Offended critics are altogether too serious in the matter. Some one asks why not make it "Fellowmaniacs." To this there is not the slightest objection. There are thousands who gladly would bear that name or any other, if they could be classed with the so-called "maniacs" who have enriched the world with "strange melodic movements."

James Huneker is the musical critic of a New York newspaper. He has startling ideas in the realm of music. Several times he has given the dry bones of criticism a severe shaking up. In "Melomaniacs" he describes the oddities, idiosyncrasies delusions and the insane notions of many characters and pokes delicious fun at some of the great ones, or their ideas. Here are some of the headings to his splendidly written chapters: "The Lord's Prayer in B," "A Son of Liszt," "A Chopin of the Gutter," "The Piper of Dreams," "An Emotional Acrobat," &c. Mr. Huneker's vast knowledge of literature, of mythology, and a master of literary style, naturally makes the book a store of facts and fancies. His sarcasm is of the healthiest kind. He closes the book with "Music the Conqueror," one of the most poetic, descriptive and intensely dramatic pieces of writing that can be found in our music literature.

The late Max Muller and Ludwig Ferdinand Von Helmholtz, probably, were the two greatest scientific minds who have served the cause of music. The latter after all he had done for the human eye and the science of color, turned to acoustics, performing for the human ear and the science of sound the same wonderful service. Himself a musician of great skill and acquaintance with musical literature, his attainments were precisely those which enabled him to produce the most brilliant results. "He investigated the quality of the human voice, and brought out the underlying principles attendant upon the production of the different sounds, especially those of the vowels," writes a reviewer of his biography," and showed a remarkable inter-relation between the human voice for making sounds and the

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human ear for hearing those thus made, accounting scientifically for the abtruse pleasure which the human voice bestows above every possible musical instrument. Such men as Helmholtz redeem the human race from its faults of baseness and self-seeking."

In Max Muller there was more of the poetic temperament than in his brother-German scientist. Muller also was a brilliant musical performer, and has written much upon the spiritual and educational sides of music. The following quotation from the great master, Max Muller, will be read with pleasure by every lover of music:

"Is there not in music, and in music alone of all the arts, something that is not entirely of this earth. Harmony and rhythm may be under settled laws; and in that sense mathematicians may be right when they call mathematics silent music. But whence comes melody? Surely not from what we hear in the streets, or in the woods, or on the seashore; not from anything that we hear with our outward ears, and are able to imitate, to improve, or to sublimise. Neither history nor education will help us to account for Schubert's 'Trockne Blumen.' Here, if anywhere, we see the golden stairs on which angels descend from heaven to earth, and whisper sweet sounds into the ears of those who have ears to hear. Words can not be so inspired, for words, as we know, are of the earth, earthy. Melodies, however, are not of this earth, and the greatest of musical poets has truly said: 'Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.'"

* * * * *

"For educational purposes music is invaluable. It softens the young barbarian, it makes him use his fingers deftly, it lifts him up, it makes him perceive messages from another world, it makes him feel the charm of melody and beauty."

There is much talk concerning the proposed national conservatory of music as advocated by a bill introduced by Senator William E. Mason of Illinois. In regard to it, we find the following interview in a Chicago paper:

"The idea of a national conservatory of music, with headquarters in Washington and branches in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, is a good one, and this country is ripe for such an institution, but it must be on a much larger and grander scale than proposed by Senator Mason," said Dr. Florence Ziegfeld of the Chicago Musical College in commenting upon the bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Mason, and in the House by Representative Metcalf of California. "It speaks of the Chicago branch being arranged to accommodate fifty pupils; here in this school alone we have 3,000," he continued. "Music in this country has a brilliant future. If we are to have a national conservatory let us have it on a scale commensurate with the present standard of the art or not at all. It will be an immense undertaking to establish a national conservatory and run it properly, but if politics can be kept out of it

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and it has plenty of funds and good administrative ability at the head it will be a fine thing."

Much has been written about Mozart, greatest master of "musical form." One says that his melodies came to him from heaven, so perfect are they; that he wrote many of his great works in one inspiration. But, who knows? He was a tremendous worker. Another says that Mozart combined the highest characteristics of the Italian and German schools as no man ever did before or since. Apart from his music, however, he seems to have been an ordinary man. He was intensely religious, and his life was above reproach, but his tastes were in no way intellectual. He liked dancing, billiards, ninepins, eating and drinking (especially punch), fine clothes, and jolly company. His animal spirits were unbounded, and he was extravagantly fond of fun; but music was the only intellectual activity for which he had either inclination or capacity. He was a great worker, and the stories told of his dissoluteness are wholly without foundation. Mozart stands conspicuous for combining the finest and most versatile genius with the most complete and thorough technical musical culture.

Says Dudley Buck: "Mozart composed nine hundred and twenty-two pieces of which we know. He is considered the greatest composer the world has ever seen, judged by the versatility and power of his genius. In every sort and kind of composition he was equally excellent. Beside being a great composer he was also a great performer, being the most accomplished pianist of his day. He was also an excellent player of the violin." We may add that he learned to play the violin and organ without a teacher. Wagner's creed can be very properly be introduced right here:

"I believe in God, in Mozart and in Beethoven, and also their disciples and apostles. I believe that art proceeds from God, and lives in the hearts of all enlightened men."

Mme Lillian Blauvelt tells a pretty story from her own experience—a story of the power of song over the human heart:

During her stay in London she sang at a musicale given by one of the fashionable London women in honor of the officers who were going to South Africa to take part in the war with the Boers. In response to an enthusiastic encore she sang a group of plaintive Irish folk songs and then, followed by her maid, slipped away in her cab. As they were driving away a man stopped them. "Wait just a moment," he begged, "while I thank you for the Irish lullaby. I leave for South Africa to-morrow, and the melody of that song as you gave it will ring in my ears forever."

The singer thanked him and the cab drove away. On the carriage went, until the women became alarmed, and Mme. Blauvelt requested her maid to speak to the driver. He only nodded reassuringly and drove on. He drove them at last to a deserted park and, dismounting, came to the door.

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"Which is the singer lady?" he asked.

Madame confessed that she sang, and he next demanded what the man had meant when he thanked her for the Irish lullaby. When madame told her story the cabman said that he also liked Irish songs and requested her to dismount and sing the lullaby to him.

"But I cannot sing it here; it is too damp," implored the trembling prima donna.

The cabman was obdurate. There was nothing else to be done, and, to quote from Mme. Blauvelt, "I had to get out and pipe."

When she had finished, the man motioned her to enter the cab, and without a word of thanks mounted and drove away, this time home. When they reached the house, Mme. Blauvelt hurried in, leaving her maid to pay the man, but he waved her away, saying:

"I 'ave already been paid more than I ever received before."

JOEY, THE STONE-THROWER.

By John R. Evans, Marietta College, Ohio.

(Written expressly for our Young Readers.)

Joey Percy was a boy of seven summers, much liked by his big sister Sophie, but very much feared by the dumb animals of Pecatonica. Old farmer Wilsson used to say: "Joey is a pretty nice boy, but for a few bad things and one bad habit." What were "the few bad things," it does not matter at present. But what was the "very bad habit," I am pretty sure the young reader has already guessed.

Yes, Joey was a confirmed slave to the habit of stone-throwing. It had so firmly grown upon him, that to see a stone or anything throwable was an irresistible temptation. It had to fly at something, and invariably that something, if a living creature, had to suffer. Marksmanship, of course, is always to be admired, but to wilfully hurt dumb animals is not at all commendable in any person.

Whenever Joey visited Fowldom, all the fowls would raise such a clamor, as if all the foxes and hawks of the country had come to kill them. They would scatter helter-skelter to any place to hide from that terrible stone-throwing giant. And they would stay in their hiding-places until they were sure that the giant was gone.

Mrs. Whiteneck and Mrs. Plymouth Rock had a long talk about the evil work of the huge fowl-eater.

"There's my little Brownie," said Mrs. Whiteneck, with a sob in her

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cluck, "that was hit right on the head with a stone, thrown by that giant, and died on the spot. Why, he was the talk of the yard. He would attack even a bumble-bee and could scratch up more worms in a minute than the whole bantam brood put together."

"Well," answered Mrs. Plymouth Rock, after scratching her head impatiently, and trimming the feathers of her left wing with much care, "that may be true, I knew little Browney to be a very bright chick, and always thought that he would become a great rooster some day. In many things he took after his father, my brother, and in your deep sorrow, my dear sister-in-law, you can depend upon my sympathy."

Mrs. Plymouth Rock's family had not entirely escaped the unerring missiles of Joey. Her oldest daughter, the pride of fowldom, had been crippled for life, and it was a painful sight to kind-hearted people to see her hobbling along on one leg, with the other limping by her side.

All the roosters eyed Joey with fear, and only King Game had dared to defy him, which made Joey feel a little cowardly.

II.

In Hogdom, too, Joey's name and presence was most dreaded. Even squealy little Ring-tail and his five little squealy sisters, though only two weeks old, had been marks of Joey's shot.

One day, however, Joey struck a little creature with a piece of rock, that seemed to hurt him more than the creature. Joey's victim, this time, was Punch, a little orphan lamb, that had lost his mother when he was quite a wee baby. How, is still a mystery among the good people of Pecatonica.

On this day, Punch had sucked a whole bottleful of nice warm milk, which Sophie had prepared for him, and having thanked her by shaking his little wooly tail ever so quickly, he went to lie down in a shady place and there slept and dreamed of his mamma in the faraway meadows where lambs were, by the dozens, skipping, jumping and chasing each other. It was a very lovely dream, but suddenly bang, on his forehead, struck a stone with such force that he felt many rivers rushing through his ears. He was quite dazed and looked around as if trying to find out what had happened. Everything turned into millions of moving stars before his eyes. His limbs became quite weak and shakey. He made a brave effort to ba-a for Sophie, but down he fell in a heap. Doctors would say that he had fallen into a state of unconsciousness. And through the entire day, Punch was in an extremely low condition.

The person guilty of such a cruel and mean act was no other than Joey. But if that stone had hurt Punch's head, it had hurt Joey's heart too, so much, that he felt too sorry, even to cry, and he decided there and then never again to throw a stone at a living creature.

That night Joey had an awful dream, which he will never forget. He dreamed that two great big rams,

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with horns of enormous size came marching into his bedroom and commanded him to dress without delay. He could not dare to disobey. When ready, he was led down stairs, out through the hall, into a huge coach, very much like the one he had seen in Buffalo Bill's Wild West. It was drawn by two black horses and driven by a fine collie. Everything was so strange to Joey, that he became quite frightened and wanted to cry and call for Sophie, but he could not cry and it hurt him to think of Sophie, which was the strangest thing of all. He could not see through what kind of a country he was being carried, and still worse, he could not say what was in store for him at the end of the journey.

Suddenly, the coach stopped—the door was opened and Joey was ordered to step out, which he did very unwillingly indeed, because of his great fear.

(To be continued.)

THE ROBIN.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple tree

"Nay!" said the grandmother, "have you not heard,
My poor, bad boy, of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

He brings cool dew in his little bill
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bronrhuddyn! my breast-burned bird.
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like Him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like raindrops fall
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

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FIELD OF LETTERS

MASTER MINDS, Thomas Carlyle, Oliver Cromwell and James Anthony Froude, by the Rev. D. J. Williams, Peckville, Pa. Published by the Author. Price $1.00.

The volume is made up of Thomas Carlyle (seven chapters), Cromwell (six chapters), and an essay in Froude. As the author states in his Preface, the book has been prepared especially for those who do not have the time to read extensive works, and so this brief treatment of notable characters in the world of literature and civilization will be of service to the general reader. The leading facts in the lives of these great men as well as their characteristics have been briefly collected in this volume, put as it were, in a nutshell, so as to furnish a practical view of their careers and deeds. There is no need to state that Mr. Williams is competent to handle the subjects, because it has been his life study, and he is qualified by wide reading, careful study as well as natural disposition to produce a dissertation of this nature. There are few ministers among the Welsh in the States so competent to write on such subjects as Master Minds. Everything of value in the biography of these three great minds has been concentred in this interesting and well-written little volume.

TLYSAU BEUNO, Selections from the works of Eben Fardd. Price One Shilling.

This handy little volume is issued from the National Welsh Press, Carnarvon, and it will serve to bring before the young Welsh readers of to-day some of the best pieces written during the last century. Eben Fardd is reckoned among the best of our alliterative poets. "Dinystr Jerusalem," "Maes Bosworth" and "Rothsay Castle" are among the best, if not the best poems of the kind in Welsh. Other smaller pieces are added, such as "Cofio'r Farn a Fydd."

MABINOGION, Mediaeval Romances, translated by Lady Charlotte Guest, with Notes by Alfred Nutt; D. Nutt at the Sign of the Phoenix, Long Acre, 1902.

The volume contains a reprint of Lady Charlotte Guest's English version of the Welsh tales, commonly known as the "Mabinogion." In the preface, the Editor says that he regards that version a masterpiece of English narrative prose, and that he has followed it except in a few respects. The volume will have fulfilled the Editor's expectations if the book which he has loved for twenty years will increase amongst Englishmen a love of Celtic literature, and among Welshmen admiration and respect of all Cymry for Lady Guest. Price, $1.00 in Cloth; $1.25 in Leather.

In "Y Drysorfa" the Rev. W. Morris Lewis, Tyllwyd, discusses the question of Repentance. Mr. Lewis was appointed to prepare the lecture on the subject two years ago, which appears in the Davies series This seems to be an afterthought. Then follow a Sketch of Owen Lewis, Llanddeusant, by the Rev. James Morris, Penygraig, who has gained some renown as a writer of biographies. "The Defense of the Calvinistic Methodists by Arvonius" a century ago is a sop to the sectarian spirit. The Rev. William Evans, M. A., Pembroke Dock, writes of the progress made among the C. M. dur-

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ing the last 40 years, which shows the Connexion is moving, although very slowly. An exceptionable paper is that by the Rev. R. Jones (Glanalaw), this being Chapter II. For the last century Welsh religious life has been drifting further and further away from nature, so that our philosophy and theology are a resuscitation of mediaevalism. Mr. Jones argues in favor of a return to nature as a basis to practical thought. The earth is our home, and he thinks we should pay some regard to making it comfortable by knowing something about it; instead of having our eyes as a people constantly fixed on things beyond. So appropriate would be the words of the two men in the Acts, "Men of Cymru, why stand ye gazing up unto heaven?"

In "Y Cerddor" D. Jenkins gives extracts (translated) of an address delivered by Dr. C. W. Pearce before the students of Trinity College (England) on the study of music and musical culture, which are worth reading and remembering. Music among our people is rather an amusement than a subject of serious study. Its theory and philosophy or science are greatly neglected. The musical number is "Thoughts of Heaven," by J. Thomas, of Llanwrtyd, words by Ceiriog, and G. M. P. No. 72 in the Musician's Gallery is the late Hugh Edwards of London, who was prominent among the Welsh in the metropolis, and a leader in Welsh movements, especially Eisteddfodau and musical festivals. He was a musical conductor of some note, and took leading part in the yearly St. David celebrations in the City Temple.

"Yr Eurgrawn," the Welsh Wesleyan magazine, has several articles of much interest, viz., "The Relation of Mind and Matter," a well-written paper; "Welsh Wesleyan Hymnology;" "Socialism," by the Rev. T. J. Hughes, an excellent discussion of a rising social question; and "John Ruskin as a Teacher," by the Rev. O. M. Roberts, a continuation, this being Chapter III. Welsh magazines should have more of such articles discussing questions of science and civilization. In his paper on "Socialism," the writer, although he admits that there is no set system of socialism in the New Testament, yet the spirit of its teachings is favorable and inculcates a system of common brotherhood which is another word for socialism. He thinks that the words "Christian Socialism" is quite appropriate and are in harmony with the aims of gospel teachings.

"Cymru'r Plant" has short articles on scientific subjects adapted to youthful minds. This is a novelty in Wales. The larger magazines would do well to follow "Cymru'r Plant's" lead. The short paper on smoking is valuable. Smoking is fast becoming a national nuisance, especially among the youth. The other articles and poems are truly interesting to older minds. The paper, "Students of the Welsh Language," furnishes a fact which is remarkable, showing the wonderful vitality of the vernacular. It seems to challenge every persistent effort to subdue it. Close to the English line Welsh is as live as ever, and appears to be invincible. This quality of invincibility in the Welsh nature should be regarded something worth preserving and cultivating. On the borders of the two countries and peoples, even in the same village or town the English and Welsh languages face each other, the Welsh holding its ground with unconquerable tenacity. In some towns and villages, there is a revival, a renascence of the old language, as is the case in Newtown, where classes are formed to learn the ancient tongue of the people. Long live the Mother Tongue!

Among the papers and articles in "Y Dysgedydd' for June are "Preachers and Preaching;" "The Sunday School and the Family;" the Late Rev. Hugh Parry Thomas, Liverpool; Events of the

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Month, &c. In "Events of the Month," the Editor writes of the May meetings and Congregational Union meeting in London, where the propositions for a closer union were discussed. It seems that very few were favorable, the great majority being opposed or indifferent. The spirit of independence is so strong and over-ruling in the English Congregational churches that a proposition calling for the least surrender of individual liberty becomes at once unpopular. This spirit, however, accounts for the lack of organization in the denomination.

The Frontispiece is a fine portrait of Thomas Williams of Gwaelodygarth, Merthyr Tydvil, S. W., one of the leaders in religious life in Wales. Mr. Williams is a native of Merthyr, where he was born in 1823. He started his career as grocer's apprentice. In 1844 he moved into business at Hirwain, west of Merthyr, whence he moved to Aberdare, where he was successful, and filled many positions of influence in municipal affairs as well as in religion and politics. He has been a prominent Liberal, and among the foremost in every movement in Wales. Mr. Williams is very popular throughout the Principality; generous, patriotic in the best sense, and a live Christian gentleman.

"Yr Ymofynydd" for June has cuts of Capel Pantydefaid and the old minister Rev. John Thomas 1816-29; 1835-47, with an interesting sketch (continued.) "The Bible: the Old and New," by "Dysgybl," (Chap. III.) discusses Joshua, Judges, Samuel and Kings, their authenticity and authorship. Then follow the "Struggle for Truth," by the Rev. W. Tudor Jones, F.R.G.S., Swansea; Professor Estlin Carpenter in Swansea; "Springtime," by X, a description of the beauty of nature around Pontsarn and Vaynor, S. W.

"Cwrs y Byd," in a paper entitled "The Young People," endeavors to arouse the ministry to put forth more efforts to ri.. the country of the horrible temptations which meet them everywhere—especially the saloons, and the cigarette habit. He charges the ministry with indolence and indifference. Their movements are too mild to successfully cope with the energies of the enemy. The pulpit is dilly-dallying with public sins. Welsh periodicals and magazines, according to "Cwrs," are also dry and uninteresting, old fashioned and engaged in discussions beyond the ken of youth. "Cwrs" suggests these would make fine beds to lie on, they being so dry! Their philosophy is also awfully antiquated and metaphysical. Popular science is hardly ever mentioned—theology in Wales being supreme and extremely jealous of science. Our magazines need modernizing. Science and subjects of practical use should be discussed in them.

"Cwrs" joins the general chorus against athletic games in Wales. The foot-ball was anciently called the "Black Ball" in Welsh, with a reference to the diabolical origin of the game. The first foot-ball was John the Baptist's head; and we well remember, when boys, how that superstition influenced our minds. Playing at foot-ball felt like approving the decapitation of the old Baptist, and helping the Herodian crowd to revel in his death!

"Cymru" for May has several articles and papers of much interest to the Welsh reading people. "The Beginnings of the Sunday Schools in Wales," by the Rev. T. Shankland, Rhyl, N. W., is invaluable. It is continued from a former number. Throughout this story of the evolution of education in Wales, we find facts which are serious reflections on the Church of England. The common people were in utter darkness, and, as one says, sunk into a state of mental inaptitude for want of cultivation; in fact the country had fallen into a state of barbarism in sight of parish churches and thousands of clerics. People even

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thought it would be sin even to attempt enlightening the people. Reformers had to apologize and crave permission to teach the benighted people, and such a man as the Rev. Daniel Rowlands was persecuted and deprived of his living for committing the awful sin of preaching the gospel to the common people. Welsh Bishops were ignorant of the language of the people, and the great majority of the clergymen were idlers and good-for-nothings. Civilization in Wales is indebted to heretics so called. "A View of Welsh History—Daniel Rowlands and Williams Pantycelyn," is a companion article, covering the same ground. Here an extract is taken from an article in the "Haul" from the pen of the celebrated Welsh writer "Brutus," anent the state of the Church and the political bishops appointed to superintend spiritual matters in Wales. Poor pastors! They did not know the language of the people; had not the remotest sympathy with them in their pitiable condition! The best men in Wales were ignored and wronged to make room for a crowd of foreigners who acted as political agents of the English church in Wales.

The other papers are "The Bronydd Family;" "Caregian;" "The Calvinistic Methodists of Monmputhshire;" "Through the Forest;" "The Companions of Daniel Owen;" "Old Fishing Tackle of Nant Conwy; "Old Famous Characters of Lampeter;" "Some of the Workers of Wales;" "The Godly Men of the Deep," &c., &c. The illustrations are Llywelyn and Wales; Howell and Margaret Thomas, Penycae; Coracl, &c. There is also a choice collection of poems of a high order.

"Yr Haul" has several valuable papers on timely subjects, such as Cecil Rhodes' Will; Ritschl's Theology; The Coronation of King Edward VII., with an interesting description of the coronation of Queen Victoria June 28, 1838; the Mission Field; a Memorial Sermon; Church Unity; the Hon. George Sholto Douglas Pennant, second Lord Penrhyn, owner of the Penrhyn Slate Quarries, with a fine portrait; old Welsh translations of the Bible; Dafydd ap Gwilym; the Causes of Strikes; Reviews, Poems, Reports, &c., &c.

In view of the prolonged struggle between Lord Penrhyn and the quarrymen, the biographical sketch of his lordship and the paper on the causes of strikes are timely and interesting. However, they are of little value as a discussion of the difficulty, by reason of their extreme bias. The authors are blind to every consideration of justice, and prejudiced against Nonconformity and the rights of labor. Lord Penrhyn, we are told, is a foremost gentleman of his time, and such perfection is inconsistent with the presumption of wrong-doing on his part. A clergyman who basks in the Penrhyn sunshine could not be expected to write otherwise.

The paper on the "Causes of Strikes" is pitiable in that it ascribes the Penrhyn strike to Nonconformity. The strikers are almost to a man, it is true, Nonconformists, but there is nothing strange in that fact, since the people are generally Noncons. The Church people are so few that all the Church-workmen in Wales could not muster a sufficient number to constitute a respectable strike. And further, the Church could not afford to strike, because it is preeminently a vitreous institution, utterly depending on the good will of landlordism and Toryism.

"The Gael" is as beautiful, interesting and entertaining as ever. Among the articles in the July number are "How Meehal na G-Caman found the Fairy Gold," by Rev. J. B. Dallard, a humorous Irish story; "Mananan Mac Lir;" "The Lakes of County Sligo;" "American Peat," &c. It contains pleasing facts anent the revival of the Irish language and literature. The illustrations are beautiful and the poems inspiring.

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SCIENTIFIC

The Mental Scientist owes the very clothes on his back to the "human wisdom" that he affects to despise. Without these triumphs of "mortal mind" Mrs. Eddy would be living in a cave or a wigwam and eating raw flesh without a fork.—Casson.

In the Middle Ages theories were accepted for poetic rather than scientific reasons. Conclusions were proved by symbolism and analogy. This impressed the susceptible imagination of the age which usurped the place of reason.

There are certain lessons to be drawn from the disasters of Martinique and St. Vincent. The first of these is that the neighborhood of a volcano is not a fit place for a city or other important seat of man's endeavors. The second concerns the importance of systematic and extended observations of volcanoes, with a view to an effective foretelling of approaching eruptions.—N. C. Shaler.

As causes of eruptions, some geologists suggest the contraction of the globe and the sinking of one side of the great fractures to force out the lava, as juice might be squeezed through a rent in an orange. Others, however, attribute the propulsion to the vapors which are held dissolved or occluded in the lava, and which are much in evidence at times of eruption.—"P. S. Monthly."

We may say without fear of anything worse than literary contradiction that the age of the earth must be reckoned in millions of years. Probably some hundreds of millions of years have elapsed since the earth became habitable to organic form. Nature has plenty of time for her operations.—"P. S. Monthly."

This is surely an age of fads and "isms." Some of the theories being advanced for the cure of disease are about as reasonable as the Egyptian incantations. Such delusions can only exist when people imagine themselves ill and then imagine themselves cured.

Fear causes more diseases than do microbes, more deaths than famine, more failures than panics; it costs more than war, is always a failure, and is never necessary. Fear weakens the heart's action, induces congestion, invites indigestion, produces poison through decomposing foods, and is thus the mother of auto-poisoning, which either directly causes or greatly aids in the production of quite 90 per cent of all our diseases.—"Health."

Priestcraft is cunning enough to cite great men in general sanction of its system, while rejecting their negations and high interpretations; superstition lives on the credit of minds not superstitious, but which defend its strongholds of name and symbol. And still, as of old, does truth find its chief foes in those of its own household who indirectly supply the brains and the blood without which error must perish.—Moncure D. Conway.

Helen Wilmans says, "Your poverty is a protracted echo of your own belief," and Lida Hood Talbot says that "poverty is a belief as much as small pox or cholera." According to Christian Science, all we need in order to get all we want is to believe we have them. Once we believe we are sick, we are!

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Mrs. Eddy published her "Bible," but sold it for cash.

If there be one thing more than another so universal in the method and course of Nature and Civilization that from it we can deduce the path which we ourselves ought to follow, it is this, that the interests of the individual are always subordinated or sacrificed to those of the species, or society, to which it belongs, and the interests of the lower types to those of the higher in the scale of evolution.—Crozier.

Private capitalization is in truth, as the editor of "The Financier and Bullionist" asserts, between the upper and the nether millstones. Two mighty movements, now only in their infancy, but destined to rapidly grow, are bearing down upon the feudalism of capital, which has already encompassed the virtual enslavement of the millions for the enrichment of the few—an enslavement demoralizing alike to all the people, and immoral in that it is in direct antagonism to the Golden Rule and the growing demands of Fraternalism.—"Arena."

In ancient Babylonian or Chaldean religions, there figures a most important object, the sacred tree, the Tree of Life. If we turn to the Bible, we read of trees of life and of knowledge, and in later times of sacrifices under trees. The Pentateuchal laws condemned the high places of Israel with their associated symbol of the sacred tree or pole, the Hebrew "ashera," unfortunately translated "grove" in the authorized version of the Old Testament. Sacred trees are frequently mentioned in the Pentateuch.

Anent the New Education Bill, James Boyce, M. P., writes in the "Nineteenth Century" that there is a prospect of a hot ecclesiastical battle over the whole field, from Parliament down to the District Councils, and we shall have advanced not one step toward that which ought to have been the goal of our efforts—to render the schools of England, both elementary and secondary, fit for the work which she expects from them and which every year shows to be more urgently needed.

The distinguished veteran engineer, Sir Frederick Bramwell, laid the foundation stone yesterday of a building which can not fail to form a notable landmark in the history of British industry. The South Wales Electrical Power Distribution Company, incorporated by act of Parliament, has been formed for the purpose of providing and distributing electric energy in the county of Glamorgan and part of the county of Monmouth. This district comprises the great coal fields of South Wales, and takes in the important manufacturing and shipping towns of Cardiff, Newport and Swancea, besides the busy inland towns lying north of the Bristol Channel.

Evidence is accruing that the practice of adding artificial coloring matter to milk is increasing. Samples are commonly met with thus colored to give them a rich but false creamy aspect. The natural color of milk bears no relation necessarily to the amount of cream present. It is very desirable that this practice should be stopped. We believe that annatto is the dye commonly employed and it is fortunate that it is harmless, though that fact does not justify the device. Certain coal-tar dyes have, however, been detected in milk, and among them methyl-orange or, in chemical nomenclature, the sodium salt of dimethyl-aniline-azobenzene-sulphonic acid. —"The Lancet."

It is recognized now that labor conflicts grow out of increasing intelli-

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gence. The avoidance or adjustment of such conflicts must be the result of increased intelligence. Fools do not strike; it is only men who have intelligence enough to recognize their condition that make use of this last resort. With increased intelligence, they will look back upon the strike period as one of development; and when they shall have accommodated themselves to the new conditions, and when employers shall have recognized the increased intelligence of their employees, these matters will be handled in such a way as to prevent a repetition of incidents like the strikes of the last twenty years.—Carroll D. Wright.

The unsympathetic treatment of superstitions is unphilosophic as well as unscientific; for superstitions are not the swaddling bands of infancy. They may rather be compared to the bark growing on the tree and adapting itself to its gradual development and to the growth which it stimulates or causes. The importance of a sympathetic treatment of the relics of ancient faiths is self-evident to any thinking mind. To the more thoughtful, ancient rites must always have had an esoteric meaning, and the grosser the rite the more the mind must have been fixed on its inner sense.

Thus those who essay to depreciate superstitions in order to exalt Christianity, play a disingenuous role, for there is a germ of truth in them all; and no one can properly weigh the merits of different trains of thought unless he uses the same just balance. The upward course of paganism in Ireland has now been traced until the time when it was conquered by, and to a great extent absorbed by Christianity; its "childhood shows the man as morning shows the day," but we should not on that account shrink from exploring the past, for it with its horrors will never return. Truth, it is said, lies at the bottom of a well; it is difficult but not impossible to reach; its certain and eventual triumph over error will become a recognized fact in material as well as in moral matters—"The Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland."

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ARE THERE MEN IN MARS?

To the popular mind all astronomical research ought of necessity to be concerned with the important questions, whether there are men in the moon and inhabitants in Mars. To the first of these astronomy returns a decided negative; there is no life on the moon and probably no life, either vegetable or animal, exisited at any period of human history. To the second the answer is, We can not tell. There may be men in Mars and there may not. The conditions of life there do not preclude the existence of human beings. We have in Mars rain and snow, sunshine and gloom, summer and winter, as on our earth.

Perhaps the closing years of the twentieth century will see astronomers armed with a telescope powerful enough to reveal towns and cities in Mars. Should ever such a discovery be made, I could conceive of none greater in the whole range of time, none more upsetting or disconcerting. To the ordinary astronomer untroubled by such hopes, the future lines of astronomical progress are simply and clearly defined; and that progress is simply to answer the old lines:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high.

This was the problem before our friend who wrote on astronomy one hundred years ago; this will be the problem before astronomers a hundred years hence—Chambers Journal.

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The man whose sense is for any reason so clogged that he can not feel the pulse beat of the future nor see the genial glow that begins to play on the human sky, is not a compliment to the era in which it is his accident to be placed. None of us present to-day will be likely to share this earth-wide spirit of patriotism. We shall die in good time, thank the kind fortune, and a stronger, more sensitive, more sensible world will forget our little struggle, the intolerance we piped, and the other evidence of our amusing smallness. However, the world will be here to receive the change. Whether America shall overrun and combine the world, fusing all nationalities and making inevitable a single patriotism—a cosmopolitanism; or whether the moral growth of nations will compel this end, no one can say. But anyone, without a fear of misjudgment, could prophesy that some cause shall inevitably produce this result.—"The Practical Age."

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THE LONG SLEEP OF SOME CREATURES.

Mrs. G. Hall.

All animals have their time for sleeping. We sleep at night; so do most of the insects and birds. But there are some little creatures that take such very long sleeps! When they are all through their summer work they crawl into winter quarters. There they stay until the cold weather is over. Large numbers of frogs, bats, flies and spiders do this. If they were only to sleep for the night the blood would keep moving in their veins, and they would breathe. But in this winter sleep they do not appear to breathe, or the blood to move. Yet they are alive, only in such a "dead sleep."

But wait until the springtime. The warm sun will wake them all up again. They will come out, one by one, from their hiding places.

However, there are some kinds of animals that hide away in the winter that are not wholly asleep all the time. The blood moves a little, and once in a while they take a breath. If the weather is at all mild, they wake up enough to eat.

Now isn't it curious that they know all this beforehand? Such animals always lay up something to eat, just by their side, when they go into their winter sleeping places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food, for it would not be used if they did.

The little field-mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake of a warm day.

The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some and then eats.

The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake, yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he awakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.

I have told you that this sleep lasts all winter. But with some animals it often lasts much longer than that. Frogs have been known to sleep several years! When they were brought into the warm air they came to life and hopped about as lively as ever.

I have read of a toad that was found in the middle of a tree, fast asleep. No one knew how he came there. The tree had kept on growing until there were sixty rings in the trunk. As a tree adds a ring every year, the poor creature had been there all that time! What do you think of that for a long sleep? And yet he woke up all right, and acted just like any other toad!

How many things are sleeping in the winter! Plants, too, as well as animals. What a busy time they do have in waking up, and how little we think about it.

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Llantrisant is the Welsh town which claims to bear the nearest resemblance to Jerusalem.

There is a street in Bridgend the houses of which, on one side, are occupied by families bearing the surname of Davies.

Most of the names of the months in use in Welsh are borrowed from the Roman calendar. There are native names, but they went out of use centuries ago.

One hundred years ago Wales had 108,053 inhabited houses, 118,503 families, 3,511 unoccupied houses, and 541,546 population, viz., 257,178 males and 284,368 females. Roughly, the figures have now trebled.

A movement has just been started by the inhabitants of Llanfair Mathafarneithaf, Anglesey—Goronwy Owens' birthplace—for raising a fund for the erection of a statue in the village to perpetuate the memory of Goronwy.

A Welshman seems to have been early in the field with a submarine idea. Robert Davies in 1700 invented a "diving engine." Inhabitants of "the Lizzard parish," Cornwall signed a certificate, dated September 20, 1704, setting forth that they say Davis go several times under the water in his "engine."

Mr. Alfred Davies imparts wonderful variety into question time in the House of Commons. Recently Mr. Davies stirred the Chamber into boisterous mirth by asking some question and then swinging around to the Irish benches and exclaiming, "And I hope honorable gentlemen will keep order while the answer is being given."

"Given away with a pound of tea" had a marketable meaning once. Dr. Rees in his history of Welsh Nonconformity says that the manuscripts of Edmund Jones, with a life history of himself, were so misprized by his nephew that he sold two cartloads of them to a Pontypool grocer as waste paper. These were some of the most valuable of Welsh MSS.

Colonel Rhys Price, the dashing commander of the Kaffrarian Rifles, who has recently been so prominent at the front, is the son of Mr. T. R. Price, of Neath, who now manages for the government the whole of the railways in South Africa. Colonel Price, who is a C. M. G., a distinction which he gained a little ahead of his father, is a cousin of Mr. Walter Rees, the secretary of the Welsh Rugby Union.

There is authentic evidence that in 1765 an iron furnace was built at Cyfarthfa. A little later a local poet, John Thelwall, wrote:

"Taff's remoter Vale,
Late by the magic of Vulcanian ore
Grown populous."

If he could take a journey up the Taff

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now he would be surprised at the increase in the population.

There is some warrant for the belief that in the new edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" Welsh men and matters will receive more prominence than in the first edition. The new edition, for instance, contains an excellent sketch and portrait of that rare lover of Wales, George Borrow, by Mr. Theodore Watts Dunton. There has been no mistaking the popularity of the author of "Lavengro" of recent years.

The catacombs of Rome and Paris shrivel into littleness in comparison with the miles of unknown and ignored honey-combing that networks South Wales. It is said that from the Vochriw pits it was possible to walk under ground into Dowlais on the one side and Pontywain on the other before the ends of the level were compulsorily walled up. Perhaps some day "the catacombs of Cymru" will be "personally conducted."

The late Mynyddog, although most of his poetical productions are in the "free measures," was a thorough master of the cynghaneddion. After his visit to America he was asked what he thought of the Yankee, and he replied:

"Gwydn lanc, go deneu ei lun—go ahead
I guess yw ei gynllun;
Dollar ydyw ei ellun
Anyhow, ac ownio i hun!"

In St. Dogmael's Vicarage, Pembrokeshire (the prettiest spot of the kind in South Wales, according to one great authority), there is a box-tree growing with its trunk's girth measuring 11 inches, which is considered a very rare thing. It is also about 12 yards in height. The box-wood is very fine-grained and hard, and highly appreciated by wood engravers and manufacturers of musical and mathematical instruments.

In wearing Welsh emblems last St. David's the Prince and Princess of Wales only retained an ancient custom. The "Flying Post" of March 2, 1699, published the following: "Yesterday being St. David's day, the King, according to custom, wore a leek in honor of the ancient Britons, the same being presented to him by the sergeant porter, whose place it is, and for which he claims the cloths his majesty wore on that day. The courtiers, in imitation of his majesty, wore leeks also."

Paddington Congregational Church, which has for its pastor the Rev. J. Ossian Davies, resembles a town hall more than the orthodox chapel. It is situated in the Marylebone road. Many of the leading business men of the borough are members, and the attendances at the Sunday services are remarkably large. The Rev. Ossian Davies, it is interesting to note, commenced life as a compositor in the office of the "Cardigan Advertiser," but his bent was toward a ministerial career, and he followed it with so much success that he soon became one of the Congregational ministers of the day.

The coracles still in use on the Carmarthen river have a remote ancestry. An ancient Irish corrack, or canoe boat, has been discovered by workmen engaged in turf-cutting in a bog near Tuam, and the find has been dispatched, via Limerick, to be placed in a royal museum at Dublin. The corrack, which is in a good state of preservation, was found several feet below the surface. It is 52 feet in length, and the Great Southern and Western Railway Company provided a special double compartment for its conveyance to Dublin, where it will be placed

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among the other Celtic relics in the museum.

A nightingale has been attracting considerable attention in the neighborhood of Llanharran during the past six or seven nights. The beautiful nocturnal songster is located between Rhydleddyn and Trenos, near the new road leading from Llanharran to Pencoed, and thither a large number of the inhabitants of the district repair nightly to listen to the charming strains, which commence about 10 o'clock, and which are continued until the small hours of the morning. The severe cold of these nights fails to cool the ardor of the songster of that of its enthusiastic audience.

Is Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan going to buy "gallant little Wales"? His daily greeting would seem to be, "It's a fine morning; let's go out and buy something," and as he has been seen in the neighborhood of Holyhead we may be pardoned for harboring a suspicion that ne has designs upon the Principality. Our anxiety is not allayed by reading that the American managers of the shipping combine are very favorably impressed with the advantages of Holyhead. From favorable impressions to ownership is but a step with J. P. M.

The parish of Caio is one of the largest in Wales, the village one of the smallest, yet containing no less than three licensed houses; so that it could well bear the name of the Three Taverns. Caio has recently been made famous by Baring Gould's story of "Pabo the Priest," while the Rev. D. Cunllo Davies, Dowlais, has written a considerable number of articles to Welsh magazines concerning its antiquities and folk-lore. The treasurer of the Court of the University of Wales, General Sir James Hills-Johnes, is the chairman of the Caio School Board, which superintends five rural schools. The career of General Sir James Hills-Johnes might be called "From Cabul to Caio."

Mr. Editor: In the late Scranton International Eisteddfod, a prize was awarded to Rowland Roberts, Bellevue, Pa., for the best englynion on the subject of "Englyn." The englyn is peculiar to the Welsh muse. There is nothing like it in any other language, not excepting the Chinese. It is most wonderfully and fearfully made. It requires a life-long training to manufacture a perfectly correct one. A microscope is used when adjudicating an englyn. I have endeavored to translate the prize englynion, referred to above, as follows:

1.

A striking concentration that
Shows off an object brief and pat;
A worthy and a thrilling scheme
To hold the poet's little theme.

2.

The englyn regular and apt,
Wherein the theme in rhyme is wrapt,
Is a most cute device, we find,
To penetrate the Welshman's mind.

Subscriber.

There were one or two amusing incidents in connection with the Prince's installation at Carnarvon. Mr. Bryn Roberts, M. P., lost his seat somehow, and caused a perfect draught as he whizzed around the gangways of the pavilion trying to find his correct location. He went round so many times that there were suggestions about a wager, and people began to count the laps, but the honorable member suddenly subsided in the immediate neighborhood of his starting point. One well known divine from South Wales had a pathetic struggle with his red robe. The hood, it seems, got twisted, and in his wrestle with perversity the reverend gentleman set up a whirl of

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scarlet that was uncommonly like a serpentine dance.

Like other places in Wales, the Welsh name Pont faen (stone bridge) bears no resemblance to the English one, Cowbridge. The corporation seal represents a cow in the act of walking over a bridge of three small arches; but the tradition is that the cow, the immortalized cow, got fast under one of the very arches the corporation wishes us to believe she crossed so triumphantly, and there died, bequeathing the moral to posterity that it is better to go over than under a bridge. A spot outside the Westgate, and near Llynhelig, where a winter rivulet crosses the road, used to be the spot where the bridge stood, so fatal to the cow and so memorable to Cowbridge.

A novel union has been started in Cardiganshire—a union into which the church and all the denominations are gathered for a common purpose. It is called Undeb Çerddorol Angladdol Dyffryn Aeron—that is to say, the Funeral Musical Union of the Vale of Ayron. All the Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Calvinistic Methodists, Wesleyans, and Unitarians (Baptists are non est in the district), from Cilcenin to Llangeitho and from Tynygwndwn to Penwnde have joined together to improve the musical part of funeral services. It is felt that, as each of the denominations has its own hymn and tune books, and that the hymns and tunes of one denomination are not always known to the others, the singing at funerals is what may be termed sectional. A large and representative meeting has been held at Abermeurig, where it was decided to hold a singing festival at a central place in the summer, when hymns suitable for funeral services will be sung, under the conductorship of a leading Welsh musician. It will certainly be a unique gathering —quite a suitable training for the millennium.

In the spring assizes or 1800 John Griffiths, of the town of Neath, was imprisoned for two months and "bound in recognizances" for saying in Welsh, "'D—n King George III! I will make a better king than him. out of an orl tree, only gilding and painting it and sending it to Parliament." Why it should have been necessary to send the gilded and painted orl tree to Parliament to complete the proposed dummy was not explained, and neither was it made clear what an "orl tree" was like. The Welsh words user were "pren gwernen," which should have been translated, "alder tree," an interesting explanation, for it has always been a favorite wood for amateur carving on account of its softness and fine fiber, as well as its non-shinking qualities. With a sharp pocket-knife and a green alder branch fresh cut from the wood I have seen some very creditable work done by farm hands. Inasmuch as so many of the foreign toys sold in this country are manufactured in the same way, the Welsh Industries Association might turn its attention to it with some prospect of success.

———o:o———

"WELSH PEOPLE."

Under the above caption, the "New York Times" Review of Books and Art publishes what purports to be a review of Owen M. Edwards's "History of Wales," which I believe to be very unjust to the author's intelligence and patriotism.

Feeling that the article was unjust to O. M. Edwards, the Welsh people and their history, I sent to the "Times" Saturday Review a few remarks which the editor as yet has not thought fit to publish, a copy of which is the following, which I desire to submit to the "Cambrian":

"To the Editor of the 'New York

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Times' Review of Books and Art:

"'In your issue of May 31 appears an article purporting to be a Review, according to the title of your supplement, of a history of Wales by Mr. Owen M. Edwards. Some time ago I read in the 'Times' Saturday Review a notice of this work, stating that it was the first authentic history of Wales.

"It was only a reluctance to impede the production of any work of O. M. Edwards that prevented my denying at that time that assertion, whatever would be proved by the publication in the future. Such assertion, if acceded to, would be most unjust to Welsh authors of undisputed claims to authenticity and integrity, with whom O. M. Edwards is so familiar. But the advertisement of May 31 is too glaring in its misrepresentations to be allowed to pass by without contradiction by every Welshman worthy of the name, however limited his knowledge may be of Welsh history of the Welsh people. "After the introduction comes the Roman occupation, to which is credited a permanent effect upon Wales, by the building of camps and roads, the improvement of agriculture, the development of mines, the introduction of new arts and the adoption of a new religion, with none of which we agree, with the exception of camps and roads, which were for the exclusive use of the Romans for military purposes. The few straight line Roman military roads could be but of little use to the general public, especially in Wales, with their steep hills and dangerous down grades, which, with every other obstacle that would occur, the straight line Roman road never attempted to avoid. But coming to the point, as proven by that eminent historian, Rev. T. Price (Carnhuanawc), the influence of the Roman occupation in Wales was similar to the present influence of the British government in India, with no interference with the natives in their national customs and privileges. The chief aim of the Romans was to win over the respect of the Britons by their inducements to adopt their more luxurious modes and social gaieties. For, as Mr. Price observes, that after four hundred years of Roman occupation, the British or Cymric language was as pure and free from the Latin, with the exception of a few ecclesiastical words, as if a Roman had never trod on British soil. The little use that was made of Latin was confined to the cities and larger towns.

"Passing by other objectionable phrases, we come to the strange assertion that "A new Wales begins with the accession of Henry VII, the Welsh king." Wales as an independent principality ended with the birth of Edward II at Carnarvon Castle. Henry VII was a grandson of Owain Tudor, sixth in descent from Ednyfed Vychan, the Counsellor, and leader of the armies of Llwelyn the Great, Prince of Wales. "'Being endowed with an eminently handsome accomplishments, he gained the affection of Catherine of France, the queen dowager of Henry V, whom he privately married in 1428." During Catherine's life, the marriage had been winked at, and on her death all respect ceased for her husband. But it was thought by the opponents of Richard III that it gave sufficient claim to Henry, Earl of Richmond, to the throne. The Cymry being Lancastrians, it was deemed necessary to gain the good will of the house of York, and to accomplish that it was resolved for Henry to offer marriage to Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV. Sir Rice ap Thomas had to be persuaded to abandon the cause of Richard in order to bring Henry from France to Milford Haven, hence the proceedings that ended in the death of Richard III on Bosworth Field and the accession of Henry VII. The Welsh complained that Henry did

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not accomplish what he should have done for his countrymen, yet he is deservedly credited for abolishing the severe laws that were enacted against the Welsh from the ending of Wales as an independent principality to his own time. Notwithstanding this, the Welsh did not enjoy the same legal privileges as did the English until the reign of Henry VIII, whom they petitioned for that purpose and which by him were granted. Therefore, "New Wales" did not begin in the time of Henry II, but until all the privileges of the British Laws were restored to them by Henry VIII.

"Passing numerous objectionable conclusions, including the statement in regard to the Eisteddfod, we come to the following: 'In the nineteenth century Chartism and the Rebecca riots were the first signs of political discontent." An entirely false accusation. The leaders of Chartism were English and Irish, and among the foremost were Henry Vincent and Fergus O'Connor, but it extended partly to Wales, and the only Welshman prominent among the Chartists was Zephaniah Williams, of the "Frost, Williams and Jones," indicted as leaders in the attack on the Westgate, Newport, Mon., which ended all the Chartist agitation. To call the Rebecca movement a Welsh political discontent is entirely wrong. That movement had not the least political aspect, neither was it national, but a local complaint against the commissioners of highways, principally in the counties of Glamorgan and Carmarthen, in consequence of the toll-gates being too numerous; neither were there any riots connected with it, but the quiet removal of the objectionable toll-gates by night." Aneurin Jones.

New York.

P. S.—The tendency to ignore the Welsh people as to their national characteristics and civilization by English publishers and reviewers and subject them in these particulars to the Romans and Anglo-Saxons, is becoming so notorious that it is time the National Eisteddfod should take this subject up in earnest. Probably we may revert to this matter again.

The following hymn is said to have been composed by John Jones, Clocaenog, on his death-bed:

Yr hwn fu'n gyru'r dwfr i redeg
O graig Horeb, mynydd Duw,
Yr Hwn ddangosodd ffynon loyw
I Ismael bach, i'w godi'n fyw;
Anfon beth o'r dyfroedd bywiol
Arnaf finau'r llesg a'r gwan;
Dim ond dafn o'r dyfroedd hyny
Fydd yn ddigon i fy rhan.

The following was once given out by a person called upon to lead in prayer at a Welsh prayer meeting, in the United States:—

Fy enaid bach a hedws
At ddrws yr Eglwys Wen,
Ac yno fe a lefws,
A gwaeddws nerth ei ben—
O! gorff, a wyt ti'n cysgu,
A finau mewn fath boen?
Gwae imi gael fy rhoddi
Erioed rhwng cig a chroen!

Before the precentor had time to commence the singing the first deacon asked the person who gave out the hymn, "Where did you ever come across such a hymn as that?" The reply was that he had heard it given out at prayer meetings a hundred times in Cardiganshire when he was a lad.

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PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

MISS LILLIAN HUGHES.

Miss Lillian Hughes, pianist and organist, and teacher of both, is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Robert W. Hughes, of Oskaloosa, Ia., one who has studied music and its kindred arts with that love and perseverance that assures artistic success. By force of talent, broad culture, and noble womanliness, Miss Hughes has come to public usefulness and influence in a manner almost unconscious to her. She has moved into publicity along with the ministerial and Bible society activities of her beloved and great-hearted father. We have watched her musical growth with more than common interest. We have heard and felt her mastery of the pipe-organ and piano with the joy of a true Welsh heart, and we are not a bit surprised that she was urgently called in August, 1901, to fill the chair of instrumental music in Penn College, Oskaloosa. In reply to our inquiry, we were pleased to receive the following substantial testimony to

Miss Lillian Hughes.

Miss Hughes and her work at Penn College, from President A. Rosenberger:

"Miss Lillian Hughes is in charge of the department of instrumental music in Penn College this year, and her work has been eminently satisfactory in every way. She possesses good musical abilities, has had careful training and puts are proper spirit into her work. She readily wins the respect and

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love of her pupils. We regard Miss Hughes as a musician and instructor of rare endowments."

Right here, our readers will be pleased to learn that Penn College, bearing the honored name of William Penn, founded and sustained by the Society of Friends, and opened at Oskaloosa, Iowa, in 1873, is classed by the Association of Iowa Colleges as one of the foremost colleges of the State, being specially praised for its genuine Christian character and catholic spirit.

Miss Hughes began her musical studies at Iowa College, Grinnell, then at the Conservatory of Music, conducted by Dr. L M. Bartlett, a musician who is not only Iowa's first, but one of the best musical scholars and composers in the United States. To breathe in the atmosphere of such scholarship and associations is an education in itself, but how much more it is to have actual training in such places and under such instructors!

Her first appearance before the public, other than as church organist, was at the Teachers' Institute at Oskaloosa in 1899. At the Christmas Eisteddfod of that year, she proved her ability and tact as the official pianist and accompanist in such a manner as to win the commendation of all, along with a special indorsement from the adjudicators. There are, as all good singers know too well, many excellent pianists, but few efficient accompanists. The solo-pianist, as a rule, finds it too difficult to forget his usual function when he plays in song-accompaniments, but the true accompanying pianist never forgets his duty of being part and parcel of the singer's interpretation of the lyric or dramatic song. It is a common thing to witness a singer spoiled by the playing of one who has no conception of what accompaniments should be. Miss Hughes has mastered this difficult and delicate art in an uncommon degree . Again, we are not surprised to learn that she has been chosen the official accompanist for the forthcoming State Eisteddfod at Des Moines, where she will meet many of her college associates and her eminent instructor, Dr. Bartlett.

Miss Hughes has, for some time, filled the position of organist at the Central M. E. Church of Oskaloosa, one of the nest churches in Iowa, seating over 1,500 people. The pipe-organ in this church is worthy of such a temple, and of the young lady who manipulates its powers with so much artistic skill. It is thus that our talented Welsh girls excel in art when parents have been true to their duty in extending to them the priceless privileges of education. It will always be so, if they are given equal opportunities to other young people. It behooves Welsh fathers and mothers to do their full duty, loyally and lovingly, to give just and adequate educational training to their children who possess, not only talent, but eagerness to equip themselves well for the artistic life.

Honor and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

———o:o———

MRS. MARY E. CASSELL.

The Enterpean Ladies Chorus of Columbus, Ohio, composed of forty voices, under the direction of Mary E. Cassell, will sail from New York August 12th, on the steamer Pennsylvania. Their object being to enter the National Eisteddfod to be held in Bangor, Wales. This is a great undertaking, and but for the great perseverance of the director, it never could have been accomplished. The society was organized in 1895, from lady members of the old Cambro-American Choral Society, and was known as the "Brythonic Ladies Chorus." They entered their first contest that same year in Columbus, and carried off the first prize. After a few years a split was made in the chorus, at which time Mrs.

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Cassell took those who remained with her and built up a new chorus and changed the name to "Euterpean," and for five years this name has been synonymous with success. The disruption of the Brythonics seemed to bring forth all the Welsh grit in Mrs. Cassell, and a determination to excel has led her on until now she intends to represent America in the coming Eisteddfod at Bangor.

The Euterpeans in the past five years have been successful at Cincinnati, Buffalo, Columbus and Cleveland, and they feel that the trip to Wales will not only be a pleasure but a lasting benefit in an educational way. The ladies of the chorus are enthusiastic over the proposed trip, and are working hard to become proficient. They hope to be successful in concerts through Wales under the management of E. Lloyd Jones, as it will take thousands of dollars to carry them to Wales and back.

Mrs. Cassell, the director, has for many years had a desire to visit Wales, the birthplace of her parents. Her father, Thomas Biddle, was born in Llandiloy-graban, Radnorshire, South Wales, and her mother, Elizabeth Parry, was born in the parish of Meifod, Montgomeryshire, North Wales.

———o:o———

Mrs. Mary E. Cassell.

IEUAN BRYDYDD HIR.

Every Welshman worthy of the name is acquainted with "Y Prydydd Hir," as one of the most distinguished in the annals of Welsh literature; very few, even of local Welshmen, are aware that he was at one time for a brief space a schoolmaster at Aberystwyth. His success, or rather failure in his profession of schoolmaster was only equalled by his ill-success in Holy Orders. He was extremely severe on the bishops and high dignitaries of the church in Wales for their neglect and lack of support to Welsh scholarship. Advancement in the church was thus impossible to poor Ieu-

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an. But he fared no better when he essayed to open a school in Aberystwyth. The locale of his school is not known, but it was probably in a small public-house in Bridge Street. We know from Ieuan's letters that when he was in our town he resided with David Parry, who had his tavern in Bridge Street, and whose grand-children I well remember in the day of my boyhood. In a letter written by Ieuan about 1780 to an ancestor of the present Lord Tredegar—a nobleman who traced his lineage back to Ifor Hael or the Beneficent, a man distinguished for his support and patronage of bards and literary men—Ieuan compiains that he had not obtained sufficient remuneration from his scholars to pay his way in Aberystwyth, though he had in the previous year paid two guineas for advertising his school—"I have," so he wrote, "the beginning of last summer advertised for a school at Aberystwyth, and after paying two guineas for the advertisements, had the mortification of having not a number of scholars to support me. This I thought very hard, as I have made very good progress in the Greek and Latin languages, and have made exercises in verse and prose in both." As far as I have been able to glean this is about all the reference that it is possible to obtain about poor Ieuan Brydydd Hir's school. We have no information who his pupils were, nor what they were taught; but we may confidently assert that his school was one of the classical type. Ieuan himself was a pupil and friend of Edward Richards, founder and first master of the school at Ystrad Meurig which now more than 160 years after its first opening carries on faithfully and devotedly its classical traditions. It is a fair assumption I think, that Ieuan would not be satisfied with teaching his pupils to cultivate the poetic muse of Athens and Rome only; he would, like his own master Edward Richard inspire his pupils to cherish and seek the company of the Welsh muse also. Ieuan was not the only local schoolmaster who endured poverty. He was one out of a crowd of them who were pinched daily by want and impecuniousness. "Res augusta domi" was his fate wherever he turned. Aberystwyth has rarely dealt generously towards its schoolmasters—it is doubtful whether it is possible to name three teachers up to twenty years ago who had amassed any material wealth through their profession. Most of them were glad to accept other posts wherever any opportunities for securing such presented themselves. The post of clerk in a lawyer's office was deemed an Eldorado to many a local pedagogue, and the clerk's salary for work done at the desk was a thing to be snatched at. Poor Ieuan's low estate at Aberystwyth was no exception to the rule.—D. Samuel, M. A., Aberystwyth.

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Miss Dillwyn of Swansea, Wales, has in turn written novels, acted as a reviewer for the "London Spectator," served as a farm bailiff, and is now the partner in a flourishing spelter business. She walks three miles to business every morning, and remains at her office daily from shortly after 9 in the morning till 5 in the evening. She is a member of the School Board and chairwoman of the Hospital Committee. She has one remarkable weakness. She is a lover of the "weed," in the form of cigars, and makes no secret of her pleasure in smoking. She carries a cigar case, and has even been seen in public with a cigar in her mouth. "I like to smoke," she says, "and I see no objection to it. It suits me, although it may not suit others. I used to be very fond of green cigars, but you can't get them in England. I always smoke openly. I do not believe in women smoking in secret."—New York Tribune.

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Original and Selected Miscellany:

There is one thing to be said in favor of music. It never comes out of the little end of the horn.

Why is a baby like a field of wheat? Because it has to be well cradled and thrashed before it is fit for family use.

Teacher: Now boys, tell me what is nothing?

Scholar (after a pause): Please, mum, it's w'en a man asks you to old 'is 'orse and just says "Thank you."

Minister (to one of his members, a venerable old gardener): You have reached a great age, John.

John: 'Deed, ha'e I, sir, for gin I leeve till the eleventh o' next month, I'll be an octogeranium.

Julian Ralph has been in the south and brings back this story: A negro in Savannah stood looking at the first trolley car he had ever seen. "My!" he exclaimed, "dem northern folks is wonderful! First, dey 'mancipated de nigger and now, dey 'mancipated de mule."

The qualities of the Chinaman are a love of industry, peace and social order, a matchless patience and forbearance under wrongs and evils beyond cure; a happy temperament, no nerves, and a digestion like that of an ostrich.

A Welsh gentleman controverts the statement that there is no mention of auctioneers in the Bible. "The only auctioneer mentioned in the Bible," he writes, "is Ananias, who, when he sold the property, kept back part of the price." But, then, we all do that, only now we call it commission."

Major Forrest, D.S.O., tells a story of a British soldier being killed by a Boer who was himself perfectly dead. The dead man tenaciously held his rifle in a death grip, his fingers all but closing over the trigger. That which he had evidently failed to do in his last moments of life was given to him to do in death. The soldier approached the body to give it decent burial, but just as he touched it the fingers suddenly closed over the trigger and the rifle went off, leaving the soldier dead at the dead man's feet

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The London "Lancet," the well known friend of humanity, utters a note of warning when it says: "Too much bathing is harmful, as it tends to maceration of the superficial part of the epidermis, which is too frequently removed, and occasions probably too rapid a proliferation of the cells of the malphigian layer."

A man cannot do two things at a time. A woman will boil a steak, and see that the coffee does not boil over, and watch the cat that she does not steal the remnant of meat on the kitchen table, and dress the youngest boy, and set the table, and see to the toast, and stir the oatmeal, and give the orders to the butcher, and she can do it all at once and half try.

It happened down in Washington. A negro was driving a wagon and in going through a street ran against a funeral.

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With the superstition of his race he thought it would be bad luck to cross behind the funeral, so he tried to cross ahead of it, but the driver of the hearse whipped up his horse and the two went neck and neck for a time until finally the darkey sang out: "Say, dah, pull up youah hoss! Mah hoss is in a hurry an' yuah'n isn't!"

The young pig could reach the swill well enough by putting its snout over the side of the trough, but it was not satisfied with that. It proceeded to get all four of its feet in the trough.

But the mother of the pigs thrust the greedy young monopolist to one side.

"Get out of that, you selfish, grasping thing!" she said. "You remind me so much of human beings."

Said an old-time Georgia darkey, recently: "Some er dese no'count niggers is so thankful fer de vaccinatin' season dat dey dunno what ter do! De fac' is dey too lazy ter work, en de vaccinatin' mens gives 'em a chance ter stay in de loafin' gang by des showin' how dey arms is tore up! Dey'd git vaccinated every minute, ruther dan saw wood awhile!"—Atlanta Constitution.

In England the delirium over the new game of ping-pong has attained such a pass as to call forth episcopal censure. In a certain Essex village, for a year past every Wednesday afternoon, there has been a special service of prayer in the church for the soldiers in the field. Recently, so the story goes, a would-be worshipper found the doors closed at the time of service. Her inquiry was met by the exclamation: "Oh, we ain't got no prayers this afternoon, Miss. Why, don't you know, it is the opening day of the Ping-Pong Club?"

"When I have anything to say," remarked Henry Watterson the other day, "I write it; then I put it in my pocket. After a while I take it out, read it and write it again. Once more I put it away. Then I write it again and send it down to the printer and have it put in type. When I get the proof I run over it closely and write it again, and again it goes to the printer. Afterward it is sent to me again in the revised proof. Then I make the last corrections and send it down again. And then," continued Mr. Watterson, with a heavy sigh, "the confounded printer gets it wrong."

The late Dr. Dashiell was fond of telling the following story on himself: "Preaching on one occasion at his old home, an old colored man who had taken care of him when he was a child was delighted with the sermon. At the close of the service he shook the doctor warmly by the hand, and said: 'Larry, you's a good preacher; you's a good preacher. I tell you, you's a soundin' brass an' tinklin cymbal.'" Of the same sort was the colored woman's compliment to the cultured and affable Bishop Galloway. She said: "Brother Galloway always do preach a powerful good tex'."

Mr. Rhodes was not given to high-flown talk, and one suspects the story of his "last words" as a fiction. Sydney Smith observed that it seems a necessity that every distinguished man should die "with some sonorous and quotable saying in his mouth."

Mr. Pitt was supposed to have expired exclaiming, "How do I leave my country!" It was afterward established on conclusive evidence that his real last words were, "I fancy I would eat one of Bellamy's meat pies." Mr. Fox was credited with some becoming observation about public affairs, whereas his last words conveyed a request for barley water. Sir Robert Peel was stated to have died after an ejaculation about the blessings of cheap bread. In reality, he awoke for a few minutes, after several hours of sleep, said "God bless you all," and died. Lord Beaconsfield was reported to have exclaimed, "Any

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news in the 'Gazette?'" with his last breath, whereas he muttered, "I feel overwhelmed."

This talk about the consent of the governed is, when you get to the bottom of it, mostly rubbish. We people of the South, for instance, who have for years been cheating niggers at elections and kept it up until we concluded that it was cheaper to disfranchise them by legal enactment, now shed crocodile tears on account of the woes of the Filipinos and cry aloud that all just government derives its authority from the consent of the governed. Rot!

The South didn't consent to the government that it got for several years after the Civil War. The Southern niggers are not consenting to the government they are getting now.

We talk about the consent of the governed and taxation without representation, when these arguments run our way; but we forget how often these principles have been violated in our own country to-day with our approbation and as the result of our own acts. Consent of the governed! Taxation without representation! Rot!

SAINTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

As some doubt has been expressed of our denial of any canonization in the last century of Lidwina of Schiedam, which was alleged to have taken place in 1890, it will be of interest to give a complete list of all the canonizations of the nineteenth century. They are as follows: By Pius VII. (24th May, 1807), SS. Francis Caracciolo, Benedict of St. Philadelphus, Angela del Merici, Colette, Hyacinth de' Mariscotti. By Gregory XVI. (26th May, 1839), SS. Alphonsus Liguori, Francis de Hieronymo, John Joseph of the Cross, Pacificus of San Severino, Veronica, Giullani. By Pius IX. (18th June, 1862), St. Michael de Sanctis, and the twenty-six Japanese martyrs; (29th June, 1867), SS. Josephat Kuncewiez, Peter de Arbues, Paul of the Cross, Leonard of Port Maurice, Mary Frances of the Five Wounds, Germaine Cousin, and the nineteen martyrs of Gorcum. By Leo XIII. (8th December, 1881), SS. John Baptist de Rossi, Lawrence of Brindisi, Benedict Joseph Labre, and Clare of Montefalco; (15th January, 1888), the Seven Founders of the Servites, SS. Peter Claver, John Berchmans, and Alfonso Rodriguez; (27th May, 1897), SS. Antonio Maria Zaccaria and Peter Fourier; (24th May, 1900), SS. John Baptist de la Salle and Rita of Cascia.

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THE KING'S ILLNESS.

The third week of June will be a memorable one in the history of the British Empire. It is one in which the whole civilized world was profoundly impressed with one event—the illness of King Edward VII. Coming as it did so suddenly, and practically on the eve of his Coronation, the news struck consternation into the heart of that great federation of peoples which loyally acknowledges the Sovereignty of his Most Gracious Majesty.

The following bulletin regarding King Edward's condition was posted at Buckingham Palace July 5:

"His Majesty had another excellent night. He is cheerful and feels much stronger. We are glad to be able to state that we consider the King now out of danger. The evening bulletins will, therefore, be discontinued.—Drs. Treves, Larking, Barlow."

The same day half a million Londoners were feasted by the King, served by 80,000 attendants, followed by variety shows, 1500 operatic and other artists, and 418 pianists giving their services for the occasion. The coronation will take place at an early date.

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

August

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THE CAMBRIAN.

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THE SINS OF THE SAINTS.

By Geo. James Jones, D. D.

VIII. Desecration of the Sabbath.

The Sabbath day as a holy day, and not as a holiday, is at the bottom of all moral, civil and religious institutions and ideas. It is the incarnation of religion. No word is dearer to the human heart than the word liberty, and no word is more variously used and more outrageously misused. The creating of environments conducive to the enjoyment of the Sabbath as a day of rest and religious advantages is imperative. Yet every year witnesses greater and more persistent encroachment on the moral uses of that day. In the same degree liberty becomes license. On the Sabbath day the servant in the intention of God is on equality with the master so far as enjoying the privileges of the day are concerned. The principles entering into the foundations of all true progress are righteous principles. All objections to the demands of the gospel rise from ignorance of their purpose or hatred of their province.

It is the business of the church to furnish to the world the light it needs. Had the church—I do not mean the church in its official or ecclesiastical capacity, for in that it has always stood up for the Sabbath, and for holiness of conduct, the resolutions adopted by assemblies and by conferences and by synods call for loyalty to the gospel in clear and strong diction, but I mean the church as represented in its membership—had it walked hand in hand with God during all these years there would not now be found empty pews and empty treasuries, for the whole earth would be full of the glory of the Lord; every house of worship in the land would be overflowing with attentive, loyal, honest worshippers.

The knowledge the unconverted get of God and of truth is what they learn from the conduct of professing Christians. If the church has not furnished the world with a correct conception of its mission, it must not blame the world for its apathy, for royal duty has not been performed to the world. The keen, cold, critical eye of unbelief is not slow to detect the inconsistency oft existing between creed and conduct. The Christian church in her organization reresents the grandest, most comprehensive, most elaborate system of thought; a depth and breadth and an altitude so gigantic

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and glorious as to excel the intellectual achievements of all ages; she is vaster in her interests than all commerce; the number of her adherents outnumber the subjects of the six greatest nations, and her wealth is practically immeasurable, and yet for the want of faith and holy consecration she is not able to stand against and to defeat the materialism and the commercialism which retard her progress and threaten her life. The aspect she presents is deplorable and humiliating, and she herself is responsible.

"The Chicago Record," February 10, 1896, represented Dr. Rabbi Hirsch as saying: "The center of religion is not in theology but in society. Religion is the offspring of a human ambition." What he meant by the word center needs definition, so does theology and society. May be his conception of these terms are not the commonly accepted conceptions. Again he may be speaking of his own personal religion, and if so, his words ought to be allowed to stand, for no one can speak of his own religion with as much authority as himself. However, if he speaks of the religion of the Bible he is shockingly in error. The religion of the Bible is the offspring of divine love, not the offspring of a human ambition. The province of that religion is to sanctify the ambition of man.

The greatest word in human speech is God; the next greatest is man; the third greatest is theology, and theology is the science of God's ways and means for the salvation of man. Religion is the offspring of the greatest force in the moral realm. When honestly received religion crystalizes thoughts and intensifies labors to the end that all social orders shall be regulated according to the law of God. So far the masses of Christians are shockingly ignorant of their mission and possibilities. The fierce contention for supremacy, the merciless crushing to the earth of the weak, the greediness that can not be satisfied are varied expressions of the selfishness that conspires against that liberty which is the inheritance of all men alike, and which seeks to bind and to hold down forever the victims of its lust.

Liberty is the keynote of our national songs, the ring of the press, the slogan of political conventions. We have built monuments to it, we have engraved it in granite, we have painted it on banners, and have embossed it on coins. Liberty is in evidence everywhere except where it is intended to do its work—in the social, commercial, political, religious relations of the masses. The document sometimes read, but rarely understood, on July the Fourth contains these astonishing and remarkable words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed with their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Men clap their hands and shout, and shoot fire-crackers

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during the larger parts of two nights and a day in pure intellectual admiration of the men who suffered and died in defence of those immortal utterances, but early on the morrow the shouting men have become silent as the grave, and sly as a witch seeking to monopolize every advantage over as many "unalienable rights" as they possibly can, caring nothing whatever of those rights or their own responsibilities to their fellows and to their God.

The authors of those stirring words had a much higher conception of the mission of honest men than is practiced to-day. We are not worthy of our noble ancestors or of our high inheritance. The Apostle James speaking of another matter furnish us with an apt illustration: "Behold also the ships; which, though they be so great and are driven by fierce wind, yet they turned about by a very small helm." Do not speak of the size, grandeur, or utility of ships independent of the helm. Without the helm ships are of no value. This great nation of ours with her magnificent institutions, her millions of broad acres, her billions of busy wheels, her suffrage, her schools, her colleges, her churches stand up before the world in bewildering brightness, and we become so intoxicated by her marvelous achievements that we forget the helm—the principles of her mission and life. Let go the helm and the splendid ship sinks out of sight. It is time that we look at the actual condition of things.

Rev. I. W. Hathaway, D. D., says: "There are three things that the American people are doing with the American Christian Sabbath. (1) They are stripping it of its sacred character, and secularizing it by making it a day of pleasure, business and toil; (2) they are robbing it of its divine authority; (3) by such perversion they are changing one of heaven's best, richest and sweetest blessings into a positive and terrible curse." "God is more dishonored, and Satan better served on a holiday Sabbath than by any other day of the week," and Christian people are very largely responsible, if not altogether. How can such people look to God for a general revival of religion while these conditions exist? Are these not plain duties and obligations within their power to perform and must perform before they can honestly expect divine benediction? God has always more than filled his promises. The weakness and ridicule which are our inheritance are direct results of withdrawing ourselves away from the divine presence, and beyond the province of God's promises.

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Said Day to Night:
"I bring God's light;
What gift have you?"
Night said: "The dew."

"I give bright hours,
Quoth Day, and flowers;"
Said Night: "More blest,
I bring sweet rest."

—LADY LINDSAY.

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THAT LITTLE GREY TEAM.

By R. H. Nant Hughes, B. D.

There were two of us in the bobsleigh—to say nothing of the hired man—who sat in lone and stolid dignity in front of us, driving.

It was early spring, and the "goin' "—as my companion pithily remarked was "mos' all-fired bad."

Here and there the earth showed black and bare through the melting snow; like a beggar's body through his rotting garments. Too, a thin, dark, haze hung about fence and field, like the smoke of a phantom battle.

The breeze was asleep; for the match Jabe held to the dial of a curious old silver watch to see the time, flamed out with tiny undulations like a golden fairy flag, illumining his rugged face, with its huge beard; its twinkling black eyes; and its wonderful pear-shaped nose wherewith whisky and the weather had played sad havoc.

We were returning from Deacon Williams's funeral; and for two mortal hours we had slid and bumped and sliced our way along, till I felt like a bag of disjointed bones.

Jabez Jones, my fellow-traveller and the owner of the rig, was a cheery garrulous Welsh soul, who, he declared, had come over to this country when he was "nobutt a kid" —and a perfect cyclopaedia of all manner of horse-lore.

He laughed with a sort of compassionate glee at some of my "tenderfoot" queries and comments; asking me once in blunt amazement:

"Where the devil was you raised, anyway?"

'How many miles, Mr. Jones," I inquired, "could you drive a horse in one day?"

"Wal," said he, spitting, and wiping his hirsute mouth with the back of a big, red, ham-shaped hand; "that's 'cordin' to the roads. I had a little grey team, once, when I lived up Frankfort way—I drove them little fellers nigh onto a hundred miles in one day."

"Great Scott, a hundred miles!"

"Ia,—after a crazy man."

"A crazy man?"

"Ia."

"How did that happen?"

"Wal, sir," answered Jabe, describing another tawny rainbow between his mouth and the ground, "'twas m' brother-in-law fust got wind of it. He come t' the house one mornin' while I eatin' breakfas,' and s'he—he sess: 'One of them loonatic fellers has skipped from the county house.'

"'S that so?" s' I.

"Ia,' s' he; "and they offer twenty-five dollars reward for ketching him."

"What's that you'r givin' us, "s' I—twenty-five dollars?"

"That's what I said,' s'he."

"Where did you see it?" s' I.

"'I seed it in the pape.,' s'he,

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'Will Morris showed it to me.'"

Wal, sir, I kinder thought the matter over in m' mind 'nd s' I to m' brother-in-law: 'Jack Cosbick, that twenty-five dollar is ourn!"

"'So?' s' he."

"'So, 's' I."

"Wal, sir, I went straight t' the barn and hitched up the little grey team,—gosh! Wa'nt they jim-dandies, though! gee!

"'Goin?' sess m' brother-in-law."

"Ia," s' I—; "'ll ye come along?"

"'How long you goin' to be gone?" s' he. "Durned if I knows,' s' I, "may take a hull day or mebbe a week," s' I, 'anyways,' s' I, 'I'm goin' to get that twenty-five dollar' s' I, 'if it takes m' best leg,' s I."

"'All right' s' he 'nd he jump inter the waggon 'nd we drove along.'

"Wal sir, the crazy feller had went to New York Mills 'nd Utica 'nd Whitestown 'nd 'bout twenty mile-further north. Anyhow 'long 'bout 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I see a man goin' 'long the road 'front of us, with a big book like a church Bible in his han's, 'nd he was a-swinging his arms 'nd a-hollering 'nd a-yellin', 'nd a-hootin' like the old nick.

"There's the chap!" s' I to m' brother-in-law, "right in the road b'fore us," s' I.

"Now," s' I, "he is on your side," s' I, "you want to hoss right on to him," s' I. "But he was a little kinder timid 'bout it I seed at once.

"Take these lines!" s' I.

"You'll get hurt," s' he.

"I don't care," s' I. "I hain't no coward."

"Wal sir, 'soon 's we got nigh him, I hossed right on to him. But my gosh! he turn' roun' 'nd hit me the all-firedest lick 'side o' my head; 'nd s' he, he sees, in a high and mighty voice like, 'part from me ye blamed cuss,' s' he, inter everlasting fire to the devil 'nd his angels,' s' he. 'B'hold!' s' he, I'm Jerrymiah the prophet,' s' he; 'the son of Bora 'nd Barick, 's' he. (Deborah and Barak).

"'You are the very bird we are after,' s' I, 'nd I hossed right on to him.

"He kicked 'nd scrabbled 'nd bit 'nd chewed like a good feller, but, I was pretty spry in them days if I do say it as should n't; 'nd, s' I, you are my meat!

"Anyways we got him inter the waggon 'nd we lay him flat on his stomick, 'nd we sot upon him by turns all the way back t' the County House.

"Wal sir, the pile o swearin' 'nd other degradin' stuff that poor wigglin' cuss hollered 's we drove 'long back was a thunderin' caution.

'Long 'bout eight o'clock we reach the County House; 'nd I sess to a feller,' s' I,—'Here's your crazy man,—where's the sooperintendn?' s' I. But this feller look a little kinder queerish, 'nd,' s' I to m' brother-in-law, 'he's another loon I guess.'

"By 'nd by the sooperintendn come. Gosh! but he was a tickled man—you bet! 'Nd it did n' take him long to fetch the twenty-five dollar nuthe.."

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BORTH AND TOWYN.

"If you want utter stagnation go to Borth," said a writer in "Temple Bar" a few years ago; and more recently another popular serial described Borth as a place "making gasping attempts to become a remunerative watering place;" and the writer adds, "better stay as it was—a genuine fishing village, of that 'ancient and fish-like smell,' and justly famous for its four-mile run of firm sands." Both writers, we fancy, judged of Borth very hastily; and the last for the sake of a quotation sacrificed truth. The sanitary condition of Borth, thanks to what our friend calls 'gasping attempts,' has improved, water has been brought from the hillside, and now there are few places on the coast where those whose health requires pure and unadulterated sea air can be more satisfactorily accommodated with the article. There are, besides the large hotel, a number of lodging-houses, and at the other end of the long village bold rocks rise from the shore.

A road runs up this rising ground, and to the right, over the rocks, is Pen-y-Wylfa, from which there is a glorious view, Snowdon and Cader Idris on the north, Plynlymon on the east, the broad Atlantic on the west. Making our way back to the hill-road, in less than two miles from Borth a path leads to the right, into a little valley running down to the sea, just where Sarn Cynfelyn lies; crosses a stream near Wallog, and then runs parallel with the beach; in a mile or so skirts Clarach Bay, and enters Aberystwyth by Constitution Hill. The

BORTH.

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sarn we have passed is one of several on this coast, which are supposed by some to have been causeways in a large tract of land submerged by the sea, though geological authorities declare them to be natural formations. This is a beautiful walk of six miles, and if we are bound for Aberystwyth it is well worth while to leave the train at Borth and do the journey on foot.

The attractions of Towyn are, first, its splendid beach—for this is

TOWYN.

at hand; secondly, its magnificent mountain scenery—at a few miles distance. It possesses other points of interest, which we will briefly enumerate. To the antiquary, St. Cadfan's Church and pillar will be of moment. The former was founded by Cadfan, "a holy man, of Armorica, who came to Wales in the sixth century, to refute the Pelagian heresy." At least, so says the writer we quote. The architecture of the old structure is rude, early Norman, but the restoration, begun in 1880, has made a considerable difference in the appearance of the building. The position of the tower, which was formerly at the west end of the nave, has been altered, but the nave, with the massive pillars, supporting round arches, which separate it from the aisles, and the Norman clerestory, the northern transept, and the southern and northern aisles, remain the same. The Pillar, which was once in the grave-yard, is now in the church and over the inscription of it there has been as much speculation as on that of Jonathan Oldbuck in "The Antiquary." We are told that this inscription "according to some archaeologists, is British, debased by Roman characters of the seventh or eighth century." Professor West-

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wood says it is in a base minuscule Roman character, of the eighth century. The stone is considered one of the most precious monuments of Welsh antiquity and religion; and the late scholar, Ab Ithel, and others, read the inscription in English thus:—"The body of Cyngan is on the side where the marks will be," and "Beneath a similar mound is extended Cadfan: sad that it should enclose the praise of the earth. May he rest without blemish."

Saint Cadfan appears to have been a benefactor to the bodies as well as the souls of the people of Towyn, for there is a well there, which either by the virtue imparted to it by the saint, or by its own inherent qualities, seems to have proved a Pool of Bethesda to rheumatic and scrofulous patients. Dyspeptics, generally, are likewise said to be benefited by a dip into its waters; and modern civilization has so far improved on the work of the saint, that the waters may be applied hot as well as cold, in showers as well as in plunging. Healthful games, such as Cadfan never dreamed of, may also be enjoyed in the bath grounds, such as quoiting and croquet—not to forget the usual admixture of flirtation.

In the course of the extensive shore walks at Towyn visitors will come, beyond the mouth of the Dysynni, to the entrance of a cave, where the celebrated Owain Glyndwr once upon a time took refuge during the adversities of fortune; but exploration has been practically put a stop to by the constant washing up of sand and shingle by the tide. And just after crossing the river, near a point, by the way, where there is a fine view of Snowdon, another of the sarns referred to on a previous page, Sarn-y-Bwch, runs into the sea. The grand excursion from Towyn is the exploration of the Dysynni Valley, culminating in the ascent of Cader Idris.

Going south and east from Towyn, and before reaching Machynlleth station we get just a glimpse of Dolguog up the embankment to our left. The ground on which we set foot on leaving the railway belongs to that great domain of Welsh history in which Owain Glyndwr played so prominent a part. It was in Machynlleth that the astute Welsh Prince, after beating Henry IV.'s forces "all along the line," as military chroniclers in these times are wont to say, held his parliament as King of Wales, in a house, part of which is still to be seen, in Maengwyn Street, opposite the new English church, standing within the grounds of the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry. Here Owain narrowly escaped the poniard of David Gam, gentleman and cut-throat, who had been instigated, some say by King Henry himself, to murder Glyndwr, and who paid with ten years of his life and liberty for the clearly proven intention. Another mineral line of railway—this time the really narrow gauge of

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two feet—runs from Machynlleth to the Corris slate quarries, from which place a coach runs to Tal-y-Llyn, whence one of the finest ascents of Cader Idris may be made. A branch of this line has been constructed to Aberllefenny, where also there are large slate quarries. Machynlleth itself is a busy, capable, and improving town, modern

CORRIS.

in its main character, with wide streets, some of which are planted with trees, boulevard fashion. Church, town hall, and market place have all the stamp of practical nineteenth century prose. Manufactories of flannel and other coarse woollen stuffs add to the commercial activity, which it principally owes to the slate-quarrying and lead-mining industries of the neighboring country. Its position on the Cambrian line, far more than its command of the Dovey, which only just becomes navigable about two miles short of he town, at a place called Derwenlas, has helped to confer prosperity on Machynlleth.

RECONCILIATION.

No man can climb so close to God
  But needeth to beseech Him,
Nor lapse so far to devilhood
  That mercy cannot reach him.
We stand, with all, on level ground
  In equal human fashion,
Encompassed by the blue profound
  Of infinite compassion!

Shake hands, then, on the rusted swords,
  O blood-bedraggled nation!
Smite down the past with sweet accord
  Of reconciliation;
Walk brotherly and lovingly
  The upward paths of duty,
And let the kings and tyrants see
  A people's kingly beauty!

—RICHARD REALF.

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THE BEAUTIFUL.

Rev. W. Roland Williams, Ainsworth, Iowa.

Summer is the season of joy and pleasure. Beauty and gaiety is in the air. The sombre days of winter, and the sudden changes of spring are past. Nature is now clothed with glory. Our love for the beautiful is feasting upon the charming landscapes round about us. Inspired by the beautiful in nature we dress accordingly. Bright cheerful colors are in evidence everywhere.

No more do we question the pure character of our love for the beautiful. The old Puritanic spirit ran away from it in dress, in home decoration, and in church edifices. Ecclesiastical architecture gave place to plain unadorned meeting houses. Our mothers were summoned before church authorities for wearing a bit of flower on their bonnets. To feed the aesthetic spirit in those days was to serve the evil one. Pride of heart and spirit must be curbed at all hazard.

Now that we are cultivating the love for the beautiful are we necessarily less religious than our forefathers? What is beauty? Who gives it its being? What are its uses, if any? Is the faculty that discovers and admires it sinful or pure? These are the questions that are naturally before us.

Beauty is the agreeable, says one. But there are things agreeable that are not beautiful. Beauty is the useful, says another, but there are things useful that are not beautiful. Multitude in Unity was the definition of the old Romans, and as Coleridge says no doubt that that is the principle of the beautiful. It is that unity that arouses our admiration because of its symmetry, its approach to the ideal, to the perfect.

It is applied in the first place to the physical—to color and figures. Beautiful flower, beautiful landscape, beautiful face, beautiful form, beautiful painting, beautiful sculpture, and as we stand enraptured at the sight of a charming piece of landscape, are we necessarily religious or irreligious? The little girl running over the meadows comes across a sweet violet smiling in the sun. She picks it up, holds it in her hand, her eye beaming with admiration. Does this act of hers please or displease the heavenly Father who gave the flower its beauty? Why did God take the pains to color the world in all the tints of the rainbow? Might not one color have sufficed for all other utilitarian purposes?

In the love of the beautiful there is, to say the least, a moral uplift. There are appetites and passions pertaining to us that abused are more or less degrading. They pertain to the flesh; they develop and foster selfishness. The admiration for the beautiful, the love for t ideal is in its nature a spiritual discernment, and ministers to refinement and cul-

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ture. It is not strong enough to arrest and to cure the current of evil in our nature; but in so far as it operates, it operates toward a moral uplift of the soul. It gives us a higher vision into the glory of the handiwork of our Creator. In the West, on the plains, our grandest sights are our sunsets and sunrises. There is nothing here to obstruct our view of the sun, as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, running his course, and often in exquisite glory returning back again at close of day. Take an average sunset, the average person discovers in it nothing but the indication of certain kind of weather; whereas the man wth a cultured aesthetic eye watches with joy the gradual beautiful transformations of color that takes place over head—from waves of gold to waves of scarlet or purple, and finally into a sombre quiet slate color. Thus this great panorama of colo. did not pass away unnoticed and unadmired. There was one soul that stood before it with intense admiration. A famous artist caught in a storm mid-ocean asked the privilege of being tied to the mast so that he could watch the elements in their sublime exhibition of power around it. We can thus cultivate an eye that will introduce us into the very heart of nature.

The love of the beautiful is as to its character one of the least selfish of our desires. Noticing the sunset there comes over us the feeling immediately would there were others with us to share in our joy. As we come across lovely landscapes we do not feel like taking it all to ourselves. For this reason travelling alone is undesirable. There is always an impulse in us to describe what we have seen to others. Love of food and drink, and the love of money, these too often feed selfishness, but love of art is a culture that developes generosity of heart and spirit.

Beauty in nature, divine in its origin, is only a step toward the higher beauty of the soul. Turning our attention to human character, the outward form, the countenance may be worn and haggard, but the soul that inhabits that lowly temple may be exquisitely beautiful, adorned with all the Christian graces, and universally admired by all his acquaintances. His language is chaste and pure; his ears are closed to everything vile, and to all silly gossip, open only to truth and mercy. His actions are invariably kind and true. He is so symmetrical, so well poised, so well balanced, so happy a combination of graces that we claim for him the title of a beautiful character.

God is not only the originator of beauty. He himself is the "Beautiful"—the Holy One. We have not seen him, but the Word was made flesh, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and of truth. Jesus Christ is the express image of the Father, and he is altogether lovely. His life from Bethlehem to Calvary, and from Calvary to Olivet has been the theme of poets, musicians and artists. He is to mankind what

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the sun is to nature, from him we receive the most beautiful traits in our character. Flowers open to the sun, and are beautified. Souls open to the Sun of Righteousness, and are sanctified. It is transformation by beholding.

Of all the beautiful objects in the world, there is none that surpasses a little babe. Jesus Christ delighted in children. He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them. He placed a child in the midst as an object lesson. There is beauty, exquisite beauty, in the features, there is beauty, heavenly beauty, in the freshness and the innocence of the soul as it opens to consciousness.

The world is not favorable always to the beautiful in nature. Hurricanes blow, cold winds come and blast the blossoms that have just opened to the joy of the eye. One storm may make a terrible havoc in a garden. Neither is this world very favorable to the development of moral beauty. The childlife needs protection. Swearing, profanity, and the vicious wiles of the evil one, should be forbidden in the hearing and sight of our children. To protect our plants we build conservatories. The conservatory of the child life is a happy Christian home, and that institution which we call the Sabbath School. In the home and in the Sunday School our effort should be to bring the little lives, as they begin to bud, to live and to abide in the presence and under the influences of Jesus Christ, that the beauty of the Lord God may be upon them.

Our aim both as to ourselves and to our children should be to reach the "Ideal." "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect.' Having grown to manhood there comes upon us the feeling of self-satisfaction. We fail to recognize the marred side of our nature, our glaring imperfections and consequently there is no reaching out toward the Perfect Character. We study what we have more than what we are. A glittering diamond may be of great value, it can however be estimated in dollars and cents. A glittering soul, pure in the purity of God, is of priceless value, no dollars and cents can estimate it even in the eye of the world, much less in its relationship to the world to come. In the midst of summer beauty, beauty of dress and garment, let us not cease our efforts to beautify and to purify the soul.

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TARIFF AND PROTECTION.

(The Subject Historically Considered.)

By Hon. D. T. Phillips, U. S. Consul, Cardiff, S. W.

In the year 1785, our sires assembled in New York City to express the growing conviction of the country relative to a new or stronger government. The artificers, tradesmen and mechanics of the city expressed the hope that their representatives might coincide with the other States in augmenting their political power to every exigency of the Union.

England seemed determined to demolish American commerce and usurp American manufactures. If she could not tax the Colonies, she was determined to compel the Colonists to pay a fabulous price for their independence. British restrictions and prohibitive duties, applied to Americans as aliens, soon taught England the disastrous weakness of her government. The confederation had answered its purpose. It was at that time little more than an agreement among the Colonies to act together and be a nation. It had no power to enforce the service or the collection of a single dollar. It could neither establish nor protect a single national interest, nor secure revenues from imports, hence could not foster a national commerce. The Confederation did little more than authorize a Congress, which did not have the ability to put its own laws into execution. This weakness was taken advantage of by other nations, especially England.

Large importations at low prices had nearly ruined American manufactures; trade with the West Indies was obstructed, and heavy duties were imposed on many of our productions. Like a young giant, this country began to bestir itself. When Congress met in New York, the Chamber of Commerce entreated it to "make the commerce of the United States one of the first objects of its care, and to counteract the injurious restrictions of foreign nations. Finally, double duty was imposed on all goods imported in English bottoms, by the legislature of New York. The legislature of Pennsylvania also passed a bill to protect the manufactures of the State by specific and ad valorem duties on more than seventy articles, among them iron and steel. The citizens of Philadelphia, in town meeting, declared "that relief from the oppressions under which the American trade and manufactures languished, could spring out from the grant to Congress of full constitutional power over the commerce of the United States; that foreign manufactures interfering with domestic industry ought to be discouraged by prohibitive and protective duties." The citizens of Boston, in town meeting, concluded to

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"band themselves not to buy British goods of resident British factors," and prayed Congress for the needed immediate relief.

The diverse and local endeavors to discover proper remedies for the existing evils clearly disclose the real character of the Confederation and the work it was bent upon. The first tariff affecting the people was passed on the 4th day of July, 1789. It went into effect the following month. Duties, as already observed, were imposed on more than seventy articles, the average rate being 7½ per cent. This was gradually increased in 1790, 1791, 1792, 1794, 1795 and 1797, the average rate of the latter year being 9 1-4 per cent. Just think of it! The regulation of commerce was the very first demand by our embryonic government. Whosoever, therefore, inflicts injury on the cause of protection and would flood this country with free trade doctrines does violence to the traditions of our fathers and to the spirit of the American constitution.

FROM CAMBRIDGE, MASS., TO CALIFORNIA.

By Rev. J. D. Williams.

To go from one end of our country to the other in about five days is nothing new by this time, yet there are thousands who have never gone. Millions will go in the future. Many readers of "The Cambrian" have never crossed the continent, but many of them will. For the sake of those who will not, as well as for the sake of those who may undertake the journey, these few lines are written.

The reports which I had received before starting, whether by word or through guide books, were rather misleading. This is especially true about the country west of Denver, and I shall confine myself to my experiences in going through the western states. Before reaching Denver I had been somewhat surprised in not finding the country quite as devoid of trees and hills as I had been told. After leaving Denver I found the country twice as mountainous as I had thought of it. Well, no wonder I was surprised, for no description of this part of the country will give a reader anything like a correct idea of the grandeur of it.

In order to have the best view of the Rocky Mountains, I took the Denver and Rio Grande train to Salt Lake City. The district through which this road lies is one panorama of lakes, mountains, peaks, rivers and caverns. I regretted very much I had no time to make side trips to such places as Pike's Peak, the garden of the gods, Rainbow Falls, the Manitou Grand

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Caverns, Cripple Creek mining districts, and a thousand other places.

Pike's Peak, which can be seen so plainly from Colorado Springs, is the most famous, though not the most high, peak of the Rocky Mountains. It is four times as high as Snowdon, and we could see plainly the observatory on its top from the train. Not long after we lost sight of Pike's Peak we found ourselves in the Royal Gorge. This is certainly one of the most romantic spots on earth. I said Pike's Peak is four times as high as Snowdon; in the Royal Gorge the rocks rise perpendicularly from the tracks two-thirds the height of Snowdon! What processes the earth has gone through? What a story is its story? How powerful must He be in whom potentially dwells the force which moulded these mighty rocks as a child moulds a little marble of soft clay. After traveling about one hundred miles from the Royal Gorge I found myself in Leadville, and if I had not seen Rome and Athens and Constantinople, I prided myself on having seen the highest city in the world. The elevation of Leadville is 10,200 feet, and it is the greatest mining camp in the world. Tennessee Pass, which is near Leadville, is one of the highest tunnels in North America.

Not far from here are the famous Currecanti Needle and Mount of the Holy Cross. All along the way, my curiosity was excited by magnificent scenery, as we proceeded through Castle Gate, which is composed of two huge pillars of rocks, until we reached the city of Salt Lake with its wide streets, its peculiar temple and still more peculiar Tabernacle.

The reader who has not crossed the Rocky Mountains has no idea of their magnitude. The distance from Denver to Salt Lake City is 740 miles. The mountains were close to us in Denver, and we found them surrounding Salt Lake City with the exception of the extreme westerly point. When starting from Salt Lake City I thought the journey to San Francisco would be rather monotonous. I was sorry to part with the Rocky Mountains, and thought I could see no other interesting object until my heart would be filled with joy at the first sight of the Pacific Ocean. I took a last view of the Rockies as I entered the train of the Southern Pacific R. R. at Salt Lake City station. It was moonlight, and the sight was grand. The moon was so large, and the mountains seemed so much larger and more majestic than in daytime. The beautiful sonnet of Blanco White came to my mind.

Mysterious night! When our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed

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Within thy beams, O sun, or who could find
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mads't us blind,
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife
If light can thus deceive wherefore not life.

I was mistaken, however, when I thought the journey would be without interest. About two o'clock in the morning the conductor woke me so that I could have a look at Salt Lake, which was very near us. The lake appeared like an immense sheet of silver, and one quite forgot it was so salty. Many years to come people will pass the place and will see no lake, for it grows less every year.

After passing Salt Lake I fell asleep and woke up about seven in the morning. From that time till dark I saw a great many interesting objects, and heard a great many interesting facts from a traveler who knew the district well. He told us about the large herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, kept by parties in Nevada. He said that about 40,000 sheep are sheared every year near Golconda. They were shearing the day we went by, and had a stock of wool not far from the railroad. Some people, who have not an acre of land, manage to keep large flocks of sheep. One Frenchman, I was told, has 5,000, and manages to keep them by continually moving from one place to another. We saw large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and a great many horses, large number of men working on the railroad; we saw many Indian wigwams and squaws and papooses. In one place we saw a number of squaws sitting in a circle playing cards.

While the things and beings already mentioned interested me greatly, I must say I was far more interested in the scenery. Hills would be on one side or the other of us continually; very often they would be on both, while the snow capped mountains raised their majestic heads in the distance. We saw several wide valleys which seemed to be endless, and many rocks which resemble old castles, which I saw in the British Isles. The mountains sometimes seemed to be of many colors on account of the snow and lights and shades.

When near West Mercer we saw a huge looking mountain in the distance, covered with snow, with its head in clouds as white as snow. It was impossible to say whether some peaks were parts of the mountain, or parts of a cloud. It seemed as though heaven and earth actually met, for all was so white, you could not distinguish one matter from another, and one began to feel it was not matter he was looking at. We saw another grand scene just where the river Humbolt sinks out of sight. That river rises near a place called Wells, and sinks into the ground after a course of about two hundred miles. There is quite a lake where the river sinks. It was dusk when we reached the place.

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The water was about a quarter of a mile from us. Beyond it were the hills, and beyond the hills the mountains, and beyond the snowy mountains a large moon. Those who have seen such sights can imagine the grandeur of a such a combination far better than I can describe it.

Before we reached San Francisco our train was taken on the largest ferry boat in the world. Before I close, however, I must say a word about the difference in scenery and climate as one travels in spring from Salt Lake City to San Francisco. We left Salt Lake City almost surrounded by high mountains covered with snow. In about thirty hours we were going through a comparatively level country where the grass is as green as in Ireland, and where palms and lilies, and flowers of many varieties blossom all the year round.

POETRY AS A STUDY FOR PREACHERS.

By Rev. D. J. Williams, Peckville, Pa.

There are many who are disposed to belittle culture in its relation to religion, and they set but a small value on mental training in its relation to religious instruction.

We will readily admit that all attainments and all forms of culture, to be effective as aids to impart religious instruction, must be attended with and controlled by an intensely religious spirit and a devout purpose, or they will prove pernicious. But given the spirit and aim, they cannot but be potent for good in the work of conversion, and in the building up of Christian character.

The presentation of religious truth should be such as to equal to all the faculties and powers of the soul. The soul is like a city with many gates, and as the forces of its rebellion against God may be massed at any one of these gates, the preacher of the gospel ought to be so trained and equipped as to be able to direct his attacks in a way to subdue its rebellion.

If we examine the preaching of Paul, the founder of Christianity in the Gentile world, we will find that the form of his preaching and the character of his appeals were determined by the character of his audience. When he addressed the Jews he "reasoned with them out of the Scriptures, opening and alleging that it behoved the Christ to suffer, and to rise again from the dead." But when he addressed the heathen Gentiles, either at Lystra or in Athens, he reminded them of the teaching of God's works and his voice in the human conscience.

It is readily admitted that the influence of the Apostle Paul's writings on the Christian thought of the ages is greater than that of any

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other single mind, and the explanation is to be found in the greatness of his endowments, the extent of his training, the purity and singleness of his aim. In his writings we find a depth of insight, a power of reasoning, an intensity of feeling, and all these marshalled by a lofty and inflexible purpose, which enables us to understand the secret of his vital and far-reaching influence.

One of the chief ways to make truth real and effective is by appealing to the intellect and the conscience through the imagination. Every one who tries to teach knows the value of illustrations and their power to enforce truth. Every true illustration is a work of imagination, an effort to image forth the truth, converting it from a mere abstraction into a palpable and tangible reality.

How to cultivate the imagination so as to form the habit of giving truth in a concrete and embodied shape is the question which should interest all who desire to attain efficiency and power in the presentation of truth. It is the work of the poet to idealize nature, and to interpret its hidden meanings. Through the imagination he

"Bodies forth the forms of things unknown,
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

The study of poetry is therefore of great importance to the preacher, since it will aid him to cultivate his imagination and to acquire the power of seeing and expressing religious truth in concrete form. Many ministers read and study very largely abstruse and dry theological works which tend to sterilize their minds, forgetting that the poets are better teachers and interpreters of truth, and far more effective in the presentation of truth than the theologians. Milton claimed that he had learned more from the poet Spencer than from the theologians of the middle ages. A great poet like Milton, Shakespeare, Wordsworth or Tennyson is the interpreter and exponent of the thought of his age.

Poetry is one of the noblest of the arts. Poetry, according to Matthew Arnold, is the art of interpreting nature and life. The meaning of this definition seems to be that the poet is a man who looks at nature and life as mirrors wherein are reflected truths which are preceptible to his imagination. He, as it were, catches the expressions of things, and is able to put them into words so that others may realize them for themselves.

The poetic temperament is one of great sensitiveness. According to Tennyson the poet is

"Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.
He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll before him lay,
With echoing feet he threaded
The secretest walks of Fame;
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed,
And winged with flame."

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The power of poetry as an interpreter has made it as great force in all lands and among all nations. The pictorial and realistic descriptions of Homer, the profound soundings of Shakespeare into the depths of human nature, the sublime harmonies of Milton, the simple and sweet lays of Burns, are all marked by the same common features in varying degrees. The breaking up of a mouse's nest by a plough in the stubble would mean nothing to a man who was not a poet, but to Burns it was an incident full of deep meaning. It was a mirror in which he saw how the plans of both "mice and men" were often rudely broken up. A shylark ascending into the sky in its spiral course, singing as it went, would be an interesting object to any observer, but only poets like Hogg, Shelley and Wordsworth could put such beautiful constructions, and could see so much meaning in it. As Wordsworth saw the little bird ascend with rapid flight, like a true poet he exclaimed,

"Ethereal minstrel, pilgrim of the skies,
Dost thou disdain the earth where cares abound?"

The wealth of English poetry from the time of Chaucer down to our own time is very great, but a general knowledge of the whole and a special knowledge of some of the great works it presents, can be acquired without any difficulty by any one who will devote an hour each day to them. We would not forget Homer and Dante and Goethe, which are placed within the reach of all by means of translations. A great advantage is gained by committing to memory as much as possible of the best poetry. There is much poetry to be found in the writings of the great preachers and prose writers of our language. Bacon's imagination was as powerful as his intellect was capacious. Like the eagle, whose wings are able to carry it as far as its eye can penetrate, his imagination was able to keep pace with the glance of his intellect. When defending the method of reasoning by inductions, he says: "We neither raise a capitol or pyramid to the pride of man, but rear a holy temple in his mind, on the model of the universe, which model we therefore imitate. For that which is deserving of existence is deserving of knowledge—the image of existence. Now the mean and splendid alike exist, nay, as the finest odors are sometimes produced from putrid matter, so does valuable information emanate from mean and sordid instances." The same play of imagination is to be seen on every page of his works that we can observe in the foregoing sentences.

The prose works of Milton are illuminated by the light of an imagination which ever waits on the intellect, throwing its electric glare along its pathway. His prose works on every page furnish instances of what we have stated. In his "Tractate on Reformation in England," written just before the outbreak of the Civil War, which ended in the overthrow of Charles I. and the es-

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tablishmen of the Commonwealth, we read after a description of the corruption of the church:

"But to dwell on longer on the depravities of the church, how they sprang and how they took increase, when I recall at last, after so many dark ages, wherein the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the church, how the bright and blissful reformation, by divine power, struck through the black and settled night of ignorance and anti-Christian tyranny, methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears, and the odor of the returning gospel imbathe his soul with the fragrancy of heaven. Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners where profane, falsehood and neglect had thrown it, the schools opened, divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues, the princes and cities trooping apace to the newly-erected banner of salvation, the martyrs, with the irresistible might of weakness shaking the powers of darkness, and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon."

If space would permit, we might add other specimens like this to show how the pages of Milton's prose works are made to glow with the light of his imagination The aptness and force of his illustrations account for the vast influence which his writings exerted over the minds of thinking people in that great struggle for political and religious liberty which was then going on in England. All men of power, either in speech or in writing, have ever been possessed of imaginative glow as well as intellectual penetration. Carlyle was pre-eminent for the vividness and power of his imagination. It is very easy to find illustrations of this in almost every page of his works, and yet it is so pervading an element in his writings that it is difficult to find a detacned passage that will serve our purpose. In his "French Revolution" we find this passage on symbols:

"Observe that of man's whole terrestrial possessions and attainments unspeakably the noblest are his symbols, divine or divine-seeming, under which he marches and fights with victorious assurance in this life-battle—what we call his realized ideals. Of which realized ideals, omitting the rest, consider only these two—his church or spiritual guidance, his kingship or temporal one. The church, what a word was there, richer than Golconda and the treasures of the world. In the heart of the remotest mountains rises the little 'kirk,' the dead all slumbering round it, under their white memorial-stones, 'in hope of a happy resurrection.' Dull wert thou, O reader, if never in any hour (say of moaning midnight, when such kirk hung spectral in the sky, and being as if swallowed up of darkness) it spoke to thee things unspeakable that went into thy soul's soul."

Speaking of the decay of all hu-

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man things, after describing the death of Louis XV., he says: "Sovereigns die and sovereignities live; how all dies and is for a time only, is a time-phantasm, and yet reckons itself real. The Merovingian kings slowly wending their way on their bullock-carts through the streets of Paris, with their long hair flowing, have all wended their way on into eternity. Charlemagne sleeps at Salzburg with truncheon grounded, only fable expecting that he will awaken. Charles the Hammer, Pepin Bowlegged, where now is the eye of menace, their voice of command? Rollo and his shaggy Northmen cover not the Seine with their ships, but have sailed off on a longer voyage. They are all gone, sunk down, down forever with the tumult they made, and the rolling and the trampling of ever-new generations pass over them, and they hear it not any more forever."

(To be concluded.)

JOEY, THE STONE-THROWER.

By John R. Evans, Marietta, O.

III.

There, he found himself in an open space in a great forest. He had never before seen such a sight. There were creatures of all sizes and kinds present. Dogs, cats, chickens, sheep, cows, horses and birds, all of them making the most dreadful noise Joey had ever heard.

Right before his eyes, on an old oak stump sat three owls, named Blinkey, Misty and Darkey. Slowly it dawned upon Joey's mind that these owls were judges, and it also came to him that he had been brought before them to be tried for a great crime.

Misty arose and too-wooed for attention. All, instantly, became silent, so silent that Joey could hear himself breathing.

"Now," began the owl, "I needn't tell you what our purpose here is this evening. You see right before you, the terrible stone-thrower. What shall be done to him?"

Blinkey then addressed the audience, and with the gravest of looks, declared "that it was the custom of that court to give a fair trial to all that were brought before their judgment stump."

Darkey nodded with much solemnity and with a true owlish voice called forward the witnesses.

The first to come was Mrs. Whiteneck, and, casting a stone in front of the judges, said: "With that stone, that murderer slew my little Brownie." The second to come forward was Mrs. Plymouth Rock and said: "with this big piece of rock, thrown by that stone-throwing giant, my daughter has been crippled for life."

Then followed a frog and he

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croaked before the judges "that this Joey had almost broken his backbone, with a huge piece of rock thrown at him for nothing in the world." Then in squealed Ring-tail "that he had two big lumps on one of his legs, caused by a brick, thrown at him by that old Joey." Then followed a robin and after him a blue-bird, then came a tiny little wren, and after her a lame dog, and after the dog, old Dame Farson's cat, and after her, many others, whose names Joey does not now remember. Each creature, in turn, advanced and flung at the feet of the judges, the object with which he had been wounded, until there grew before his eyes a great mound.

Misty then took the stand and in a very solemn voice asked Joey, "if he were guilty or not guilty?"

After many long after-sighs, Joey confessed all.

"Then what shall be done to him," asked Misty?

All the creatures clamored that they were willing to abide by the judges' decision.

IV.

The three owls sat silent for about twenty minutes thinking what penalty would be the best to inflict on Joey. At the end of the twenty minutes, it was clear that the judges had decided upon the penalty.

The three arose, and a great hush ensued among the creatures, even the hogs held back their regular grunts. You could have heard a feather fall. Joey's heart was beating very fast, and the sweat oozed out on his forehad, like big beads. It was an awful moment.

"Well," began Misty, "we have decided on two kinds of punishment, one of which will be inflicted according to the choice of the condemned."

"The first is this: Joey is to be stoned."

"The second is: that he is to be deprived of all the good things that he daily receives from the animal kingdom."

"The sheep must not give him wool for blankets and clothes. The cows must not give him milk, cheese or butter. The hens must not lay him fresh eggs in the morning. The birds must not sing on his window-sill any more. The frog must not tell him when it will rain, and the bee must not give him honey."

"Now, sir," turning to Joey, "choose."

"Neither," sobbed Joey, with the tears running down his cheeks.

"Well," said Misty, in return, "inasmuch as the condemned does not like to choose, I say, let us stone him."

"Yes, yes," they all shouted, with one voice. And when they were about to stone Joey, in rushed Punch with all his might.

"Oh, don't, please don't stone him. I know what we will do to him."

All the creatures became quite dumbfounded at this behavior of Punch, and with gaping mouths, looked as if paralized. After a while,

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when they had come to themselves, Blinkey sarcastically addressed little Punch.

"Well, young mutton, what would you suggest we should do with this young man?"

"Forgive him, sir, forgive him," answered Punch, fervently.

As Joey heard these words, he awoke and there was Sophie, smiling above him and little Punch, at her heels, quite well again.

MUSIC NOTES.

By William ApMadoc.

The most delightful and instructive contribution to music-literature of late, is Mme. Gadsky's "The Singer's Art" in a recent number of the "Independent"—the full title being—"The Singer's Art and the Singer's Soul"—a telling name to a telling article. Mme. Gadsky, an artist of the highest order, surely can say many things of vast importance to every student of the vocal art. The article is not a long one, but it abounds in terse sayings, many of them amounting to valuable definitions. From the reading of the article itself, and the many excellent comments made upon the same in the newspapers and magazines, it is difficult to extend further remarks. But some important points should be noticed. Mme. Gadsky is right when she says that never has there been a time in operatic history when it has been so imperative that the singer must be actress as well as vocalist. The artist should know life as it is manifested in human nature, that he should know what he sings and feel its truth, and that his own life should be filled with ennobling ideas. This truth cannot be too strongly emphasized. Mme. Gadsky goes on to say that in the color of the voice shines out the character of a woman, and that "the ignorant, the boorish, the selfish, the malicious cannot become great in the realm of song, no matter with what voice nature has endowed them." The history of musical art is full of illustrations of this truth. "Purity of life and refinement of culture and character were the qualities which gave Jenny Lind, Parepa-Rosa, Clara Novello, Teresa Tietjens and other great artists their strong hold upon the popular heart quite as much as their wonderful voices and superior vocalism."

Such words of wisdom and warning are timely. There are passages of deep and precious criticism here and there in what the great artist writes, which reminds us of what George Elliot wrote to John Blackwood—"It is a comfort to me to read any criticism which recognizes the high responsibilities of literature that undertakes to represent life.

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The ordinary tone about art is that the artist may do what he will, provided he pleases the public."

In a recent number of the Boston "Herald," there appeared a cartoon depicting the wonderful poses of John Phillip Sousa while conducting his band. This has been reproduced in some of the magazines, to the delight of thousands of readers. The many graceful, picturesque, whirling, dainty, tickling gestures of the renowned band-conductor are something wonderful to behold. Sousa, unquestionably, understands the show and circus-love of the American people, and he catches them every time. His delightful band can play the masterpieces, but it is a pity that such a fine organization should waste time and wind upon "two-steps" and other forms of trash.

A writer in the popular "Science Monthly" recently gives much information as to the origin of the pianoforte—a most interesting subject at all times to music-lovers. It seems that the pianoforte was invented by Bartolommeo Christofori, a harpsichord-maker of Padua, Italy, who exhibited four instruments in 1709. The honor was formerly claimed for Marius, a French maker, who produced a piano in 1716, while German writers claim that Schroeter of Dresden was the inventor of the instrument. The earliest date ascribed to the latter's achievement, however, is 1711. During the present century, however, an Italian document was discovered, written by Marchese Scipione Maffer, a Florentine scholar, in 1711, which testifies that Bartolommeo Cristofori of that city exhibited four pianos in 1709, which statement was orginally published in the Giornale of the year, accompanied by a diagram of Christofori's action principle, employing hammers, which constituted the chief difference between the harpsichord and the piano. In Maffer's writings Christofori's name is given as "Christofali," but this is proved to be an error, because inscriptions on existing pianofortes give the name as "Christofori." Father Wood, an English monk living at Rome, is also said to have made a pianoforte similar to Christofori's in 1711, which he exhibited in England, where it attracted much notice.

Christofori did not remain idle after introducing his first instrument. He became prominently known as a maker but died in 1730, comparatively poor. Two pianofortes by Christofori, at present in Florence, dated 1720 and 1726, show that he anticipated the principles of an improved action and many other points of equal importance in the structure and acoustics of the instrument. All authorities admit that he was a great figure and a genius of no common order.

New, and characteristic portraits of the immortal Beethoven appeared lately in the "Musical Record and Review"—the master who said that "Music is a higher manifestation than all wisdom and philo-

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sophy." How often we have heard musicians saying that the great German was a bad-tempered, rough, boorish man. We have never heard any repeating these silly saying who had read the history of this greatest of symphonists, and who had given a sympathetic consideration to his many trials and afflicton. He himself was compelled to write as follows:

"Ye men who believe, or say, that I am inimical, rough, or misanthropical, how unjust are you to me in your ignorance of the secret cause of what appears to you in that light. Born with a fiery, lively temper, and susceptible to the enjoyment of society, I have been compelled early to isolate myself and lead a lonely life: whenever I tried to overcome this isolation, Oh! how doubly bitter was then the sad experience of my bad hearing, which repelled me again; and yet it was impossible for me to tell people, "speak louder, shout, for I am deaf."

It is pleasant to find two letters of appreciation published in "Tarian y Gweithiwr," upon Ioan Arma's "Memoirs of Caradog," written for, and published in "The Cambrian" of last February. These letters have provoked unfavorable criticism of the attitude of Wales toward her musical sons, such as John Ambrose Lloyd, Owain Alaw, Ieuan Gwyllt, Gwilym Gwent, Brinley Richards, R. S. Hughes, Eos Morlais, Caradog—not a biography of either, as far as some of us know, has been published. A writer of note asks, "Are there any departed notables in Wales deserving of biographies and monuments, besides preachers?" Let us hope that the Rev. John A. Thomas (Ioan Arma) will again favor the readers of "The Cambrian" with many a "llith" upon the musicians and poets who were his companions in the period covering the choral and Eisteddvodic work of Caradog, Eos Rhondda, Rosser Beynon, Ieuan Gwyllt, Islwyn, Nathan Dyfed, Llew Llwyvo, and a goodly number of the present poets and singers.

The music department in the Woman's College, Nagasaki, has acquired a fine reputation throughout Japan for its good work done.

A teacher in the government normal school came to visit the school and asked if he might stay and attend chapel, as he wanted to hear the girls sing. He was a teacher of music and, having heard about the music in this school, wanted to hear them. That the Japanese voice can be cultivated is no longer a disputed question. The government is seeking music teachers for the public schools, and is introducing the organ. This sentiment for music will increase yearly as Japan advances.

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FIELD OF LETTERS

THE SACRED BOOKS of the Old Testament. Both Human and Divine. A Study in Higher Criticism, by Edwin Williams, M. A., Trefecca College. Carnarvon C. M. Book Agency. Price $1.25.

This is one of the Series known as the Davies' Lectures, founded and endowed by Thomas Davies, of Bootle, near Liverpool, to perpetuate the memory of his late father. The lecture was delivered at the General Assembly held at Newport, Mon., S. W., in 1898, and has been enlarged and given the title of "A Study in Higher Criticism." This volume opens a new field of inquiry among the Welsh, who hitherto have been extremely conservative in Biblical knowledge. Although we have loved and studied the Bible in a literary way during the last century and a half, we have hitherto known but little of the science of religion. In a superficial way we have done considerable criticism with a view of establishing certain sectarian views, but criticism in the modern sense we have regarded as almost blasphemy. This Lecture, as an exponent of higher criticism, will awaken a new spirit. An earnest perusal of this book will serve to remove the prejudice which has prevented the Welsh mind from progressing with the light of the age. As the Author states, "The origin and progress of higher criticism are the fruit of the spirit of the age," and "higher critilism is therefore not necessarily sceptical. It is really a necessity of the age which has inherited the intellectural work of the past." There is certainly something chimerical in the old-fashionod belief that increased light and knowledge is destructive of truth. This volume furnishes a sketch of the history, the methods and results of higher criticism, and cannot fail to make a strong appeal to the earnest reader in favor of the good work of Biblical science.

In "Y Traethodydd" for July there are several substantial articles and papers on subjects which may interest the philosopher and the deep thinker. "The Ethical Philosophy of Dr. James Martineau," by J. Puleston Jones, M. A.; "Amiel's Journal," by H. Barrow Williams; "The Liverpool Welsh of the 19th Century," by Diogenes, will interest Liverpoolers greatly; "The Repentance of the Greeks and the Septuagint," by W. Glynne, B. A.; "Canon Williams, of Llanfaelog," by J. Myfenydd Morgan; "The Politics of Wales at the Beginning of the Last Century," by Griffith Ellis, M. A.; "The Atonement and Personality," by Owen Evans; Reviews, &c.

In "Yr Ymofynydd" the Rev. E. Gwilym Evans, B. A., Chesterfield, under the heading "The Advocates of Progress in Religion," gives an interesting sketch of the Rev. Rowland Williams, author of an article in "Essays and Reviews," which stirred the religious life of the church in the 60's, and of his trial for heresy. It shows the advance made during the last 40 years, a book having been just published by six Oxford Tutors, teaching the very doctrine for which the late Rowland Williams was persecuted. An old French writer once said that the heretics of one age

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are the orthodox of another. The author of "Nyth y Fran" has a readable and instructive discussion of a subject whic' Herbert Spencer refers in his lately-issued "Facts and Comments," viz., that genius has no connection with sectarianism,. that the Church of England or any other denomination has no monopoly of talent.

In his "Notes from the South," J. D. J. in July "Cronicl" refers to a discussion which took place in the Baptist Convention in Monmouthshire regarding chapel desecration. It was a common complaint that all manner of amusements and entertainments were held in chapels belonging to different denominations, even "plays" and "theatrical shows" being common events. Everything is done to collect a little money to meet current expenses. Very often chapels are miniature theatres. There is no doubt but that religion is thereby degraded.

—J. D. J. observes a slight increase of a fellow-feeling between the different sects in Wales, especially the Calvinistic Methodists and Congregationalists. At the Congregational United Meeting at Carmarthen, the Rev. G. Ellis, M. A., a C. M. minister, preached, which seems to promise a drawing together in the near future, but the writer insinuates that the drawing nearer is more on the side of the Congregationalists than on the other. A union of denomination in Wales would be an immense benefit.

Among other things of much interest to Welsh readers in the "Treasury," the English organ of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, is a beautiful cut of Dr. Aaron Davies, of Barry, S. W., with an interesting sketch of his life and work. Dr. Davies is one of the leading educators of Wales, and the work performed by him is remarkable. He has done more, probably, than any other Welshman. He is a native of Tredegar, Monmouthshire, and a son of the late Rev. William Davies, Ysgwyddgwyn. He was educated at private schools, and the Normal College at Swansea. He was minister of Bethlehem, Pontlottyn, for 36 years. Although in his 72nd year, he is remarkably hale. It is said that he has discovered the secret of perennial youth.

In "Trysorfa y Plant" for July, we find a fine portrait of Mr. Timothy Davies, Walham Green, London, a Welshman who has risen to prominency in the metropolis. He is the son of Mr. Henry Davies, Pantyffedwen, Carmarthenshire, S. W., and was born January 22, 1857. He comes from a good old stock, his grandfather being Timothy Davies, a Methodist preacher. Mr. Davies received the elements of education at Llanpumpsaint, and was apprenticed to a draper in Liverpool, from whence he removed to London, where he went into business, and became one of the leading merchants of South London. In 1901 he was elected Mayor of Fulham. Mr. Davies has been a very successful man.

"Y Drysorfa" for July has a fine portrait of the Rev. T. J. Wheldon, B. A., (Bangor), with a sketch of his life and career. Although Wheldon is an English name, Mr. Wheldon is thoroughly Welsh in spirit and life. He is supposed to be the only Welshman who wears the name. The Rev. R. H. Evans, Cambria, Wis., discusses a subject which has become extremely popular in Wales, viz., the Atonement. The Welsh, as a people, have a leaning toward theology. Then follow a sketch of the life of the Rev. John Hughes, Carneddau; "The Word," by the Rev. Lewis Morgan, Penderyn; Reminiscences of the late Rev. Edward Matthews; Monthly Notes, &c., &c.

"Y Dysgedydd" for July opens with a.

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sermon by the Rev. O. Evans, D. D., "Christ as a Reformer." "The Preacher and Preaching," by the Rev. D. Stanley Jones, Carnarvon, is worthy of notice. The writer is very jealous of the honor preaching, and is afraid education in Wales is going to ruin the prestige of the preacher. He thinks it it is a mistake to bring the theological colleges and the Universities together, because it will lead to the depreciation of the preacher and the elevation of the scholar in public estimation. The Welsh have been hitherto very partial to the preacher, to the neglect of the value of higher education. It is also patent that the extreme conservatism of the Welsh in matters pertaining to religion and learning is to be attributed to preaching. Welsh theological students and preachers are very strongly attached to the old system. There is hardly any progress amongst them. Higher education will serve to throw a new light amongst them. The author of the report of the meetings of the Welsh Congregational Union at Carnarvin, anent a paper read by Professor Rees on the subject of Higher Criticism, admits, after a careful consideration of its contents that the new teaching is but a continuation of the old with the advantage of increased light and learning. Higher Criticism will destroy nothing that is valuable and substantial. There is considerable prejudice against what is known as Higher Criticism.

In "Y Cerddor" Emlyn Evans gives a brief sketch of the evolution of congregational music in Wales, and concludes by criticizing and censuring sensibly the Welsh foible of immoderate love of tunes minor even to sickliness. Music of this kind affects the singing element almost instantaneously and all at once it gains a universal hold of the Welsh musical heart. It spreads like an infection. This failing seems to be proof against every reason. Such music as "Ton y Botel" is intoxicating; and it seems that total abstinence from such musical inebriety is the only way to meet the evil. This moaning and lachrymose music is considered among the Welsh as an essential part of religion, sacred music being to them synonymous with the minor key, but the trouble with this idea is that some Welsh have no awe to use these tunes over their cups in beer-shops.

In "Yr Haul," the Church organ in Wales, for June, there appears two contributions to the question of education. In both the argument is made for the claim of the Church for government support, but the fact is ignored that government now supports national education apart from sectarian religion. The Gladstonian plan was to make education secular, the only way to make it national. An ecclesiastical education cannot be national, and therefore cannot be supported by national taxes. Secular education is national; exception is made only when the sectarian disturbing element is introduced. The author of the article on page 260 argues that the efforts of the Church to educate should be recognized. Although it does not state "to educate ecclesiastically," that, in fact, is the true substance of the meaning.

The case is reduced to this: The Church claims support for teaching its peculiar views of religion in her voluntary schools, because children receive secular education only in the Board Schools. If mere effort to educate religion in schools should have government support, why should not the chapels in Wales have government support as well as the churches? How is it, that the one which has put forth a mightier effort has never had any support?

"Y Geninen" is a national magazine,

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but it confines its pages almost exclusively to biographies and personal sketches of notable Welshmen. An occasional article dealing with philosophical, social and religious subjects appears, but such discussions are extremely rare. It has a monopoly of some subjects, such as the Eisteddfod. In the July number there appears a discussion as to whether the National Eisteddfod is worth holding. It has done very little to educate and improve the Welsh mind. It has established no means of education and culture, and all it has performed has been furnishing the people with four days' amusement and entertainment annually. The receipts are annually swallowed up by current expenditures, a good part of which might be curtailed. It is ephemeral in its influence. Considering the years it has been flourishing it has enriched the literature of Wales but little. Its annual prize productions are remembered only in name and fame.

The other articles are as follows: "Glan Cunllo," "A Critique of the History of Old Shon Llwyd, a Story in rhyme by D. R. Jones, of Cambria, Wis.," by Prof. G. Prys Williams, B. A. This poem which has a very cool reception among the Welsh is a narrative of much power and beauty, and a far more interesting study of social and religious life among the Welsh than a good many more popular books. "Dyffryn Cynon," by the late Jenkin Powell is a humorous description of old characters in the Aberdare valley; "Henry Richard and Arbitration;" "Welsh Literature During the Latter Half of the 18th Century;" "The Life and Genius of Islwyn;" "Thomas Maurice, Poet and Historian;" and a large collection of short poems.

We cannot commend "Cymru" too highly as the national magazine. It is characterized by one quality which is extremely rare in Welsh literature of late, viz., a love of nature. Every number of "Cymru" furnishes articles on subjects pertaining to nature, and these should become more numerous in Welsh magazines. A love and a knowledge of nature is at the root of civilization as well as religion. Civilization means the proper use of the powers and opportunities of nature that surround us. We cannot be happy living in ignorance and in contempt of God's creation. Such articles as "April Days" lead us into the fields and into the woodlands; and such as "The Old Fishing Tackle of Nant Conwy" and "Pen y Gwryd" delight us with mountain and river views and surroundings which has a renascent influence on minds cooped up in towns and cities.

The long-spun out series of articles on the Boer War which continued in "Cwrs" for two and a half years, collapsed suddenly. A closing article should have been prepared to furnish a becoming conclusion. The writer had been throughout extremely bitter and bigoted, and was probably disgusted with the peace settlement. "Oliver Cromwell" continues his dissertation on the wrongs perpetrated in the name of Christianity. Chap. V. of the Series, "Spirits of the Age," by Sem Luke, is "The Moderate Drinker." The Editor in his remarks "Hither and Thither," attends to good many subjects which he criticizes in his usual piquant manner. He has no love for royalty, and the least cause will excite his rage against a king or a prince. "If a king is good for anything," he says "it is to patronize brewers and horse racing," &c., referring to Edward VII. Under the caption "What Will be the End?" he gives an interesting sketch of the treatment of labor strikes from the time of the erection of the pyramids in Egypt down to the Penrhyn lock-out. It shows the greatly improved attitude of governments towards labor.

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SCIENTIFIC

Rest and quiet are most commendable during the heated portion of the day, and one is wise to dress loosely and for comfort, and to avoid unnecessary exertion.

To nervous people especially a little light refreshment before resting is not only harmless but a valuable factor in promoting sleep. Of course the stomach should not be overloaded; but a cup of light gruel, or even a glass of hot milk will bring restful sleep to many a victim of insomnia.

Fainting as a result of violent emotion is a common experience. We see in it one of those automatic arrangements for warding off organic disasters of which there are many. There comes into play, through the action of the vagus nerve, a sudden reigning in of the heart; it ceases to act and the pressure on the blood-vessels ceases to be dangerous.—Herbert Spencer.

In a society where each man sets himself to obtain wealth the difficulty of obtaining an honest living tends to become greater and greater. The more keenly a society pants to obtain "that which pleases," and puts it forward as the first and great consideration the more puerile and worthless will their art become.—"Maude."

There are two Gods. There is the God that people generally believe in, a God who has to serve them (sometimes in very refined ways, say by merely giving them peace of mind). This God does not exist. But the God whom people forget, the God whom we all serve, exists and is the prime cause of our existence and of all we perceive.—Tolstoy.

It is our good fortune to live in a day of the evolution of evolution, and this is giving a new meaning to the very word progress and makes us feel that the world is rational and beneficent to the core, and that where conscious purpose and effort fail we sink back into everlasting arms. This is a sanifying point of view authorized now by boun science and religion, and is a good psychic state to sleep on or in which to enter the great rest.—Ainslee's.

"If you desire to know how much you ought to eat per diem you must first determine whether you are temperamentally anabolic or katobolic. Then, taking into account your age, sex, size, the amount of exercise you get and the the temperature of the atmosphere, you should calculate the amount of food necessary to maintain the minimum weight of the body consistent with the best health of which you are capable." —"Lancet."

Dishonestyy and unkindness shall one day be the only heresies; lack of consideration and sympathy, the only infidelity. The one who fails to see in the splendid devotion of the ignorant idol worshiper, or in the ascending grass blade, expressions of the longing and the aspiration infinite, shall be the only atheist.—"Unity."

Everywhere the cry is educate, educate, educate! Everywhere the belief is that by such culture as schools furnish, children, and therefore adults, can be moulded into the desired shapes. It is assumed that when men are taught

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what is right, they will do what is right; that a proposition intellectually accepted will be morally operative. And yet this conviction is contradiced by every-day experience, is at variance with an every-day axiom—the axiom that each faculty is strengthened by exercise of it—intellectual power by intellectual action, and moral power by moral action.—"Facts and Comments."

Mill's indictment of society remains unanswered and unanswerable. It is evidently wrong that "the produce of labor should be apportioned as we now see it, almost in an inverse ratio to the labor—the largest portions to those who had never worked at all, the next largest to those whose work is nominal, and so on in a descending scale, the remuneration dwindling as the work grows harder and more disagreeable, until the most fatiguing and exhausting bodily labor cannot count with certainty on being able to earn even the necessaries of life."

Music-performers and teachers of music are corrupters of music. This is a paradox most people will think extremely absurd. Musical audiences at the present day are in the same relative position. They appreciate but little the musical ideas and feeling of the composer, or the effective rendering of them; but an extraordinary feat of vocalization, or a display of marvelous gymnastics on the violin, brings a round of applause. This vitiation is one of the indirect results of the aim on the part of professionals not to render most perfectly the ideas of the composer, but so to play as to increase their own earnings.—Herbert Spencer: "Facts and Comments."

The day will come, and it is rapidly approaching, when the trust will say to the working class, "You have built up the manufacturing plants of this country to such an extent and to such perfection that we do not require your service to build any more, and we do not require many of you to operate those already built, so automatic has your ingenuity made them," then may we expect the working class to at last awaken to the real significance of the trust. The workingman will only vote for the Public Ownership of Trusts when lack of employment will force him to do so in order to preserve his existence.—"Wiltshire Magazine."

The materialistic theory is that human creatures, whatever their first beginning, have emerged by extremely slow degrees from the condition of animals. All the knowledge that they possess have been accumulated by experience. Their creeds have been the successive opinions which they have formed on themselves and the phenomena surrounding them, and they have developed by natural laws according to the circumstances in which they have been placed—soil, climate, local situation, and the thousand other conditions which affect the human character.—Froude.

Trust control of any industry means the application of trust methods. Trust method means the systematic elimination of every item of cost that can be dispensed with. It means the substitution of cunning mechanism for human handiwork as far as possible. It means the substitution of women and children for men in every department where men can be thus displaced. It means a reduction of prices just to the exact point that will squeeze out competition. Then follows absolute control of price and product.—"Detroit Tribune."

Once more, optimism is one of the supreme sedatives. There are men who worry because the sun will some time go out and the earth grow cold like

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the moon; or the coal measures be exhausted or the fertile areas of the world dry up because of the denudation of forests, but the philosophy of health is that the best things have not happened, that man's history has only just begun, that, on the whole, there has been steady progress, that in virtue, comfort, knowledge, arts, religion, and nearly, if not quite, all the essentials of the further development of man, faith in human nature and belief in a future better than the present is the conclusion of every philosophy of development and evolution.

In the morning, on waking, the mouth of even the healthiest person is anything but wholesome. Warmth and moisture favor the decay of food particles, the formation of corrosive acids and other deleterious products, which attack the teeth and injure the mucus membrane of the mouth. The slowing of the circulation during the night deposits a coating, and allows the secretions to become stale and thick. To swallow this septic matter deteriorates the gastric juice, and will, at length, overcome normal resistance to a greater or less extent.

All over the United States there grows a plant known as mullen. This can be gathered during the summer months at little or no cost. Ten or fifteen good sized plants of mullen hung up in a dry place would be a sufficient quantity to last one patient for a year. After the leaves are dried and thoroughly pulverizable they should be smoked in a common clay pipe. If some of the smoke is inhaled and blown out through the nose, the medicinal effect of the mullen leaves will be heightened. In some cases of hay fever, smoking mullen leaves gives instant relief. There are a great many people who have hay fever and spend a great deal of money without obtaining any considerable relief, whom this simple remedy would cure.—"Medical Talk."

IMPROVING ON NATURE.

For years the scientific gardener has been gathering apples from pear trees, and picking cherries and damsons off the same branches, and, though the quest of the black tulip has so far been in vain, the blue rose, we are told, has at last arrived at Kew Gardens. Years ago horticulturists were interested in the announcement that a nurseryman at Essy, in Slavonia, had secured a wild rose from Servia which was said to give blooms of a deep violet blue, and that, after two years of cultivation, the rose retained its color. But there is still an uncertainty whether the blue tint was natural or produced by chemical means, in the same way as another horticulturist is known to have produced a black rose. Most people will be content, no doubt, with the "red, red rose that sweetly blooms in June," and nobody will very much deplore the failure of the efforts to produce roses of black, or blue or green or any other unnatural color.

More pardonable, perhaps, is the hobby of the man who would grow a universal fruit tree. Even this, of course, is contrary to all the laws of nature, and ought by natural law to be abolished. But there is a farmer in Herefordshire who insists, it is said, on gathering—not grapes from thistles, but pears and plums and apples from cherry trees. Many years ago the enterprising farmer grafted these alien fruits on to his cherry tree, and by careful cultivation the four branches have been brought to full fruition. Many of the visitors to Naples have seen a famous tree there on which oranges and lemons grow side by side. —"St. James's Gazette."

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The old cry of "Wales for the Welsh" is dead. In future it will be "Welsh for Wales."

Llandudno enjoys the high privilege of the lowest death-rate of any watering-place in the United Kingdom.

A brass tablet to the memory of Queen Victoria has been placed in the entrance hall of the Llandudno Town Hall by Miss Louisa Roberts, late of Wave Crest.

Mr. Carnegie to-day brackets Wales and Scotland. Merthyr had the same idea when it returned a Welsh and a Scotch representative, while Mr. D. A. Thomas also bracketted himself with Scotland when he took unto himself a Scotch wife.

The silver medal won by Robert Davies (Bardd Nantglyn) at the Wrexham Eisteddfod eighty-two years ago for the best ode on "Teyrnasiad Sior III.," is now in the possession of the poet's grand-nephew, Mr. R. A. Williams, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Windsor, Canada.

Bassaleg is owned by Lord Tredegar, and it has been in his family for many a long century. It was owned by an ancestor of his in the time of Dafydd ap Gwilym, and was at that time called Maesaleg. The poet has a line referring to the frequent songs heard at the old seat—

"A solos yn Maesaleg."

How the place came to be called Bassaleg is one of the mysteries of Welsh nomenclature.

Bravo, Cymro! Mr. John Lewis Williams, Doorfil Road, Blaenau Festiniog, who six years ago was employed at the Llechwedd Quarry, Festiniog, and who graduated B. A. with honors from Bangor College last year, has won a scholarship of £60 a year for three years tenable at Mansfield College, Oxford.

A handsome baton of ivory and mounted in silver, with the following inscription, "An offering of gratitude and esteem from past and present members of the Band of Harps, May, 1902," has just been presented to Mr. John Thomas, the King's harpist.

It is believed in one Welsh county that Pembrokeshire people are physically the finest in Wales. On the grand jury at the recent assizes there three gentlemen were empanelled, each of them considerably over six feet in height, one being six feet five-and-a-quarter in his stockings.

It is stated that a number of Welsh cattle have been shipped to South Africa to the order of Colonel Owen Thomas. A correspondent in the "Western Mail" says: "In appearance Welsh and Dutch black cattle are, barring the hair, much alike, but the former are well bred, while inbreding for half a century has degenerated the Dutch stock to a good extent."

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David Lloyd-George, a Member of Parliament from Wales, tells a good story on himself in connection with a Disestablishment meeting in which he has been taking part in Wales. A few days previous, it seems, there had been a Church Defence meeting held in the same place, at which a certain prominent dignitary of the Establishment had spoken, referring to whom Mr. Lloyd-George's chairman observed: "In my opinion that Churchman is one of the biggest liars in North Wales, but, thank goodness, we've got a match for him here to-night!"

Morien is engaged in the completion of an "ancient and modern history of Pontypridd and Rhondda Valley," which is shortly to be published. The district is one teeming with historical interest, and Morien, who knows every foot of it, from the Rocking Stone to Caer Moesau, will doubtless give us a racy, readable volume. The "ancient and modern" adjectives are fully justified, for Morien starts with the days of Cadwgan y Fwyell, and even earlier, and one of his closing chapters deals with the sad fate of poor little Willie Llywelyn, "lost on Caer Moesau Mountain, 1902."

Proceedings at a late Glamorgan Quarter Sessions were enlivened by a prosecutrix from Senghenydd. There were certain melancholy circumstances in the case, but she provided fun when it came to a question of which language her evidence should be given in. At first they tried her in English, but she protested that she must speak in Welsh. Counsel and the chairman tried to induce her to continue as she had begun —in English—but she swept them out of the way with such an amazing torrent of Welsh that Mr. Thomas (the official interpreter) was sent for. After that she pleased herself—answered some questions before they were translated to her, sometimes spoke in English and sometimes in Welsh.

Topers in the olden days, judging by an old rhyme, which is supposed to have been composed by "Twm o'r Nant," were not such hard drinkers as the present generation makes them out to be. This is alleged to have been "Twm's" experience:

"Poen yw peint,
Diboen yw deubeint;
Trafferth yw tripheint,
Daru pen wna pedwar peint."

In other words, one pint of ale affords more pain than pleasure; two pints satisfy the inner man; three pints are more than a man can conveniently carry, while four pints place one's brain in torments. Many artisans nowadays drink their gallon and a half of beer in a day, while Devonshire laborers can manage two gallons of cider and yet enunciate "trury rural" with perfect clearness.

The paragraph in the "Western Mail" of recent date concerning early ironworks in Aberdare suggests the explanation of the name, "Quakers' Yard," on the Taff line, which has often puzzled travellers from Cardiff. The history of the name is as follows:—These early ironworkers were from Sussex, and included a number of Quakers, who settled, or squatted, in the district. Some lived in farms such as "Cook," after whom a farm on the hills is called to this day. At the bend of the Taff they had their graveyard, and this is the Quakers' Yard which has been a puzzle to so many. Quakers have now long ago died out in the district, in the same way as the Jacobites, who also up to a century ago were to be met with, and sang "Charlie is my darling" at the Old Harp of Gelligaer.

Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, the Quaker historian, paid a high tribute to the

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Rev. Professor Hugh Williams, M. A., of the Bala Theological College, at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society recently held in the Exeter Hall. Said he: "A week or two ago I went to the little Welsh town of Bala in order to get the benefit of the historical erudition of Professor Williams, who is one of the men most deeply learned in early British history, and who is professor in the Methodist College at that place. From him I learned the story, which I daresay I had often heard before, but, as I had not connected it with and definite town it had not sunk deeply into my mind—from him I heard the story of something which had to do with the foundation of the Bible Society." The story referred to was that of Mary Jones and her Bible.

A late number of "Celtia' contains two very interesting suggestions. The first comes from "Ruthenicus," who writes from Epernay to ask whether the right time has not come—since we are looking forward to a flag, a rallying word, and a national hymn—to create a Pan-Celtic post-stamp? "How pleasant," he writes, "it would be for us when we write to our Celtic brothers, to put beside the official post-stamp the emblem of Pan-Celtism, an evolution of the past and a trust in the future! What a comforting thought, especially for the Celts on the Continent. Who will for a moment forget the sight of Celtia's sweet face, the ugly Jewess, which is imposed on them by their masters of the day. (The present French post-stamp bears the effigy of a Jewish woman). To work, then, valiant artists of Celtia, until we meet for the next Congress, to which we hope you will join us."

Mr. Editor: The Welsh englyn is constructed in a way so as to repeat the consonants while changing the vowels. It is a kind of fire-cracker concentrated stanza, and somewhere near the end is supposed to be concealed an explosive thought or idea. The first line of an englyn serves as a fuse, in the second the mystery is increased, and the third and last line, the last line generally, is suspected to explode in a peculiar way. The explosion is largely consonantal—there is a certain clash of letters. The following may serve as an example:

Rhodder llaeth er maeth i rai man—a
Ar y genau egwan; [gwin
Ond cig moch yn y crochan
Yw bri cawr—a bara can.

With "a bara can" there is a triple explosion, like certain kinds of crackers. The englyn may be rendered in English thus:

Give to the young ones milk as meat
And wine the sick ones' lips to greet.
But with boiled bacon must be fed
The giant man—and brown wheat bread!

In the last line we have unfortunately improved on the original, where the englyn uses "white bread." "White bread" or baker's bread has ruined many a Welsh "cylla." The Welsh of a hundred years ago never knew what dyspepsia was, because they ate barley and whole wheat bread. It is often the case that an englyn sometimes explodes all right as far as the letters are concerned, but the idea is fizzled. The racket of the explosion, though, atones for the damaged poetic thought in the opinion of the alliterative poet.

—Subscriber.

"Snowdon," says Dr. Newman Hall in his autobiography, "recalls one of the most interesting incidents of my ministry. I started one afternoon to sleep on the summit. When halfway up heavy rains fell and I turned back; but when I reached the bottom the sky cleared and I resumed my climb. I slept on a plank in the then wretched

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little hut. During the night I was charmed by the hymns and anthems of companies of quarrymen who were giving up their rest to see the grand sunrise which their knowledge of local signs foretold. My 'landlord' roused me early, and I sat on the top of the cairn that I might enjoy the phenomenon undisturbed. No words can describe it—the level sky, the first level rays goldening a hundred peaks, the shadow of our mountain slowly creeping over Anglesey, and a score of lakes gleaming in the sunshine! But I was recognized and entreated to descend from my pulpit and preach to about a hundred Welshmen and a dozen Englishmen. I replied that God was preaching to us, and we had better hear His voice. But I offered prayer, and when I closed I noticed that several men were shedding tears. The miners, in groups, marched away, singing in their thrilling minor key.

"A year after, when I was knapsacking near Snowdon, a man driving a cart containing cheese and live pig pulled up and asked if he might give me a lift. I felt a good opportunity for conversation. He had recognized me, and, speaking of that sunrise, said it resulted in the conversion of fifty people. I said that I had only offered prayer. He said: 'Yes, and as they only spoke Welsh they did not understand a word you said; but the effect was a revival in the village churches near.'"

Revivals in Wales appear to be events of the past, but a correspondent refers to one in Wales in 1859-60 which was known as the revival of Dafydd Morgan, Yspitty. In the locality of Talgarth an Independent Church was about the first to experience it. The correspondent says that on one particular morning in the summer of 1860 even the horses in the stables and the dogs entered into the peacefulness of the scene. After prayer and singing the Rev. Thomas Evans, now of Swansea, preached until the old saints in the big pew began to grow restless. One man was standing on his feet weeping, while his brother was shouting "Amen!" in the minor key. Another hearer was beating the floor with his staff, which caused a good deal of noise, while a chorus of shouts came from various earnest worshippers. Commenting upon this description, a Primitive Methodist minister mentioned that when he first began to preach he was compelled by the chorus of "Amens!" to stop the discourse for a time; "but," he added pathetically, "there is no fear of my coming to a pause from that cause now."

An important Welsh pastorate in London is that of the Calvinistic Methodist Church at Charing Cross, which has been vacant since the death, last year, of the Rev. Abraham Roberts. The vacancy has now been filled by the appointment of the Rev. P. Hughes Griffiths, of Swansea—a young preacher of considerable powers. The buildings connected with this church cost £18,000, of which sum only £2,000 remains as debt. This is a most praiseworthy achievement when it is remembered that the church is composed principally of young people occupying situations in the trading establishments of the districts.

The "Drafod," the organ of the Welsh people in Patagonia, states that just before some of the Welsh settlers left for Canada the population of the colony was 7,500. The animals numbered 128,410 cows, 764,999 sheep, 621 asses and donkeys, 1,009 pigs, and 10,557 fowls. The colony contains 1,561 dwelling houses, making one for every five of the inhabitants.

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PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

JUDGE NOAH DAVIS.

The late Judge Noah Davis was born in the State of New Hampshire, about 83 years ago. His parents were of genuine Welsh extraction, hence the correctness of his oft-quoted statement that he was a "double-barreled Welshman," and truly, Judge Davis was a thorough Welshman in thought and in feeling, proud of the land of his fathers, and warmly devoted to the best interests of his race.

JUDGE NOAH DAVIES.

When Judge Davis was a mere child, his father brought his little family and his household goods across Vermont, and settled at Albion, in western New York, whereat Judge Davis completed the first thirty years of his life, where he was admitted to the bar, and became a leader of the professional and intellectual life of his community.

After many years of successful law practice, he served one term as a member of the lower House of Congress, and in the Presidential year of 1872, he was appointed by Gen. Grant to the office of U. S. District Attorney for the N. Y. District; later on he was elected Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New York State, in which office he did valiant service by the prosecution and downfall of the notorious "Tweed Ring" in New York City.

Judge Davis's associations with St. David's Society of the State of New York were of a peculiarly agreeable and satisfactory nature; there he was afforded the opportunity for special friendly intimacies, many congenial personal activities, a welcome outlet for his acute poetic sense, his well-known love of humor, and an exhibit of the moral courage and bold obstinacy of the true Celt!

Judge Davis retained his intellectual and much of his physical vigor until he had well passed his eightieth birthday,

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and to the latter end he preserved his wonted serenity, cheerfulness and good will. He maintained an unswerving and child-like faith in an over-ruling Divine Providence, and he "fell on sleep" with a sure and abiding hope in the resurrection of the dead, the salvation of the soul, and a blissful immortality in realms beyond the grave.—Ap D.

An abstract from the Society's minutes of June 16, 1902:

"The officers and members of St. David's Society of the State of New York, assembled in their quarterly meeting, this 16th day of June, 1902, have learned of the death of the Hon. Noah Davis, ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of New York State, with profound sorrow and great regret.

Judge Davis was a life member of the Society since March, 1887. He served as its President in 1889 and 1900, and during his membership of fifteen years, he zealously promoted its welfare, and effectually used his influence in extending the scope of its usefulness and prestige.

As an expression of the Society's high estimation of Judge Davis' private and public life, its deep appreciation of his valuable services as a member and officer, its admiration of his uniform courtesy, philanthropy and patriotism, and its recognition, of the learning, eloquence and integrity, whereby he elevated and adorned his profession, as advocate and jurist,

Resolved, that this memorial be placed in full in the Society's minutes, and an engrossed copy thereof, signed by the President and by the Secretary, and bearing the official seal, be transmitted to the late Judge Davis' surviving family, with whom in their sad bereavement the officers and members of St. David's Society unfeignedly sympathize."

(Signed) THOMAS L. JAMES,
(Seal) President,
JOSIAH D. EVANS,
Secretary.

WILLIAM MILES.

Mr. William Miles, one of the oldest inhabitants of Greater New York, who was identified prominently with banking and other interests in the city, died on the 16th inst., at his home, 134 Keap Street, Brooklyn. He was 90 years old. His death was due to advanced age, and the effects of the summer heat. A widow, three children and several grand-children survive him. A son, Mr. William Miles, Jr., as a member of the real estate firm of Miles and Melfer; one daughter is the wife of Dr. Warren A. James, Brooklyn; and another daughter is the wife of Mr. W. R. Carter, real estate agent, Brooklyn.

Mr. Miles was born at St. Fagans, near Cardiff, South Wales, in 1812. He came to New York when about 12 years old. For many years he was successfully engaged in the leather trade, but the banking business early attracted his attention, and to the latter he devoted most of his energies. He was one of the original incorporators of the Nassau Bank and from 1852 to 1879 he was a director of that institution. He founded the Six-penny Savings Bank, of which he became President. Besides his banking interests, Mr. Miles became associated with many other commercial enterprises. He was one of the original incorporators of the Hamilton Fire Insurance Co., of which he was a director from the date of its incorporation in 1852 till his death. He was, also, one of the incorporators of the Cypress Hills Cemetery, of which he was president when he died, and in which he was the largest individual owner. He was the owner of considerable real estate in New York, and, also, of large coal fields, &c., in and around Scranton, Pa.

Mr. Miles was one of the founders of the Iona Lodge, F. & A. M., of the society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, and of the St. David's Society of the State of

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New York. He served the latter as one of its presidents for eight terms, contributing continuously and liberally towards its maintenance and the upbuilding of its permanent fund. He was one of its directors and a member of several of its special committees when he died. Since the Society's incorporation in 1835, Mr. Miles was present at nearly all of its 67 annual dinners.

WILLIAM MILES.

About 20 years ago Mr. Miles retired from active business, but continued to take a keen interest in the various institutions and societies wherewith he was connected. He was noted for his benevolent and philanthropic work, especially so amongst his own country people in New York; his well-filled purse and his wide sympathy being always at the service of all worthy distressed Welsh applicants.

The different Welsh churches in New York will greatly miss his genial presence at their periodical social gatherings, and the absence of his liberal contributions toward their various financial undertakings will be deeply lamented.

Mr. Miles' funeral services were held at his former home, on Friday evening, July 18th, Rev. Anthony H. Evans, D. D., chaplain of the Society, officiating on the occasion. He was assisted by Rev. Dr. D. Parker Morgan and others. St. David's Society was represented at the gathering of mourners by a large number of its leading officers and members, and by a handsome floral wreath it had ordered placed on Mr. Miles's casket.

At a special meeting of the Society, held July 17, 1902, a committee was appointed consisting of the President, Thomas L. James, and all the surviving former Presidents of the Society, with Julien T. Davies as chairman, to draft suitable resolutions of sympathy with the family of the late Mr. William Miles.
Ap Daniel.

———o:o———

Mr. William Anwyl, a former resident of Wilkesbarre, Pa., and lately engaged by the Trinity Church of Utica, is the possessor of a fine tenor voice. Being of a quiet and unassuming nature, the only means he employs to commend his voice to the public is his excellent singing. He has not yet adopted the common way of advertising his vocal talent, and thereby force his merits on

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the public. His only patronage is the fine work he performs. He is a musical student of promise.

David W. Morgan, who served as postmaster under the Harrison administration from 1890 to 1894, was again appointed by President Roosevelt and took charge of the office July 5th, 1902, at Franklin, Pa. Mr. Morgan was appointed by reason of his qualification, as his standing both in the department and at home was of the highest in his conduct of the office in his former term. D. W. Morgan is a Welshman, born in Merthyr Tydfil, S. W. He has been a successful merchant in Franklin for 35 years.

An outing of the members of Cambrian Lodge of A. T. I. to Far Rockaway Beach took place Saturday, July 18, leaving from 34th St. Ferry. Two trolley cars being comfortably filled with True Ivorites, their families and friends, arriving at Far Rockaway in a little over two hours. They made straight for the well-known beautiful beach, where the party enjoyed themselves in sports and walks along the beach. On the return journey, the true Welsh feeling seized the party and several Welsh airs were sung and enjoyed on the way home till the Long Island Depot was reached. There was also a good attendance of the Welsh Ivorites from the Glyndwr Lodge. Mr. John F. Evans, the worthy President, Mr. W. Richardson and Dr. David E. Jones, President and Vice President of the Cambrian Lodge, Mr. John F. Williams and W. A. Thomas, President and Vice President of "Glyndwr," and T. Rowlands, representative of both lodges at the Ivorite Convention held at New Castle, Pa., were present. The credit for the splendid arrangements which secured such an outing of pleasure and enjoyment is due Mr. W. E. Jones. The Cambrian Lodge of Cambro-American Ivorites is making great progress, and seems to have a bright and useful future before it.—Lyn Mon.

Mr. J. E. Morris in his new work on the Welsh wars of Edward the First—a work of permanent interest to Welsh students—gives an account of the siege of Emlyn. There was a "new castle" there at that time. Edward captured the castle by means of a big engine, by the help of which he had demolished Dryslwyn Castle some time previously. The engine was taken by way of St. Clears to Cardigan, then up along the right side of the Teify to Emlyn. Mr. Morris does not state where it was posted, but possibly it was on the Cardiganshire side of the river, opposite the castle Edward's headquarters is supposed by some historians to have been a little out of the town in a meadow called since "Dol-y-Brenin," or the King's Meadow.

There was an old North Wales woman, named Mary Mottershead, who in the year 1558 kept a tavern at Chester called the Blue Posts. One night there stayed at the house the Dean of St. Paul's, who was on his way to Ireland with a commission from Queen Mary. The old woman heard him rapping his leathern-box and exclaiming, "This will lash the heretics of Ireland." The sharp-witted landlady had a brother in Dublin, and, thinking harm might come to him, quietly took out the commission, and placed in the box a pack of cards. The anger and surprise of the dean can be well imagined when, too late, he discovered his loss, and before a fresh authority could be procured Queen Mary was dead. Old Mrs. Mottershead enjoyed a pension from Elizabeth of £40 a year.

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Original and Selected Miscellany.

If a girl kisses you don't kiss her back. Kiss her lips.

Molly—"What's is mem'ry, mother?"

Dolly—"Oh, Molly, don't you know? It's the thing you forget with."

"What's the matter?" asked the rooster, "more absent-mindedness?" "Yes," replied the hen, "I can never find things where I lay them."

A machine to lay bricks is industrial science's latest contribution to human progress. A machine to put up stovepipes should come next.

A Birmingham contemporary says that "Ar D'wysog Gwlad y Bryneau" is Welsh for "God Bless the Prince of Wales." Equally true is it that "Nil desperandum" means "Too many cooks spoil the broth."

The inhabitants of Gujerat are convinced that the rats are reincarnations of their friends who died in the last famine, and it is for this reason that the British officials have found it impossible to get any assistance in destroying the pests.

A Marysville schoolma'am was teaching her class the mysteries of grammar. "Now, Johnny," said she, "in what tense do I speak when I say 'I am beautiful?'" The little fellow answered quick as a wink, "The past."

Liberty is glorious. It is liberty that gives human nature fair play, and allows each singularity to show itself. For one unpleasant oddity which it brings forth it gives the world ten thousand great and useful examples.—Montesquieu.

Figures of speech change their meanings with climates. To "throw cold water" on a scheme or movement is with us to destroy it. Not so in India. A number of native preachers there have presented the Rev. T. J. Jones, M. A., their missionary, with an address, thanking him and others for sprinkling the spiritual desert of Cachar with the cold water of the gospel.

The Dutch have many strange customs, but one of the strangest is their habits of smoking in church. A similar practice exists in several churches in South America. Smoking in churches in Great Britain is said to have been prevalent at the end of the 16th and the beginning of the 17th century. In Wales smoking in church was indulged in as late as 1850. In one church the communion table stood in the aisle, and the farmers were in the habit of putting their hats upon it, and when the service began they lighted their pipes and smoked, without any thought of irreverence in the act.—"The Fireside Gem."

A popular remedy for hydrophobia in West Wales in times gone by was the famous rabies stone which was kept at Waunifor, in Cardiganshire. Some grains of the stone taken in milk was considered a safer remedy than that ob-

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tained at the Pasteur Institute. The stone was grated down in course of time into very small dimensions, and is now said to be in the custody of Mr. Lloyd, of Gilfachwen, Llandyssul.

It will be fifty-five years on the 5th of August, 1902, since our government sold its first postage stamp. In the five years following its issue of stamps amounted to only $274,710 in value, but its stamp output, swelling with the growth of the country, has steadily increased every year since, until now it has gone far into the millions, and has come to be regarded as an indicator of the business condition of the country.

An American was once upbraiding a Japanese for his nation's taste for live fish, when the Japanese retorted by saying there was not much difference between eating live fish and live oysters, the latter being a practice to which Americans are addicted. Now here is another one. A sailor from an American ship was watching a Chinaman placing a dish of rice by the grave of a departed friend. "When do you expect your friend to come out and eat that?" asked the sailor. "Samee time you frin come out to smellee flowers you puttee on your graves," answered the heathen Chinee.

Bishop Leonard (Episcopal), of Salt Lake City, says: "The Mormons are not nearly as bad as they are represented to be. A great many people think that polygamy is still going on and flourishing under the protection of the Mormon Church, but that is not so. The church has given its word that it is not fostering polygamy, and I think it should be taken at its word. There is much talk about the Mormons spreading out and preaching their doctrines in other States. Why shouldn't they? I say it is to the credit of the church that it is so, and I am not going to criticise adversely because it is more industrious than other churches. The Mormons are good people. As to polygamy, time and education will right that."

A booklet—"The Eleventh Australian Tour"—just issued, prints a story which was current in Australia some time ago:

When it was announced that Australia was going to send a contingent to the war in South Africa Kruger called Gen. Joubert and said to him: "I see that some people called Australians are coming over; do you know much about them?" "I don't know much about them," replied Joubert, "but I am told on good authority that eleven of them beat all England a year or two ago, so that they must be a pretty good lot." "Heavens," said Kruger, "and they say that 5000 of them are coming here."

Mark Twain tells a story of an old colored man in the South who professed to have known George Washington. "I asked him," says the humorist, "if he had been in the boat when George Washington crossed the Delaware, and he instantly replied: 'Lor, massa, I steered dat boat.' 'Well,' says I, 'do you remember when George took the hack at the cherry tree?" He looked worried for a minute, and then, with a beaming smile, said: 'Why, suah, massa, I dun drove date hack mahself.'"

"Here we care nothing for the boy's birthplace, for the boy's grade, for his social standing; here we care nothing save for his worth i. he is able to show it. Here you represent with almost mathematical exactness the country geographically. You are drawn from every walk of life by a method meant to insure, and which in a great majority of cases does insure, nothing but active youth. Here you come together as representatives of America in the higher and more peculiar sense than

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can possibly be true of any other institution in the land, save your sister college that makes similar preparation for the service of the country on the seas. (Applause.)—Pres. Roosevelt at West Point.

Passengers in an uptown car one afternoon last week were very much entertained and amused by a discussion of things spiritual by two colored passengers. As the debate waxed warmer the voices of the debaters grew louder until what was said was plainly audible to all in the car. After each had made a confession of faith and given his views of the means whereby mortal man could gain salvation one of the pair blurted out in a tone that implied that all his hope for the next world was embodied in the words:

"Well, sah, I b'lieve day what's gwine to be is sho'ly gwine to be."

"Huh," grunted his companion contemptuously, 'den yo' b'lieves in premeditashun."—Baltimore Sun.

King Edward VII. is credited with the saying that it is vastly easier to live up to the obligations of a play king than to those of a real one; and the same thought, with a slightly different turn, was once expressed by President Lincoln. In 1862 Col. Alexander of Topeka, who was an intimate friend of the President, visited him at Washington and found him in a greatly depressed state of mind.

"This being President isn't all it is cracked up to be, is it Mr. Lincoln?" inquired Colonel Alexander.

"No," said Lincoln, his eyes twinkling momentarily. "I feel sometimes like the Irishman, who, after being ridden on a rail said: 'Begorry, if it wasn't for the honor av the thing I'd rather walk."—"London Spectator."

A story is told in a weekly journal which points a moral. A few weeks ago a young man bought a pair of socks containing a note saying that the maker was a Welsh girl and wanted a good husband. She gave her name, and requested the buyer, if an unmarried man, to write with a view to matrimony. The young man who found the note considered the matter in all its phases, and decided to communicate with the writer. He did. Awaiting the answer with considerable anxiety, he was at last rewarded with a curt letter stating that the girl was now the mother of two children, and had been married four years, and that the letter he had answered had been written ever so long ago. This was a surprise, and the young man hunted for a solution. He found it. The merchant of whom he bought the socks does not advertise.

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RHODE'S TOMB.

Mr. Herbert Baker, who carried out so many of Mr. Rhodes' architectural and artistic designs, writes: "As there appears to be but little knowledge of the nature of the site of Mr. Rhodes' rock-tomb, a short description may help the public to realise it. The famous indaba with the Matabele chiefs was held at the edge of the Matoppo Mountains. 'The World's View' is about ten miles in the recesses of them. The mountains consists of an endless sea of hills, some quite precipitous, some rocky, and some smooth, pointless cones of solid rock. Between are forests and high waving grass, which in winter takes hues of crimson and gold, such as are rarely seen in South Africa. On the top of one of the largest waves of this ocean of granite kopies is a circle or some six or seven giant monoliths, stained with green and orange lichen; a Druidical circle it would be called in England, and seems placed there by the hand of Nature for the burial-place of great men. The monument commemorating the Matabele War and the conquest of the

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country will be built just outside this natural monolithic portico, rising out of the precipitous rock, down which solid steps will be hewn, as at the Acropolis of Athens. Within the charmed circle Mr. Rhodes' simple tomb will be."

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KITCHENER'S RETURN.

R. C. Mathews, Covington, Ky.

With honor from war's gory field,
The noble victor has returned;
Unsullied is the nation's shield—
Devotion is the lesson learned.

The fact has made the empire one,
And Kitchener now deserves his need;
With righteous aim the work is done,
A freeman's rights to each decreed.

He entered not the sanguine strife
To shed men's blood for sordid gain;
Nor did he draw the chieftain's knife
To slay the weak or cause them pain.

The flag's unfurled for good of all,
Where'er the Sovereign's right's at stake;
One law is at the people's call,
That each of freedom may partake.

———o:o———

THE KING AS A MAN.

"Every inch a king" in the person of King Edward means 5 feet 6½ inches, and in weight he scales about sixteen stone, yet such is the dignity of his bearing and the excellence of his carriage that his majesty's appearance belies the lowness of his stature and the weightiness of his person. His courtesy and tact are proverbial, but though the king's smile is ever ready and most engaging, yet his clear blue eyes are quick to discern and see below the surface. Lord Randolph Churchill declared the King Edward would have made a splendid judge by virtue of his unerring perception of character. His memory of faces and facts is unimpeachable, and he speaks French, German, Italian and Russian as fluently as he does English, which is his favorite language, though Queen Victoria decreed German in the home life of the royal family. No man knows more of modern history than his majesty, while in everything that appertains to India and its varied people he is an expert.

———o:o———

YOUNG BRITONS ON THE CORONATION.

Some amusing schoolboy views of the coronation have been gathered from compositions. A boy of 10 writes:

"It is the priverledge of the lord mare to wash and dress the king the day he is crownd, the archbisharp of caterberry will ask the king to say an oath and when he has done this he will wash the feat of 12 poor peepul and rise up an ointment king."

Another boy says of the king:

"Although he is a rooler, he is a clever man with tack. He has such respeck for himself that he wrote a new poum for the Corunation called God save our grashus King, his majesty will sing this himself wile he is being crowned with pomperniss in westminster abbey."

A third youth says:

"The prisons will be emptied on Coronation day; the prisoners will see the crowning like rispektable people and then go back hapily to prison again."

We are also told that

"The Duke of Norfolk, who is a gold stick, will set off skwibs, and, as the prime duke of England, will see that everything is nice and solum."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

September

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GILLESPIE COUNTY

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Yours Respectfully ....

Signed ....

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Street ....

State ....

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THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL XXII. SEPTEMBER, 1902. No. 9.

SOME PRESENT KELTIC WRITERS.

By William ApMadoc.

Keltic writers are on the increase. Keltic novelists are becoming numerous. The world at large begins to realize that Keltic literature is a rich mine worth exploring. Now and then we see such head-lines as "The Revival of the Kelt," "The Welsh Language," "The Irish Language," "The Restoration of the Gaelic," "The Welsh Chair," "The Keltic Chair," "Welsh Texts in Translation," "A Welsh Novel," and many more, all tending to show general restored interest in Keltic activities.

Irish scholars are making commendable efforts in reviving the language of their race. Welsh scholars have no anxiety in this respect. The Kymric language is ever present on the lips and in the hearts of the sons and daughters of Wales. Welsh literature has been and is a living one, thanks to the tyranny that couped up the race for hundreds of years, in the valleys and upon the hills of musical, poetical and beautiful Wales. But in these evolutionary days, the term Keltic must be taken in its broadest sense, though much distinctiveness exists between the style and spirit of the literature, music and traditions of the Welsh, Irish, Scotch and Breton branches.

A few years ago, a school for the teaching of Irish was established in Philadelphia, and, recently, another in Chicago. The promoters of both have pointed in complimentary terms to the success with which the Welsh people have retained their language and literature, and mentioning particularly the "Eisteddfod Festival" as the most effective means in accomplishing the same. Evidently, they know not how much has been,and is accomplished for the retention of the language by the Welsh pulpit, Sunday School and press. They ought to read what Ernest Rhys says upon this question in his "Readings in Welsh History" —a book to be referred to further on. The Irish language is taught, also, in the Catholic University at Washington. It was very lately, June 17th, that Bishop Conaty, rector of the University, stated before the Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, held in Denver, and presided over by the Hon. Thomas Keating, of Chicago, that the "Gaelic Chair," which had been

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established at the University with $50,000 donated by the Hibernians, would be filled by Dr. Dunn, who had been specially educated for the purpose at the Gaelic schools of Europe.

In the many articles published of late upon Keltic subjects, very little reference has been made to the vast literature Wales has possessed from the earlier A. D. centuries up to the present time. As far as we know, Lord Bute is the only Keltic scholar who has said, in substance, that the Kymric branch of the Kelts only has a distinct and living literature.

ERNEST RHYS.

In the Chicago Tribune a few months ago, there appeared an interesting article upon the "Irish Language," from the pen of a Chicago priest, the Rev. Bernard P. Murray. It would be well if a number of our capable historians and literary writers, such as Aneurin Fardd, Rev. Daniel Phillips and others, would note what Dr. Murray claims, and show us what was the status of Wales in the literary and educational sense, during the centuries when Ireland is claimed to be a great literary center. In justice to the scholarly Dr. Murray, and for the perusal and study of the readers of "The Cambrian," we beg to quote said article in full:

When the Anglo-Normans under Henry II. invaded Ireland in 1172 they contented themselves by gaining a foothold. It was not until 1367 that they showed signs of robbing Ireland of its language. Until about 150 years ago the inhabitants of Ireland, however, spoke their own language—the Irish—

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a branch of the Celtic or Gaelic. It was the language of Ireland for over three thousand years, and today it is the most ancient living language of Europe. Its history brings us back to the dawn of ages. The Celts were the first of the human family to inhabit Europe, and the Irish language is the purest and best cultivated branch of the Celtic. This language that was polished, beautified and perfected in Ireland, was brought from Spain 1,300 years before the Christian era by the sons of Milesius, Heber and Hermon, and their mother, Scota. The sons of Milesius and their descendants reigned over Ireland with undisputed sway for a period of 2,400 years, or to the Anglo-Norman invasion. A long line of pagan monarchs ruled over Ireland for seventeen centuries, with a regard for human rights and intellectual advancement not found in contemporaneous history. Thus literature was fostered and encouraged by benign laws formulated by Ollamh Fodlha nearly one thousand years before the Christian era, and, perfected by Cormac McArt, Irish became a language of rare grace and vigor and the polished medium of every form of literary composition.

The Irish were a lettered people when the neighboring countries were steeped in darkness and ignorance. St. Patrick came to Ireland in 432, and Kings, Princes, bards, druids, and brehons bowed to the cross. Countless institutions of learning were established, and in less than a century after St. Patrick's death Ireland was known as the light of Europe.

For three hundred years—the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries—Ireland contained the leading educational institutions of Europe. Her schools were numerous and celebrated. Armagh, Clonmacnoise, Clonard, Cashel, Lismore, Clonfert, Derry and Bangor were among the best known. The attendance at these institutions ranged from 3,000 to 7,000. Seekers of science and knowledge came from Britain and the continent to study in these great schools and universities of the West.

The golden age of Irish literature terminated with the Danish invasion, about the year 800. A fearful struggle was waged with these barbarians for a period of 200 years, and be it known that the Danes made it a special part of their savage warfare to burn and destroy all books and records that came within their reach. They were demons of destruction. Armagh was burned and ransacked twelve times. Clonfert and Clonmacnoise received five visitations. At Bangor they pillaged the monastery and murdered the abbot and 900 monks. With these dangers to contend with the schools of Ireland dwindled away and the Anglo-Norman invasion soon followed, rendering literary labors difficult. The crowning calamity, however, to Irish literature was the Protestant reformation, which commenced by the confiscation and destruction of over 800 institutions; in fact, all the important institutions of learning and religion on the island, and terminated in the dark penal days that surpassed anything ever inflicted on mankind. Thus, from the Danish invasion to the dark days of the penal laws, a period of nearly 1,000 years, the destruction of books was almost continual; yet in spite of all this destructive process the remains of Irish literature are truly gigantic. The quality, the quantity, and the variety astonish the scholars of our age. It is stated on good authority that there are over 1,000 volumes of unpublished manuscripts in Trinity College and the Royal Irish Academy. "In no spot on earth of the same size," says Thebaud, "had so many interesting books been written and treasured up." It is a singular fact not generally known," says Bethan, "that the most ancient European manuscrips now existing are in the Irish language, and the most ancient Latin man-

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uscripts in Europe were writeen by Irishmen." Among the existing Irish manuscripts there are some of the most remarkably illuminated books of Europe, such as the "Book of Kells," considered to be the work of St. Columbkille.

The English language has gained a foothold in Ireland only by the most drastic methods. The Irish were deprived of their ancient tongue by laws that stand unequaled for barbarism in the annals of time, and yet over one million of the Irish people still speak the language of Milesius, Ollamh Fodlha, Cormack McArt, St. Columbkille, Brian Boru, St. Malachy, Hugh O'Neill, Archbishop McHale and Daniel O'Connell. Over one million more understand it.

The movement now under way to preserve this language, to demand a place for this venerable tongue in the curriculum of the schools of Ireland, ought to receive the patriotic support of every true Irishman because of the proud memories this grand old tongue recalls. The linguist and philologist will hail this movement with delight because the Irish is a primitive language, and as such is the peer of Sanskrit as the key to other languages.

Probably, some of the statements in the above article, will be new to many. The Cambro-Kelts, who are now going through a great educational awakening, should post themselves thoroughly in what Ireland, Scotland and Brittany have done in literature and music, as well as in what Cambria has accomplished. Scottish, English and German authors have found much inspiration of late in Welsh ma-

P. W. JOYCE, LL. D.

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terial for novels, poems, symphonic poems, and operas. We read of such books as "Arthurian Scotland," "The Fiddler of Carne"—from which quotations were made in "The Cambrian" for last May—"Lyra Celtica," "The Shadow of Arvor," by J. S. Stuart Glennie, Ernest Rhys, and Edith Wingate Rinder, respectively—books published by Patrick, Geddes & Colleagues, of Edinburg, in their "Celtic Library" series. Also, "Poetry of the Celtic Races," by Ernest Renan, and "Poem in Dramas," a fourfold work entitled "Merlin," "Guenevere," "Gallahad," and "Taliesin," by the late and lamented Richard Hovey—the latest of the Arthurian singers. When we consider the rich material that has enabled Owen Rhoscomyl to write his interesting novels, "The Maid of Ynys Galon," "Battlement and Tower," "For the White Rose of Arno," "The Lady of Castlemarch," and of Allan Raine in the production of "Mifanwy," Torn Sails," "By Berwyn Banks," and in his latest "The Welsh Witch," also Theodore Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin," copies of which will surely find their way into every intelligent Welsh home—it is time we should earnestly begin the history of Welsh history, literature and art. Such practical and illustrated textbooks as has been lately published by Longmans, Green & Co.—Ernest Rhys' "Readings in Welsh History," and Dr. P. W. Joyce's "Child's History of Ireland," furnish us with the best opportunities for this purpose. It is known that these text-books are selling by the thousands in this country alone.

The most interesting and valuable book on Welsh history for the general reader, young and old, is this text-book by Ernest Rhys, one of the most active and authoritative Welshmen of letters. Not only is it written by an eminent scholar, but it is admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was designed. Beginning with the early forefathers of the Welsh, it sketches the history and traditions of the nation through its alternating periods of flourishing and languor. There are biographical sketches of eminent personages, and some delightful old legends which are extremely fascinating, and give us a most favorable impression of the author's taste and literary talent. Mr. Rhys needs no introduction to American readers. His many works are well and favorably known, more especially his charming "Welsh Ballads." He is also prominent in Eisteddfod affairs, and has been honored with a bardic degree, "Rhys Goch Dyved." There has long been a place for just such a book as Mr. Rhys has given us, one which presents a concise, general sketch of the history and progress of the Welsh people, in simple language. The book concludes with a most interesting chapter on the Universities of Wales, and its other institutions of learning. The illustrations in the volume are numerous, and admirably selected,

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being pictures of historical places, antiquities, manuscripts, etc. The volume could with much profit be used as a reading book in our public schools.

Dr. P. W. Joyce, the eminent Irish scholar and historian, has contributed much to Irish history and literature. Among his best known works are "A Short History of Ireland, From the Earliest Times to 1608;" "A Concise History of Ireland, from the Earliest Times to 1837;" "Outlines of the History of Ireland;" "The Origin and History of Irish Names and Places;" "Old Celtic Romances;" "Ancient Irish Music," and his especially popular and latest "Child's History of Ireland," and "Reading Book in Irish History."

Dr. Joyce's "Child History of Ireland" was adopted not long since as a supplementary reader in the public schools of Chicago. The "Reading Book in Irish History" contains a mixture of Irish history, biography and romance. A knowledge of the history of the country is conveyed partly in special historical sketches, partly in notes under the illustrations, and partly through the biography of important personages, who flourished at various periods, from St. Bridget down to the great Earl of Kildare.

GOOD WILL MISSION.

Sisseton Agency, South Dakota.

In the song of Hiawatha, the poet represents Gitchie Manitou, The Mighty, as calling together all the tribes from the east, the west, the northern lakes and rivers, and from "the land of the Dacotahs," and after telling them he is weary of their "quarrels and bloodshed," of their "wranglings and dissensions," he adds:

"I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded
You will fade away and perish!"

Neither prophet nor poet ever spoke words more true, for to toil and to suffer has indeed been the lot of those Christian men and women, who, for many years have been striving to teach to these dwellers "in the land of the Dacotahs," that peace and good will which is learned only through a knowledge of the gospel of Christ.

These missionaries of the Cross, while enduring hardships, suffering want, facing dangers, and braving death itself, yet quelled tumults, healed the sick, and preached the gospel, and to them is due far more than to the soldier, the present peaceful and civilized condition of the once warlike Dakotas; and

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TEACHERS AND PUPILS OF GOOD WILL INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, MAY 30, 1901.

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though the gospel of Christ may find its way but slowly into these darkened hearts and minds, yet time has shown us that a soldier of the cross exerts a more potent influence on the civilization of the red men than a soldier of the sword, and that the Indian is gradually giving up the customs and beliefs of his ancestors, and showing not only a willingness but a desire to adapt his life to the teachings of Christ.

No more warlike tribes have been known than those which dwelt in, and roamed over the vast extent of country which now comprises the States of Minnesota and North Dakota. The names of Drs. Williamson and Riggs will ever be associated with the mission work of this region, for long they labored among the Indians, until something akin to peace and good-will seemed established and the mission work to be in an advancing condition; then came the terrible Indian outbreak in 1862, the consequent scattering of the people, and for a period of almost eight years the work seemed stayed; but in 1870 Dr. Riggs decided that the time had come when a permanent mission work should again be established. So he traveled across Minnesota for the purpose of erecting again buildings for a home and school in the Dakota land. He reached his destination about the middle of June, and immediately commenced building school and dwelling houses on the Lake Traverse Reservation in South Dakota; he and his helpers in the meantime taking up their abode in tents. Concerning the camp he wrote: "I have named the camp 'Good Will,' from the words of the angel who first told of the birth of Jesus, 'Peace on earth, good will to men.' It is a pleasant place. Just to the north of us runs a little brook from the mountain side with trees growing along the stream; we look toward the northeast and see the waters of Lake Traverse, fifteen miles away; the Sisseton Agency is in sight a little east of south; to the west rises a mountain stretching along to the north and south, so you see we have a pleasant outlook."

Thus the mission bears the name of "Good Will" in honor of him who with a heart full of love toward his fellow men preached the gospel of peace and good will, and who in his latest breath urged the people among whom he had labored to ever live in love and harmony with each other. Dr. Riggs spent the summer months at his camp, preaching on the Sabbath and holding other meetings, while at the same time he worked with his hands, in order that he might hasten the completion of the two buildings, one of which was to serve as chapel and schoolroom, and the other as dwelling. The school opened in November, and that first winter of the school was a very encouraging one, as many as seventy-five or eighty being in attendance. The following year the attendance was not large, from the fact that as the people grew more settled in their habits they became

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mor widely scattered from taking up farms along the wooded ravines and near to springs of water.

As the years passed on and the people scattered more and more it became apparent that little could be done in the way of a successful day school. In 1876 six boys, living in a small house near the missionary home, did their own cooking and thus were enabled to attend school for the three winter months, all of whom became ministers. This was the small beginning of the boarding school. The next year an Indian woman was placed in charge; two years later two small houses were used for boarding the pupils, sometimes a woman alone having charge, occasionally a man and his wife; but the inconveniences were many and the situation far from being satisfactory to those who had the mission in charge; the boys were not cared for as they should have been, and thus far it had not been possible to take any girls into the school. In 1882, however, arrangements were made for receiving twelve girls into the missionary's home. Up to this time, the mission, with the exception of one year, had been under the care of th Amrican Board of Foreign Missions; in 1883 it was transferred to the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, and the same year saw the completion of the long desired home for girls, and from thirty to forty pupils were gathered under its sheltering roof. The same fall saw another step in advance; the boys were taken under special care of a teacher, and meals were provided for all the pupils. Thus step by step the work at Good Will Mission has increased; the schoolroom is no longer used for a chapel, a neat and commodious church having been erected not far away; the home for girls has already been enlarged to keep pace with the increasing school; another for the large boys has been erected, and the new schoolhouse has made it possible to use the old one as a home for little boys.

REV. D. E. EVANS, SUPT. OF MISSION.

Concerning the "small boys'" cottage and the work done there a teacher writes: "One spot in Good Will Mission where there is being done most genuine missionary work is at the boys' cottage. Here you find the matron with her twenty-eight little boys. The cottage has a home-like 'come in' appearance that makes it hard to pass the gate without running in to see little Abraham, Solomon and Moses, and all the other boys with long Scriptural names. I never knew children so fond of Bible stories and pictures, and the Sabbath-school charts

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sent us by the various missionary societies have indeed been blessings."

The farm consists of 160 acres, near the center of which the mission buildings stand. Since 1882 the spiritual and intellectual work has been supplemented by the introduction of various industries. In addition to the church, schoolhouse and dormitories, there have been erected cottages for the use of industrial teachers, shops, barns, toolhouses and cattle sheds, conveniently located, so that the missions presents the appearace of a well-ordered village.

Competent Christian instructors teach the girls how to keep their own persons and rooms clean and tidy; to cook, serve meals and properly handle tableware; to care for milk, make butter and preserve fruits and vegetables; to make, mend and launder their own clothes and in general to manage the internal affairs of the household. The boys are instructed and trained to care for stock; to plow; plant, cultivate, reap and properly house and market the various grains, vegetables, fruits and grasses suited to the soil and climate of Dakota. They are also taught to handle tools, in order that they may mend their broken farm machinery, build their own barns and erect and keep in repair their dwelling houses. So that in and around Good Will Mission there are many good farms, well-cultivated and stocked, with substantially built and well-ordered houses with carpets on the floors, pictures on the walls, and a good quality of necessary furniture in the rooms; and on the tables at meal-time will be found an abundant supply of plain but clean, sweet and well-cooked food, neatly arranged over snowy linen. There, also, occupying the most conspicuous place in the family room will be found the Bible, out of which the head of the household reads before offering up the morning and evening sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.

The spiritual work has indeed been most wonderfully owned and blessed of God. Eight churches surround the mission, over each of which presides a native Dakota pastor. The communicants number about 800; and almost the entire body of believers, pastors, elders, deacons, trustees and people have received their education and training in the Good Will school.

The influences for good, exerted by this mission during all these years, cannot be estimated. Will not the Master look to us not only to continue, but to enlarge the work which He has so signally blessed?

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POETRY AS A STUDY FOR PREACHERS.

By Rev. D. J. Williams.

There is no one among the prose-writers of this country whose writings are illumined by an imagination of greater scope and compass than Horace Bushnell's. In his sermon on the "Dignity of Human Nature Inferred from Its Ruins," we can find many passages which illustrate the office of imagination in giving vividness and force to the presentation of religious truth. In showing how the great characters of history illustrate the dignity of human nature by the glory they are able to connect even with what is little and mean, he says: "So also Bacon proves the amazing wealth and grandeur of the human soul only the more sublimely that he was living in an element of cunning, servility, and ingratitude, and dying under the shame of a convict, yet he is able to dignify disgrace by the stupendous majesty of his genius, and commands the reverence even of the world as one of its sublimest benefactors. And the poet's stinging line, 'The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind,' pictures only with a small excess of satire the magnificence of ruin comprehended in the man. Probably no one of mankind has raised himself to a higher pitch of renown by the superlative attribute of genius displayed in his writings, than the great English dramatist, flowering out, nevertheless, into such eminence of glory, on a compost of fustian, buffoonery, and other vile stuff, which he so magnificently covers with splendor and irradiates with beauty, that disgust itself is lost in the vehemence of praise. And so we shall find, almost universally, that the greatness of the world's greatest men is proved by the inborn qualities that tower above the ruins of weakness and shame, in which they appear, and out of which they rise as solitary pillars and dismantled temples."

This is gorgeous rhetoric, but it is the rhetoric of power and not of form. The images are not like ghastly waxwork, put together by mere mechanical skill, but they live and breathe under the touch of an imagination that waits on the intellect, and is stimulated by a lofty purpose.

1. The preacher should study such works as will aid him in cultivating his imagination, with a view to be able to present spiritual truth with vividness and force. This power is undeveloped in many for want of suitable training. While it is true in a sense that a poet is born and not made, it is also true that the poet must receive proper training before his inborn gift can be rightly developed.

Every poet was once a helpless babe, needing experience and training to unfold what was in him. The eagle is bare and featherless for some time after it is hatched, and as unable to fly as a toad is and even

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after its feathers and wings have grown, it could never sail in the air and mount towards the sun without sufficient exercise.

So the preacher may possess the faculty of imagination in a very large measure, and yet he may crawl through the dark hollows of dim abstractions, when he might spread his wings and soar in the glorious light of truth. But studying the writings of the poets and the prose-poets of our language, one can learn to look at truth through the imagination, and acquire the power to "body forth" his conceptions by means of suitable images.

2. The preacher should endeavor to form the habit of looking at Nature, life, and history through his imagination. No one who has read the writings of John Foster, the English essayest, needs to be told that they are characterized by the glow and luminosity which are the attendants of a powerful imagination. In reading his "Life and Correspondence" we learn that he put himself through a most laborious course of training. He states in his journal that during his solitary walks in the country he observed everything he saw with a view to see what it would illustrate, and he states that he was determined to fill his mind with images, and thus acquire the power of setting forth truth in concrete forms.

Here are a few instances to show how he endeavored to cultivate his imagination "An old stump of an oak with a few young shoots on its utmost bare top. Analogy: Youthful follies growing on old age.

"A still pool amid a most barren heath, shining resplendent in the morning sunshine. Analogy: Talents accompanied with moral barrenness, indolence and depravity.

"How gloomy that row of lamps looks, at some distance, along the borders of a common, how dark it is all around them! Yes, like the lights that are disclosed to us from the other world, which simply tell us that there, in the solemn distance where they burn, encircled with darkness, that world is, but shed no light on the region.

"Sheep crowding for shade round a leafless stump. It cannot shade them now. Analogy: A man fallen from his power, and prosperity cannot patronize now. None will seek him now but the simple.

"Blackthorn blossoming before it leaves. Analogy: Sensibilities developed before reason is sufficiently expanded to protect them."

These are a few specimens of the way in which that great and powerful writer acquired the power to illuminate his rugged and massive thoughts. Instead of depending on books containing illustrations and anecdotes, every young preacher would find it much more advantageous to follow the example of Foster by endeavoring to find what truths are imaged and reflected in the things and scenes which come under their observations.

It is a most significant fact that the most ancient languages are rich in

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words which represent mental and spiritual things by applying to them the names of material things which resemble them. The word "spirit," in Hebrew, as in most languages, has for its primary meaning, "wind," or "air," because both are invisible except in their effects. "Horn" is used to represent strength, because it is the medium through which the bull, or the rhinocerus exerts his strength.

There is a host of words of this kind in all languages, which prove how the imagination came to the aid of the intellect, and aided it in giving names to intellectual and moral objects by borrowing from the hieroglyphics of Nature. Untrained minds cannot understand abstract statements. They must be shown forth to them by means of pictures and comparisons. The best thoughts, if they are not clad and made tangible by the imagination of the speaker, will pass as unrecognized as invisible spirits. Our Savior's parables are but short prose-poems. Facts and scenes from life and nature are used by him to represent and image forth spiritual truths.

As the varied and endless wonders of Nature have been brought to light by modern science, she presents more parables to illustrate the kingdom of God than ever before. If the preacher's mind be thoroughly grounded in the truth, his knowledge of the Bible enriched by research and meditation, and his soul aflame with love to God and his fellow-beings, the power of presenting the truth with force and vividness will insure his usefulness.

The tendencies of our age are intensely materialistic. The progress of science, and the large place which political, social, and economic questions are occupying in the public mind, tend to push the realities of the unseen world and the demands of spiritual existence into the background.

To the preacher, therefore, the realties of the spiritual realm must not appear as dim abstractions. The great facts of sin and redemption must be set forth in the glowing light of analogies borrowed from life, nature and history, and, like the handwriting on the wall, should be made to shine with such distinctness before those who reveal in the pleasures of sin, until like the doomed monarch, their false assurance may give place to trembling and alarm.

[Concluded.]

WHO LOVES THE TREES BEST?

ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

Who loves the trees best?
"I," said the Spring.
"Their leaves so beautiful
To them I bring."

Who loves the trees best?
"I," Summer said.
"I give them blossoms,
White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?
"I," said the Fall.
"I give luscious fruits,
Bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?
"I love them best,"
Harsh Winter answered,
"I give them rest."

— *The Independent.*

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MIGHTIER SPIRIT.

By R. H. Nant Hughes, B. D.

I.

When the primitive Welsh Nonconformists first deserted the fold of the Established Church of England, the tide of persecution ran high and fierce.

True, there were no Smithfield bonfires, or European auto-da-fes; nevertheless a genuine spirit of persecution was rampant among the Welsh hills, breaking out in frequent deeds of ruffianism, and forming the source of due annoyance to those earnest and godly souls, who, disgusted with the corruption and worldliness of the State Church, sought, in their own unadorned conventicles or "capelau" to worship God "in spirit and in truth."

Naturally, then, several of the older Nonconformist churches—still standing, stern and hoary among their more fashionable offspring, sprang up and throve under very remarkable circumstances. And none more so than the small C. M. church of T—— near Ll——

II.

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon in June, not far from the beginning of the last century.

The sun looked down from a sky of purest blue on a world all abloom; or, rather it seemed as though it were an aperture in the heavens, through which the radiance of another, fairer land streamed down into this,—a radiance that gleamed upon the sea and touched brook and flower and quivering leaf with glory.

A breeze springing up from the West, sang its way along, through cornfield and hayfield and blossoming hedgerows; robbing the dog-rose, the daisy and the primrose of their fragrance and ran sportive riot among the myriad leaves of a wide-spreading oak standing like a big green posy at the foot of a gently-sloping hillock near the quiet little sea-side hamlet of Ll——

Sitting and reclining in various postures under the rustling boughs of this friendly oak, and scattered in groups here and there around the base of the hillock, there could be seen on the Sunday afternoon in question a motley assemblage of men, women and children.

They were soberly and neatly clad, and almost every face wore a look of anxious yet withal hopeful expectation.

It was drawing towards the close of the drowsy afternoon, and frequent ripples of unrest now ran through the hitherto patient and docile crowd.

The faces of the elders—men and women—were growing sad with deepening disappointment.

There was a constant interchange of mysterious whispered confidences, and much abrupt gesticulation.

Too, swift, furtive, glances eloquent with impotent anger, and

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dire vexation of spirit, shot in the direction of a certain group of men, seated upon the grass apart from the rest of the assemblage.

These were, seemingly, lorded over by a foul-mouthed Hercules, popularly known as "Sion y Bwli" (Jack the Bully), and their frequent bursts of boisterous profanity sounded like diminutive thunder amid the Sabbath hush of the scene.

Suddenly the giant sprang to his feet, and bellowed out: "By h——ll fellers, I b'lieve the cursed Methodist hes broke' his publication; he ain't a-goin' to show up this afternoon—you c'n jest take my word fur it; he's skeer'd on us—that's what's the matter with him; and by G——d, he better be! There ain't a-goin' to be no——fiddle-face in this region—not if I knows it—sendin' better men 'n himself t' fire and brimstone, while ther's a good sensible pa'son down there in the village church, preachin' good common sense sarmons, what his grandfather preached before him, and what puts ye to sleep comf'table-like in two minutes; a pa'son by—what can drink his glass of wine like the gen'l'man that he be, and play a decent game of Rounders every Sunday afternoon back of the church; and say fellers," he continued, "that puts me in mind, let's have a game, here, now! What's the use of lying in the grass all this precious afternoon, like cattle chewing their cud, and waiting for this—hare of a preacher who's afraid to come out of his hole—Hi! there, Bob, get a twist on that long carcase 'o yours. Roland! lazy beast, set your beer-belly 'pon them bandy legs once more, will ye! 'nd"—

"Yes," quietly broke in a dreamy, solemn-voiced young man, who had approached the group unperceived—"yes, boys, let's play—I've got a new game!"

"What the d—l is that sonny?" growled the Bully.

"Let's play at preaching," answered the stranger.

"Good!" exclaimed Jack, his large, coarse features ablaze with sudden devilry. "The very thing by———. "Here young feller!" he added turning to the grave youth by his side, "you mount this stone—I'll be your lectern; and if you ain't givin' us the right stuff, mind ye, I'll cram a rotten egg down your gizzard, see if I don't!—now up with ye; and you boys get ready your 'Hallelujahs' 'nd 'Amens' 'nd 'Huh huhs,' and 'Diolchs'!"

Without a word, the stranger obeyed. Stepping lightly on to the top of the bowlder indicated, he drew out of his pocket a Bible; this he laid, opened, upon Sion's Atlantean shoulders, who stood, head bowed, with his back toward the speaker.

From his extraordinary pulpit, the pale youth, at first, looked down in brief silence, upon the clustering faces around him; a few a-grin with impious glee, but the majority set in stern and shocked amaze at what seemed to them a piece of fiendish mockery.

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But, presently, a voice, clear, grave and with a sob struggling in its every tone, was heard slowly reading: "He's despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." * * * * * The book was closed.

Holding that to his breast with one hand, he extended the other, as if in benediction above the giant's bowed form—"Let us pray!" said he.

Hushed, awed, the throng fell to its knees—all save Jack; he still towered, huge, immovable, but silent and bowed, before this unknown wizard of tones and words!

Then, what a Peniel-wrestling followed! What a storming of mercy's golden gates!

Of the sermon, not a word now lingers in any memory of man; but the wonderful voice, curiously enough, haunted all who heard it that day, to their graves.

In sooth, I have heard strong men tell, with something nigh akin to terror in face and mien, of the way in which those mystic tearful tones—now rang out in stern rebuke and denunciation, and again sank low in persuasion and agonized appeal!

When the speaker at last paused, the giant's form slowly straightened itself to its full height.

Facing about he fixed a pair of brimming eyes upon the mysterious preacher.

"Stranger," said he, huskily, "forgive me! You've kept your appointment after all, and—and," he went on, with difficulty, "you did'nt come alone—Another came with you!"

"I heard him, I saw him," he continued, in hoarse soliloquy, and gazing wildly into the blue distance —"there were wounds in his hands and in his feet,—and wounds made by my sins! O—my Lord and my God!"

And falling upon his knees there, on the quiet hillside; amid the flowers and the grasses already growing misty, in the shadows, under the dewy breath of approaching twilight, the strong man moaned aloud: "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

And, once more, the Voice—tender, soothing, healing, and with the caress of a benediction in it, spoke: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. * * * * Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!"

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Then it was that a wonderful thing happened. A last golden gleam from the setting sun fell full upon the penitent's broken face, illumining it as with ineffable radiance.

Some one started to sing. Soon the singing swelled out into a mighty chorus, which rolled away a "cloud of song" to the flaming gates of the West:

"Gwaed y groes sy'n codi fyny
'R eiddil yn goncwerwr mawr,
Gwaed y groes sydd yn darostwng
Cewri cedyrn fyrdd i lawr:
Gad im deimlo
Awel o Galfaria fryn."

When after a long while, the sound of the rejoicing had died away, men and women looked about for the stranger—he was nowhere to be seen!

But at this point an aged woman tottered in the direction of the still kneeling figure of the giant. Laying a thin, wrinkled hand upon his arm, she spoke in low quivering tones, "My son!"

He looked up in her face with a bright smile. "Mother," said he, "your prayers are answered at last!"

III.

It is needless to add that poor Jack's action that momentous Sunday afternoon was typical of the remainder of his life. He proved himself a veritable "pillar" in the church of God, as subsequent history shows, and was mainly instrumental in building the present church of T—— upon the spot where he once stood holding the Bible upon his shoulders. The inability of the crowd to recognize the preacher, is, of course, explained by the fact that he was a stranger from a distant part of the country, who was expected to preach there that afternoon.

As to his name or further identity, curiously enough, not a trace remains to-day.

THE SINS OF THE SAINTS.

By George James Jones, D. D.

IX. The Responsibility.

Who is responsible for such Sabbath desecration? Not entirely, but largely, the Christian Church. Did the church stand up as one man for the emancipation of the Sabbath laborers, the evil would not, could not, continue very long. Professing Christians are shamefully derelict in this respect. As a rule, actual attendance at church services on the Sabbath does not equal the actual number of members on the church roll. Why are so many absent? It is almost a sin to make such an inquiry, for were those best qualified asked that question the chances are that they would add the sin of falsehood to that of Sabbath desecration. A strange thing about this Sabbath desecration is that scarcely ever does the

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individual ego think that he himself by any act does violence to the moral law.

A pastor of a church in a large city, after much thought and prayer, ventured to speak the unvarnished truth to his people on the subject. It was a delightful morning, not sufficiently cold for one to remain under cover, and not warm enough for strolling in the parks, so a good-sized audience was present. In the middle of the church sat a hard, worldly, hypocritical, penurious, growling old deacon,, listening very attentively to every word that was said. The pastor believed in his heart that as his custom was, the old deacon would growl about that sermon at the next prayer meeting, but the pastor was bent to tell the truth and to stand by his gun, come what may. As he opened his eyes after prayer, imagine his astonishment at seeing the old grunter rising to his feet. The pastor thought that the old man was too full to hold till prayer meeting night, and that he had to explode there and then or die, so he stiffened his moral limbs to stand under the blow. The pastor was much more astonished when the old hypocrite said: "Brethren, I rise to endorse publicly every word which has been delivered so earnestly and eloquently to us this morning by our honest and beloved pastor; his words are words of truth. I never realized the sinfulness of Sabbath desecration as I now do. I thank the pastor for his words, and ask God to forgive me my remissness in this matter. I desire to offer a resolution committing this church and congregation to a line of duty regarding the Sabbath harmonizing with its profession." The resolution was endorsed unanimously by a standing vote. The pastor believed that the Lord had specially blessed him, and used the message, and honest thanks went up from his soul.

After the service he went some four blocks out of his way home to see a very sick member of the church, and on returning he was again astonished at seeing the old deacon immerging from the bakery literally loaded down with ice cream, cakes, bananas, &c. Evidently what the deacon regarded as Sabbath desecration was something of which his neighbors were guilty, and not he. He was anxious to form chains by which they should be bound, but they were not for him. Did not Christ speak of men burdening others, but would not lift any of the burdens themselves. The action of that deacon at that time is very much in keeping with actions of churches regarding known sins; they will form resolutions against them, but will keep right along in direct violation of the holy commandments of God.

A good share of the wealth of the world is in the hands of professing Christians. Proprietors of railroads, street cars, steam boats, daily and weekly papers, iron plants and brick factories, etc., are prominent

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members of churches. These persons often attend the services, and sometimes take a part in them, but at the very hour in which they bow apparently honestly before God in worship their wealth and their pelf are violating the very commandments of that God. It is estimated that fifty men could stop every Sabbath going train, did they have an eye to see and the courage to do their duty. Lest that estimate may seem too low multiply it by three. It seems possible that one hundred and fifty men in the United States could easily put a stop to Sabbath traffic. But where are the men who possess sufficient spiritual insight to see their duty and the courage to do it? Special inducements are offered on the Sabbath during the summer to those who fear not to sin. Those who are lured to disregard God's holy law in such manner are not one whit less guilty than those whose greed induce them to offer special rates.

During the Convention of Christian Endeavor held at Detroit not long since there was found one man of sufficient moral courage to refuse to ride on the street cars on the Sabbath, but the daily papers made all sorts of fun of him, and were he less distinguished such treatment might have injured him, as it was strongly intimated that he was of unsound mind. The man acted his pledge. He was the only one out of the many thousands that did give a literal interpretation to his pledge, and lived that interpretation. There ought not to have been a car out of any barn in any city on the Sabbath day. Church-going conveniency is no argument, as there are churches nearer home to which men can walk. The motormen and conductors and others have the right to enjoy the freedom of the Sabbath day, but the public, the Christian public, has united with the soul-less corporations to compel them to live in chains. Why did the paper poke fun at this man of God? Why? Are there not papers published every Sabbath by so-called Christians? And are they not aware that they are debauching the grandest day of the week? Are there not managing editors who go to the length of their ability in extolling the literary quality and the greatness of the circulation of their Sabbath violating sheets? And are there not men prominent in church life who patronize these sheets, not only by subscription, but also by advertising in them? The papers as a matter of money-getting made fun of him. Yet every editor knew that that man lived his pledge.

There is no moral power back of any scheme in support of Sabbath keeping so long as leading church members regard its desecration a necessity of advancing civilization. The Monday papers horrify us with their reports of the day before. There are three on the table before me. One gives as much space as it gives to report five sermons to describing a great gathering of tens of thousands of people in one place

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in celebration of a national day—a foreign national day. The other boasts that never before in the history of the city did so many people from the country around visit it. The other makes a specialty of reporting the Sabbath base ball games. As the Monday morning trains are arriving it is no trouble to see that several young men, and among them professing Christian young men, are eagerly waiting for news of the games.

The Journal of United Labor some ten years ago made an estimate from statistics gathered from reliable sources that of the 17,392,099 workmen of the Christian United States, 3,145,572 were compelled to work on the Sabbath day, and that 1,555,404 were regularly engaged in needless work for gain. By to-day it is safe to estimate that there are a million more so engaged. The white slaves of America to-day call for a Beecher or a Phillips to plead their emancipation. Labor unions the country over cry for redress. The men compelled to work pray for deliverance. But who hears their cry. The prophet who will break the shackles of these slaves to greed is the man demanded by the times. The moral conscience of the people responsible for such tyranny seems to be dead, and their spiritual advisors refrain even from speaking to them of their sins and responsibilities.

The downfall of poor Spain has recently been demonstrated and explained, and we are informed that evidences of decline are seen in the actions of France, and we pity both nations. Yet the factors in the moral make up of our nation indicate a gradual but sure progression in the direction of nations now lost. A nation which has turned the Sabbath to pleasure-seeking on the part of some, and to a harvest of money-getting on the part of others, and as an advantage of debauchery and sin on the part of others, and as true worship and moral development by a comparative few, while millions of the sons of toil are kept in perpetual slavery, is poorly prepared to accept the larger work which now seems to open up before it. As a nation we are poorly furnished with moral rectitude for higher development and the spiritualizing of the nations of the world.

THE SOLACE OF NATURE.

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. 'Tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy. For she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgment, nor the sneers of selfish men
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our chearful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessing.

— *Wordsworth.*

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RECOLLECTIONS OF BOYHOOD.

By the Rev. Howell Davies.

Sketch I. The Rising of the Lark.

Memories of boyhood days are as fresh as the morn and as fadeless as the flowers of Paradise. They are the inspiration of youth and the solace of old age. The writer's boyhood was spent in lovely Wales, the land of song (Mor o gan yw Cymru i gyd), and the rising of the lark was a scene which he frequently witnessed, always with an intoxication of delight. It were an easy matter to describe the bird as an ornithologist, giving its size, color, habits, etc., but to reproduce its sweet liquid notes takes the linguistic and musical resources of a Shelley.

It is early morning in the month of May. The meadow is wet with dew and the air fragrant with hawthorn blossom. A thin layer of mist veils the landscape. The hedgerows, always the pride of the farmer and the joy of the traveler, are neatly kept and instinct with life, ready to burst forth when the mists are rolled away. In a moment the shadows flee and the sun shines forth in its dazzling splendor. The meadow is green as emerald and here and there are to be seen bunches of dandelion, buttercups and daisies, and butterflies of all sizes and colors are taking their morning sunbath. Birds flit to and fro in search of food, warbling as they go. The notes of the hedge-sparrow, the cuckoo, the goldfinch, the thrush, are distinctly heard in the morning chorus of praise.

But after all, this is only a prelude to the coming of the chief minstrel. As from behind a curtain the lark emerges from about the center of the meadow and instantly the attention of the bystander is arrested as if by magic. The song begins, and the first notes are as clear and melodious as the last. The lark gradually rises, keeping time, as it were, with its wings, and soon distances the other birds in its ascent. In the meanwhile the beholder is "lost in wonder and in praise." As Saint Cecilia forgot for the time being the broken horn which she held in her hand in her rapt contemplation of the angelic choir, so the writer in his youthful simplicity forgot the pitcher of milk and the basket of eggs which he was carrying, in his jovous glee over the skylark.

But will not his favorite songster return soon, so that he may try to enveigle it with birdlime and confine it in a cage? For it is a pity that so much "sweetness should be wasted on the desert air." The lark, regardless of my sordid notion, rises higher still and is now almost lost to view, and continues to pour forth its bewitching trills, intoxicated with its own sweetness. It is joined by other birds of the same feather and musical fraternity, and suspended in air, (heard but hardly seen) enters the "choir invisible" whose mission seems to be to serenade the sun.

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"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
Thou from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

Sketch II.—The Cricket.

"I have long since entered the cricket on my list of insect friends. It is now many years since the cricket and I first became acquainted, and it is with pleasure that I recall the circumstances that brought us together. Strangely enough, it was in my boyhood home in Wales. The cricket was a member—an insect member, to be sure—of the household. He had and apartment all to himself, a crevice in the wall, in which he kept his nightly vigils, undisturbed by his distant relatives of the human—or rather, sometimes, from the cricket's point of view, the inhuman family. He evidently was satisfied with his lodgings, or more correctly, his permanent residence, in the wall, for his presence or that of his descendants was recognized at certain seasons of the year while I remained under the parental roof. In selecting a crevice in the wall back of the fireplace for his abode, probably the cricket had no thought of the welfare of the family.

That would be too great an assumption of intelligence for so small an insect, whose life is thought by naturalists to be wholly governed by instinct. Perhaps he was attracted to the wall by reason of the protection it afforded, or by the heat of the fire-place, or most likely by the presence of choice morsels—insect or otherwise—on the hearth. Whatever the cause, it is certain that he fared well and enjoyed insect life. This was especially the case Sunday evenings, when the older members of the family had gone to church, some two miles away, leaving me (then a timid boy of 10), in charge of the smaller children.

Seeming to realize their absence and fearing nothing from ourselves, the cricket would throw off all restraint and make the welkin ring with his sharp, sibilant notes. Otherwise all is still. The canary bird is in the cage, but has long since fallen asleep, his head resting athwart his breast, or reposing under a wing. Not a footstep is to be heard outside. The old-fashioned eight-day family clock has run its course and has come to a stop. On the table is a tallow candle, struggling with the surrounding darkness and flickering its brief but useful life away. Before us, our feet resting on the fender, is the open fire-place and with the small black poker in hand we would, in turn, count the bars of the grate, or stir the sleepy embers to a glow, or amuse ourselves with seeing imaginary images in the flaming coals.

The picture books that amused us in the early part of the evening lie scattered on the hearth, and we wait for the return of the folks from church. The time seems long, but the tedium is broken by the shrill cry of our companionable friend, the cricket, who, while he may not anticipate our loneliness, brings good cheer to our hearts.

Although many years have gone

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by since, I have a vivid recollection of the incident, and have always given credit to the cricket for the part he has played in my life. His influence was unconscious, but helpful to me in many a lonely hour in the quiet Puritanic Sunday evenings of long ago. Unbidden, he entered into a remote corner of my memory, then so hospitable to visitors or impressions from every quarter—insect or human—and has remained there ever since, a welcome guest in the household of my recollections.

SACRED SONGS.

By Dr. Witton Davies.

Of the music of the ancient Hebrews we know but little, just as our knowledge of the music of every ancient people is slight. There was melody of a very elementary, though not of a rigid kind, and it moved within narrow limits, seldom going outside the compass of an octave. Among Arabs at the present time fixed melody hardly exists, and there is very little movement of tone. Harmony is a discovery of the middle ages, due, some say, to a Welshman; so that the singing and playing of the Temple must have been unisonous. Such is the character of the choral music in the German churches at the present time, and it is most effective. The various instruments used in the Temple and the different voices would give variety to the sounds (Timbre). There were also antiphonal responses as in Psalm 136, where the first part of each verse would be sung by the choir, the second part by the people. Instrumental music always accompanied vocal music, and it is never found by itself. The organ, however, is not once named in the Old Testament, though in our English authorised version the word had by mistake got into four verses. According to Rabbinical writings there was an organ with 100 pipes in the second Temple, but there is no proof of this, and the keyboard is known to be an invention of much later times. Before the exile (B. C. 606) there was no organised class of musicians; or at most only the beginning of such a class. After the return from Babylon we read of a special class named alongside of the Levites. The elaborate arrangements for Temple worship ascribed to David in Chronicles belonged really to the writer's time, about B.C. 300, and not to the time of David (about B.C. 1000) at all.

What of the hymn book used in the Temple? Our Psalter was not brought to its present form until some 150 years before our era; but it probably contains hymns that were sung long before the exile. It is probable that there was no worship in the synagogue until the destruction of the Temple in A. D. 71, though Cheyne and others say there

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was. After the destruction of the Temple its worship (except sacrifice) was transferred to the synagogue which, from that time onward, has combined the educational and the liturgical elements. The Christian Church was, from the first, made to include both these phases of Jewish religious life. The Eastern Churches and the Roman Catholic branch of the Western lay most stress on worship and priesthood, and so connect themselves most with the Temple. Protestanism, especially Free Churchism, follows more in the wake of the synagogue. Here the reading of the Bible and its interpretation, Sunday Schools, mutual improvement societies, and the like receive much attention. The Free Churches were greatly in danger of neglecting the art of sacred song and the liturgical part of the service in general. There followed a brief survey of controversies in the Christian Church connected with Psalmody. The Scotch Church of the 17th century and other churches excluded music altogether from worship because it was a "carnal pleasure." In much later times promiscuous singing was forbidden: only the "converted" were thought to be in a fiit state to worship God. Maze Pond Baptist Church, London, originated as a protest against promiscuous singing allowed in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Good Andrew Fuller and others as good protested against the use of instruments in public worship as the Christian dispensation is a spiritual one. He objected also to man-made hymns and metrical chants, and preferred to have the Word of God sung. In later times churches objected to have Scripture chants introduced because that would savor too much of the "church." True worship is of the heart; organs and choirs should be got rid of if they stand between the worshipper and God. They must be aids to public worship, not substitutes for it. "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

TARIFF AND PROTECTION.

(The Subject Historically Considered by Hon. D. T. Phillips, U. S. Consul, Cardiff, S. W.)

Chapter II.

What it cost to secure protection: Before they secured their independence, the American people recognized that the struggle was for industrial as well as political independence. The stand in behalf of American industry was taken long before the scattered colonists met an empire in the field of arms.

This result, achieved with the aid of France, and divine Providence, was the first repulse which England met in her heretofore irresistible course of commercial conquests and aggression. Americans had ob-

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tained and vindicated not only the right of self-government, but the right to manufacture the products of this country, and to sell them both at home and to any foreign country willing to accept them. England, however, was not one of these. She did all she could to obstruct Americans in their manufactures. She determined not to admit their productions, and this exclusion was maintained by a tariff which amounted to prohibition. Not content with the protection afforded by the tariff, the Parliament of St. James enacted laws against the exportation of machinery used in the manufacture of cotton and woolen goods. To add insult to injury, it is well known that when Samuel Slater brought the design of his machinery to New England in his brain and on his heart, a dastardly attempt was made to assassinate him by means of an infernal machine, sent him from the motherland. Had the attempt been successful, our industries might not have achieved the pre-eminent position they occupy to-day.

It was the English policy adverted to which led to the war for independence. It was a policy inspired by the principle of protection in behalf of British commerce and industry. This policy, with unqualified selfishness, ignored every claim this side of the Atlantic, a policy short-sighted as viewed from the standpoint of to-day, but eminently successful in dealing with tyrannized Holland and other countries. The fact is, England has adopted free trade, not because she has changed her views on the policy of protection, but because, as Sir Robert Peel thought, "she had outstripped other nations in skill, capital and commerce that protection is no longer necessary." We may fairly assume, without suspicion of cynicism, that England's correspondents and sympathizers are not urging free trade on the United States to promote American welfare and prosperity. "There are none so blind as those who will not see." Any one who desires to see, will readily learn that England to-day would unhesitatingly adopt the policy of protection if it were to her interest.

As the result of our investigation, we cannot help the conclusion that the policy of protection, fought for at such toil and self-sacrifice, is the salvation of our industries here. Free trade would demoralize and destroy all that we have so strenuously fought for and secured.

Chapter III.

Figures like facts are stubborn things. Though regarded dry, I shall endeavor to make these figures juicy and readable.

1800.—Average duty rate 13.11 per cent.

1804.—Increased rate on goods in foreign vessels 10 per cent.

1807.—Increased duties on brass, hats, iron, linen and many other articles, the average rate being 28.71 per cent.

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1807-1809.—"Embargo act," prohibiting all imports from England and France. Not a tariff measure, but it had the effect to stimulate all industries and establish many new ones, as the people were thrown entirely on their own resources.

1812.—"War tariff." All duties doubled. Other acts 1813, 1815, 1816. Average rate 32.73 per cent. Great activity in all industries.

1816.—"Loundes-Calhoun Bill." War rates reduced. Was intended for a protective measure, but duties were too low to prevent immense importations. Average rate 26.52 per cent.

1818, 1819.—Rates changed on certain articles, the average rate being 35.02 per cent.

1824.—Birth of the real American system of protection. A most efficient act, the average rate being 37 per cent. Result was immediate and most gratifying.

1828.—"Tariff of Abominations." Rates substantially increased, the average being 47.80 per cent. Greatest prosperity yet enjoyed.

1830-1832.—Modifying acts.

1833.—"Compromise act." Duties reduced by a sliding scale of one-tenth, biennially, till all in excess of 20 per cent. should be abolished. Industry and trade soon declined, and foreign goods again flooded our markets. Financial crash and industrial ruin came.

1842.—General increase by 50 and 75 per cent., followed immediately by a revival of industrial operations and general prosperity.

1846.—"Walker Tariff." A most disastrous effect of a general reduction of duties to a revenue basis.

1857.—Further reduction of duties. Practical free trade accompanied by panic and ruin.

1861.—"Morrill Tariff." Increased duties for both revenue and protection. Rates were still further increased in 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866.

1867.—Duties on wool and woolen materials advanced to the great benefit of those industries.

1870.—Tariff of $28 per ton on steel rails, giving that industry a most remarkable impetus.

1872.—Coffee and tea put on free list.

1874, 1875, 1879, 1880 and 1882.—General changes.

1883.—"Tariff commission bill." Duty on wool reduced. Other reductions and increased free list. Terrible blow to wool and other industries.

1890.—"McKinley Bill." General changes, resulting in a most satisfactory protective measure. Duty on wool increased. Free list changed. Changes from ad valorem to specific rates, followed by extraordinary industrial development and prosperity.

1894.—"Wilson-Gorman Bill." Became a law without President Cleveland's signature. Wool put on free list. General reduction in all duties, followed by financial distress, increased failures and a general industrial setback.

1897.—"Dingley bill." The most

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perfect tariff measure ever framed, followed by the greatest advance in industrial development and prosperity ever known to this or any other country.

1900 to 1901.—The tariff measure substantially the same as under the Dingley bill, which accounts for the continual prosperity of the country.

To sum up the tariff legislation of the nineteenth century and its varying effects, we not these items: 1800 to 1816, protection; 1816 to 1824, free trade; 1824 to 1833, protection; 1833 to 1842, free trade; 1842 to 1846, protection; 1846 to 1861, free trade; 1861 to 1894, protection; 1894 to 1897, free trade; 1897 to 1900, protection. Namely 35 years low tariff or free trade, accompanied by panic and industrial depression or ruin, and 65 years of tariff for pretection, which not only dissipated the hard times of free trade, but ushered in eras of great industrial development, and commercial prosperity.

LARK SONG.

(Can yr Ehedydd.)

By Ernest Rhys.

Now, after the dark night
The new day is begun;
And his ladder of light
The lark has upreared
Against the high sun.
Hark! his whistle is heard;
Tirra-whee! Tirra-lay! Day's begun!

Where the day-break was born—
Hark, now in the east,
How he pipes up the morn
And awakens the bird,
And heartens the beast.
Hark! his whistle is heard;
Tirra-whee! Tirra-lay! Day's begun!

The dark night is over
The rosy shafts run
As he pipes—pretty lover!
Above the green sward,
Where the dew drinks the sun.
Hark! his whistle is heard;
Tirra-whee! Tirra-lay! Day's begun!

—"Welsh Ballads."

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FIELD OF LETTERS

A MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. JOHN EVANS, Eglwysbach. Published by the Wesleyan House, High St., Bangor.

The Life is to appear in six parts, one shilling each, under the care of the Revs. J. Price Roberts, Liverpool, and Thomas Hughes, Tregarth. The first period, covering 20 years, is an autobiography prepared by Mr. Evans himself, the remaining portion to be furnished by friends and admirers of the departed minister. During the latter years of his life, Mr. Evans wrote sketches of his early life to a publication called "Y Fwyell," and the biography would have been continued but for Mr. Evans's death. We need but add that Mr. Evans was a most popular preacher in his time, gifted with the most pleasing eloquence and a mysterious power to attract and influence the mass His popularity was national; and for years he preached throughout Wales with great success.

OLL SYNWYR PEN KEMBERO Y GYD, edited by F. Gwenogfryn Evans. Bangor: Jarvis & Foster. London: Dent & Co

This quaint little volume contains a good number of Welsh sayings collected and arranged with great care by Gruffydd Hiraethoc, a poet of Gwynedd-is-Conwy, and found by William Salesbury, and is supposed to be one of the two first Welsh books ever published. The title means "The whole sense of a Welshman's head." The present reprint reproduces the original in all its characteristic features; page for page, relative spaces, between words, and all peculiarities, including errors, mirror the original as far as possible.

The present volume forms No. 3 of a series of Reprints of Welsh Prose Works of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, for the issue of which arrangements have been made by the Guild of Graduates of the University of Wales. Although the "Synwyr Pen" consists of but about 50 pages, it contains a wonderful amount of good, quaint and practical sense and wisdom. The cleverest and wisest could derive much benefit from it. The Introduction by the Editor, and the Preface by Salesbury himself are really valuable, and add greatly to the interest of the book.

CHRIST THE CENTER: Sermons by the Rev. H. C. Williams, Corwen. Price 85c.

This beautiful volume is No. XX of a series of volumes called "The Baptist Pulpit," printed by A. H. Stockwell, Paternoster Row, London, E. C., and just issued. It contains 15 sermons already preached by the author, and published in book form in the hope that the message they contain may effect its purpose. The sermons are suggestive rather than exhaustive, and through the pages the reader will often meet ideas and expressions which will illumine and delight his mind, and inspire his heart. He will feel himself throughout in touch with living thoughts, such as the following: "It is often of greater importance to find the right one to take the lead than to find the thousands who are to follow. The true leader never lacks followers. He is never left long to plough his furrow alone," &c. The vol-

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ume is a mine of precious and elevating thoughts. Two years ago, Mr. Williams also published a volume on the Gospel by St. John under the title "The Articles of Faith," which was well received by Welsh readers.

The contents of "Cymru" for August are the following: Gwent; An Invasion of Locusts; Hither and Thither in Glamorgan; Williams of Pantycelyn (A poem); Aberdaron; The Preacher and His Work; John Evans; Religion at Cefncoedycymer and Vaynor; Gwilym H. Thomas; From the Deep; Songs and Poems; Books and Authors, by the Editor. The illustrations are the Falls of the Rhondda, the Three Photographers, Pen Pych, Rhondda, Aberdaron, the Village, the Old Church of Aberdaron, John Evans, Seacombe; Gwilym H. Thomas.

In "Cwrs y Byd," Sem Luke writes sarcastically of the varieties of public life, especially the sin of egotism. The writer thinks public life, at least platform and pulpit life, fills a certain class with self-conceit, a sense of over-self-importance which serves to destroy their influence. Aspirants for worldly promotion probably are exposed to this weakness, and many worldly-minded enter the ministry as well as many other positions of social power.

—"Hither and Thither" is spicy and peppery as usual, and the questions anxiously asked under the caption "Y Gyfnewidfa," are truly suggestive and humorous. "The General Epistle to the People" brings out the mission of "Cwrs," which is socialistic to the core. "Cwrs" is for the masses against the classes all the time.

The "Cronicl" administers a sharp rebuke to the King and people, and expresses its belief that the King's sickness was God's visitation. The coronation according to "Cronicl" was mere self-glorification, and the whole show was crushed to teach a much-needed national lesson. English still lays too much emphasis on her higher classes, her aristocracy temporal and ecclesiastical, and the "Cronicl" takes occasion to give prominence to the much neglected fact that the foundation and strength of a country is its mass of workmen and toilers. None of these was destined to see the coronation—the butterflies of society had the best seats. The Abbey was to be crowded with dazzling vanities of all varieties. The self-glorification of a certain class was the purpose of the coronation. God intervened to show the superiority of His power and His will. The "Cronicl" talks like a Daniel.

"Y Dysgedydd" takes an extremely favorable view of the character of the retiring Premier Salisbury. There is no doubt of the Marquis's ability and moral character. His honesty and uprightness were at the root of his greatness. He never flattered the people; he was no politician in the American sense. He would not stoop to conquer. Although plain, outspoken, honest and the reverse of flattering, the people thought highly of him, and had great confidence in his ability and loyalty. He will probably shine with Gladstone and Disraeli. His character is irreproachable, and at home he is highly respected by his neighbors.

—In the "Events of the Month," in the "Dysgedydd," the Editor remarks precatorially on the general disappointment caused by the King's sickness. The coronation was at the root of so much vanity and vain expectations that providence seems to have taken in the situation and worked things to upset the greatest coronation service of the ages. The great show was spoiled. The people had become crazy, and the sickness of his Majesty was used to bring it back to its senses. England needed a lesson, and it was ministered effectually.

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"Yr Ymofynydd" for August has some substantial reading. The article, "The Duty of Parents Toward the Sunday School" is worth reading. In the paper entitled "The Black Spot," W. James, B. A and J. P. of Llandysul, tells the story of the establishment of Unitarianism in the south-east of Cardiganshire, and the efforts put forth occasionally to stamp it out, but in vain. "The devil is black," says the writer facetiously, and ergo this part of the county is known as the "black spot" or the devil's own land. The Welsh are such Trinitarians that Unitarianism at one time seemed to be extreme blasphemy. Although the social life and morals of the people n this section of the community were as good as elsewhere, yet the region was reckoned as God-forsaken. It was the devil's headquarters, and many an attempt was made to attack this stronghold of Satan and take it by storm.

The founder of Welsh Unitarianism was Jenkin Jones, of Llwynrhydowen, upon whose mind when at college in 1725 the light of rationalism dawned. The Rev. Jenkin Jones of Chicago, editor of "Unity," and a progressive thinker and preacher is a descendant. The Unitarians of Wales are proud of the founder of their movement among the Welsh, and they delight to compare him to Luther, and Llwynrhydowen to Wittenberg, and they have faith that this light will eventually spread.

The writer gives interesting sketches and anecdotes of the many attacks made upon this fortress of nationalism by Welsh preachers of note, such as Williams of Wern; John Jones, Talsarn; John Elias; Dr. Rees, &c., but in vain. Intellectually the "black spot" seems inconquerabl

In his paper "Reaping Without Sowing," the Rev. T. A. Thomas, Llandysul, admits that popery and Calvinism may have served the world in the course of its evolution from barbarism, but he expresses his belief that Unitarianism is a step forward—it represents and teaches rationlism and the emancipation of the human intellect.

Among other articles and papers in the "Drysorfa" of August, are the following: "Religious Education for Young People;" "William Gurnal;" "The Methodist Temperance Society;" "The Rev. John Hughes, Carneddau;" "The Tide, is it Flowing or Ebbing?" In his paper on the report of the Calvinistic Temperance Society, the Rev. D. Rowlands, M. A., complains of the lack of zeal shown for the temperance cause considering the destruction caused by the liquor traffic among the people. Religious people seems to be indifferent, and religious profession merely amuses itself with the forms and rites of Christianity. It shows very little moral strength, and its moral indignation against the drink evil is almost imperceptible. The report for last year shows that the number of churches pertaining to the Connexion is 1,374, of which 454 have temperance branch societies; the number of church members are 160,333, of whom 37,061 are professional abstainers, and this is the result of six year's works in the field. Mr. Rowlands attributes the increased strength of the liquor business to the laxity of the churches; and thinks justly that total abstinence among ministers, church officers and members would greatly magnify the results of religious efforts. The liquor traffic is causing more ruin than the three plagues—war, pestilence and famine. Society has never awakened to the magnitude of this general evil.

The "General Notes" which appear in "Y Llusern," a Welsh Calvinistic monthly, are instructive and entertaining. In the number for August, the Editor writes substantially of preaching, which seems to be deteriorating now-a-days among the Welsh. Dull preachers are becoming very common. The old-fashioned zeal of the fathers is getting ex-

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tremely scarce, and thereby preaching is merely formal and dull. The fathers had fire in them; the present generation has art of the coldest kind. Experience is lacking in a good number of the preachers of to-day. They preach what they have learnt out of books. Many preach for a living, not for the life eternal.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for August has a fine portrait of the Rev. Llewelyn Edwards, M. A., London, with an interesting sketch of his life and labors. He is the second son of the late Lewis Edwards of Bala, a man generally known among the Welsh people. Mr. Edwards's mother was a grand-daughter of the renowned "Charles o'r Bala," one of the greatest men Wales ever produced. Mr. Edwards was born in Bala, June 1, 1843, a week later than the great "Sassiwn of the Bala" of that year. He first attended school at the Lodge, kept by a Miss Williams, a niece to the old Welsh Aristophanes, Twm o'r Nant. Almost the only thing he learnt at that school was those two lines of the bard "Thomas Edwards yw fy enw, Twm o'r Nant mae cant yn 'nghalw," a couplet which has gained national fame. From Mrs. Williams's school he went to one kept by the Rev. Evan Peters, whence he was moved to the British School, under John Price, Bangor, and W. Griffiths. He entered college in 1858, where he studied for four years under his father. In 1861 he commenced preaching and entered the London University, whence he graduated. He spent some time in France where he mastered the French language. Mr. Edwards also entered Lincoln College, Oxford, where he took his B. A. In 1874 he married Miss Peters. His first charge was Wood Street Church, Birmingham, where he remained a year. From Birmingham he went to Aberystwyth, where he and his brother T. Charles Edwards, kept a school. Dr. T. C. afterwards became Principal of the University of Wales. In 1896 he founded a church in Clapham with 40 members, which increased to 220. Mr. Edwards is a good scholar, and a strong preacher, and a man of much influence among the Welsh in the metropolis.

"The Gael" for September: A glance at the contents of the September issue shows what a variety of fascinating features it contains of which we give a brief synopsis. An article on "Irish Peasant Work," a new industrial feature and social betterment; "Irish Music in the Seventeenth Century" (1601 to 1650) concluded from the last issue, by William H. Grattan Flood; a very entertaining article on "Irish Dances," by J. G. O'Keefe, shows that one of the famous characteristics of the fun and frolic of the Island still flourishes with artistic grace. "The Brehon Laws;" "The Tinker and the Devil" (translated from the Irish), by Shaun O'Coffey, Kilconnell, is a most entertaining and humorous story. "The Lone Mother," a pathetic sketch of the lonely figure of the poor widow whose heart is torn with the contending emotions of the yearning to join her children beyond the sea in the great Republic. Among other interesting features in the September "Gael" we note a review of "Keating's History of Ireland," "Petrie's Ancient Irish Music," "Birthplace of Emmet," "The Soul of Ireland," etc. The poetry is exceptionally good. We cite "Mourne Mountain" (A Fairy Ballad), by Rev. James B. Dollard. "My Red Colleen," by Norah Hopper, and the "Hills O' My Heart," by Ethna Carbery. The illustrations are, as usual, an interesting feature of "The Gael." "The Gael" is published monthly at 140 Nassau St., New York, for $1.00 a year.

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SCIENTIFIC

Dogs often steal just for the sake of stealing. I have known dogs to break into storehouses, steal a lot of food, and carry it away to a hiding place at some safe distance from the house. Dogs often acquire the habit of sucking eggs, and in rural sections farmers have experienced much trouble in protecting the nests of hens against the pilfering animals. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to break a dog of the egg-sucking habit.—Exchange.

Fainting is due to an insufficient amount of blood flowing to the brain. If a person who has fainted is sitting in a chair, take hold of both sides of the back of the chair, carefully tip the chair backward until the person's head is lower than his feet; the back of the chair may even be made to touch the floor. In most cases, by the time this is done, the fainting will be recovered from.

We know the chemical composition of protoplasm. It is built up of much the same elements as we find say in the white of an egg, and is therefore called a nitrogenous substance. We find it in carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen with traces of sulphur of phosphorus. It is undeniable that chemists have been able in their laboratories by bringing together the component elements of certain substances associated with living beings to produce these substances artificially.

The planet Mercury is nearest the sun. Mercury travels in its orbit round the sun in 88 days, and approaches within 28,500,000 miles to the great source of heat, and then recedes from it to a distance of 43,000,000 miles. It moves in the most elongated of all the planetary orbits, for its eccentricity, the distance between the focus and the center of its ellipse is 7,200,000 miles.

It may serve to impress upon us the fact of the sun's shrinkage if we will remember that on that auspicious day when Queen Victoria came to the throne the sun had a diameter more than five miles greater than it had at the time when her long and glorious career was ended. The sun that shone on Palestine at the beginning of the present era must have had a diameter about a hundred and seventy miles greater than the sun which now shines on the Sea of Galilee.

The mighty transformation through which the solar system has passed, and is even now at this moment passing, cannot be actually beheld by us poor creatures of a day. It might perhaps be surveyed by beings whose pulse counted centuries, as our pulses count seconds; by beings whose minutes lasted longer than the dynasties of human history; by beings to whom a year was comparable with the period since the earth was young, and since that wondrous thing we call life began to move in the waters.

Before the eruption of Krakatoa no one had the slightest suspicion that far up aloft, 20 miles over our heads, a mighty tempest is incessantly hurrying with a speed much greater than that of the awful hurricane which once laid so large a part of Calcutta on the ground, and slew so many of its inhabitants. When this great wind had been charged with the dust of Krakatoa then, for the first, and I may add, for the only time, it stood revealed to human vision. Then it was seen that this wind circled round

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the earth in the vicinity of the Equator, and completed its circuit in about 13 days.—Ball.

The heat of the sun is indeed one of the most astonishing conceptions which the study of nature offers to us. Think first of a perfect modern furnace in which even steel itself, having first attained a dazzling brilliance, can be further melted into a liquid that will run like water. Let us imagine the temperature of that liquid to be multiplied seven-fold, and then we shall obtain some conception of the fearful intensity of the heat which would be found on the wonderful celestial furnace, the great sun in the heavens.

A question has sometimes been asked as to the most important discovery in astronomy which has been made in the century that has just passed. If, by the most important discovery, we mean that which has most widely extended our knowledge of the universe, I do not think there need be much hesitation in stating the answer. It seems to me beyond doubt that the most astonishing discovery of the last century in regard to the heavenly bodies is that which has revealed the elementary substances of which the orbs of heaven are composed. This discovery is more interesting and instructive because it has taught us that the materials of the sun, of the stars, and of the nebulae, are essentially the elements of which our own earth is formed, and with which chemists are already become well acquainted. —Ball.

It is a mistake to believe that it is only the great and shining acts that deserve our admiration. To be faithful in the smallest affairs is honorable, and the most faithful are those who have this sentiment of responsibility. Life is made up of seconds and minutes, of little acts of kindness and courtesy, or else of acts of spite, hatred, malice, envy. But as surely as the beneficent influence of warmth and sunlight will call into being the beautiful flowers that adorn the garden, so surely will kindness, gentleness, true courtesy produce a return of the sweet graces of inward happiness and outward joy. Whoever knows this will watch himself in all he does, he will know that it will depend upon him to spread happiness and to be happy—and thus he will cultivate in himself the true sentiment of responsibility.—Exchange.

The true art of being agreeable is to appear well pleased with all the company, and rather to seem well entertained with them than to bring entertainment to them. A woman thus disposed, perhaps, may not have much learning, or any wit, but if she has common sense and something friendly in her behavior, it conciliates people's minds more than the brightest parts without this disposition. It is true indeed that we should not dissemble and flatter in company, but one may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where she cannot concur, and a pleasing assent where she can. Now and then you meet with one so exactly formed to please that she will gain upon every one that hears or beholds her. This disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world and a command over the passions.—Addison.

If we think of religion only as a means of escaping what we call the wrath to come, we shall not escape it; we are already under it; we are under the burden of death, for we care only for ourselves. This was not the religion of our fathers; this was not the Calvinism which overthrew spiritual wickedness, and hurled kings from their thrones, and puzzled England and Scotland, for the time at least, of lies and charlatanry. Calvinism was the spirit which rises in revolt against untruth.

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"Entrance at the top" is the indefinite direction nailed half-way up a tree in the yard of the old Parish Church at Llanwrtyd.

Sir Lewis Morris is coming out as a playwriter. He has written a play in verse which Miss Olga Nethersole has accepted. It will be produced in London before the end of the year.

Glyncorrwg Parish Church is one of the most interesting relics in the county. It contains among other things a Norman font, and in the porch there is a holy water stoup. Both are in an excellent state of preservation.

An eisteddfod was held in Bath some time ago, and the attendance was very large. Bath people evidently take kindly to Welsh customs and the promoters cleared about fifty pounds after giving some very good money prizes.

Wales has a special interest in the new Premier, for Mr. Lleufer Thomas has shown that he is descended from a Welshman. At any rate, the Swansea barrister claims that the Cecils are descended from Seisyllt, who was, of course, Welsh to the core.

Miss Winifred Hartley of Bangor, and Mr. Owen M. Edwards, M. A., are collecting Welsh lullabies (Hwian Gerddi Cymreig), with a view to publication. One collection of North Wales lullabies has already been published; these were collected by Mr. W. M. Roberts of Wrexham.

Lord Salisbury has only visited Wales twice during his long political career. In 1885 he came to Newport and delivered the great speech in which he promised to make education free; eight years later he visited Newport and addressed a mammoth and memorable meeting in the Drill-hall.

Miss Eluned Morgan, the daughter of Bonwr Lewis Jones, one of the founders of the Welsh Colony in Patagonia, has just returned to Wales after a wearisome journey from South America. Miss Morgan is a racy writer of Welsh, and it is hoped she can be induced to make her home in the Principality.

A short distance from Llanwnen and still in Cardiganshire stands Alltyplaca Chapel, the second home of the congregation (now Unitarian) founded in 1740, that year in which the Rev. John Taylor D. D., published his memorable treatise on "Original Sin;" and the Rev. Caleb Fleming, D. D., a life long Independent, began to preach the simple humanity of Christ, and at his ordination declined to make any fuller confession of faith than that he believed the New Testament contained a "revelation worthy of Gor to give, and of man to receive," and that he would teach it as he should "from time to time" understand it

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In 1837 this first building, in which Iolo Morganwg was wont to make his Communion, gave place to the present structure, which was restored and remodelled in 1892. It is well placed in

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a moderate sized burial ground—dear, very dear to the writer—through which runs a public footpath, besides a tiny babbling brook, on the banks of which grow some fine ferns.—W. G.

The minister is the Rèv, John Davies (formerly an Alderman of the County Council) who was appointed, on leaving the Presbyterian College in 1864. He is likewise minister of Capel-y-Bryn and of the Sychbant Congregation, founded by him in 1896.

The Congregation owes its existence to the labors of the Rev. Jenkyn Jones, of Llwynrhydowen, who led the revolt against Calvinism in Wales during the early years of the 18th century. Under his ministry and that of his successors David Lloyd (1742-1779), and Davis of Castellhywel (1769-1827), the Congregation became that power in the district, which it has since maintained and increased, producing as an offshoot, in 1801, the Congregation at Capel-y-groes.

Holyhead people opened their eyes quite wide recently when they saw the Bishop of Bangor and his chaplain cycling into the town. His lordship had enjoyed a twenty-five mile spin from his residence near Bangor in order to confer with the rector of Holyhead respecting the arrangements in connectio with the opening of the mission church in one of the outlying districts.

A Welshman was a conspicuous figure in the great dinner to the poor at Bishop's Park, Fulham, coronation day. This was Mr. Timothy Davies, mayor of Fulham, who received the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Putney Bridge entrance to the park on the occasion of the visit of their Royal Highnesses to witness the feast. Mr. Davies's little daughter also presented a dainty bouquet to the Princess. Mr. Davies, who is a native of Carmarthenshire, has built up a big drapery business at Fulham.

More attention is paid in Wales nowadays to the adequate training of young men for the ministry than in any part of Christendom. This squares but ill with the fact that Wales contains a greater number of Atlantic-borne D. D.'s and Ph D.'s than any country of its size in the world. The favorite customers in the American markets are the Congregationalists and Baptists. The Unitarians have not a single American graduate. But, perhaps, it is because they have no theology.

North and South, Church and Dissent, Tory and Radical, by no means exhausts the list of mutual antagonisms in the Principality. Llandrindod has one of its own. Time was when visitors to the popular spa used to be divided into "Lords" and "Commons," according to the table they patronized at the Pump House. Though that distinction has now been abolished, the line of demarcation is still as strongly drawn as ever. The "Pump House" looks down with disdain upon the "Rock" which in turn repays the compliment by deriding the airs of the "Pumpers." "Gwalia" and "Bryn Awel" laugh at both.

"Watcyn Wyn" is responsible for the following story, which is good enough to be true. The bard possesses a private manufactory for turning out not only ministerial students, but the completed article—the full-fledged minister as licensed guide to the everlasting hills of Nonconformity. The raw material he gets is sometimes very raw indeed. One such candidate on being shown some Hebrew characters and asked whether he could read them scratched his poll in sore dismay. Then his eye lit up with the fire of hope, as turning to Professor Watcyn he said: "No, I can't read them myself. But if you

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will let me run home for my brother, the fiddler, he can play them for me!"

Mr. William Wilkins, for twenty years postmaster of Merthyr Tydfil, the pioneer of cheap literature in Wales, was a personal friend of Robert Dale Owens, as he was also of Charles Knight, and used to speak of Owen as one of the sincerest of men, an ardent philanthropist, with no other thought than that of aiding in the bettering of humanity. Wilkins considered him a century or two in advance of his time. One of Owen's suggestions was one, he thought, aiming at the very root of most of the misfortunes of the world, but he never believed that it would be legalized, at all events not for many years. This was, at birth, to subject children to scientific mental and physical examination by duly appointed boards and all unsound in either case should be quietly "put by," and not be suffered to enter upon a life of misery to themselves and the world.

Celtic national sentiment has found appropriate and striking expression in a large hand painted banner by Ab Caledfryn, whose mural decorations have now come to be regarded as essential at the Welsh National Eisteddfod. What the artist had previously done in decorative art for the Eisteddfod, he has now produced for the purposes of street and public buildings decorations. This is an immense pan-Celtic Standard, on which the national emblems of the five nationalities are happily and strikingly united. The center of the design is occupied by a magnificent Welsh Dragon—an exact facsimile of what now appears on the armorial bearings of the Prince of Wales. The dragon is, appropriately, entwined by the Welsh leek. The four corners are occupied in turn by the floral emblems and armorial representations of the other four Celtic nationalities.

By permission of the Dean of St. David's, a memorial brass to the deceased members of the staff of the Welsh Hospital for South Africa has been placed in St. David's Cathedral. Lord Penrhyn unveiled the memorial August 14, and handed over the hospital flag to be permanently placed in the nave. This flag—the red dragon on a yellow ground—was presented to the hospital on its arrival in South Africa by the Cape Cambrian Society, and was, with the Red Cross flag, always flown from a flagstaff in front of the camp, until the hospital was finally closed at Pretoria. Three doctors, two nurses and a dresser died during the war, and it is a memorial to their services and of the work of the hospital that is to be appropriately placed in the famous cathedral church of the Principality.

Notwithstanding our numerous national movements in Wales, a great poverty of suitable badges and emblems of an artistic kind has been frequently noticed, and a desire has long prevailed that some enterprising jeweler should undertake to meet the want. The barest outline of an artificial leek has had to serve on a St. David's Day, or during the National Eisteddfod week when the real" ceninen" is not worn. Since the elevation of the Red Dragon to Royal rank as a national emblem, it has sprang into new favor as a badge among the descendants of Cadwalladr, although often in most uncomfortable positions, and with very incongruous associations. On the approach of the intended coronation of the King, several attempts at improving its poses were made, even though in one or two instances a lay observer might be tempted to remark that it cast very angry glances at its companion emblem, the leek, probably regarding it as an intending usurper of its reperesentative character.

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The paper contributed by Dr. Thomas Medical Officer of Health for Merthyr, on "Obstacles to Sanitary Progress Amongst the Welsh People," has been the subject of much comment in the press, and the "Western Mail" especially, has brought the doctor to books for dealing too severely with the Welsh people as fatalists. Extravagant criticism which can not be substantiated by facts, will serve no good purpose to any cause; and those who indulge in this kind of criticism should bear in mind that sanitary and even medical science are of very recent date, and that we have still homeopaths amongst us in large numbers in spite of the marvellous strides that allopathy has made of late years, and to the allopath the homeopath is nothing more than a kind fatalist.

Much is said of the sums lost every year on the turf, but they are in proportion as nothing to what a Glamorganshire farmer would stake a hundred years ago on his favorite pedestrian on Mynydd y Brocwr, Mynydd y Gaer, Bwlch Dan Fynydd and other celebrated spots as the course on which footraces took place, the choice of the betting man not falling on the man in his judgment most likely to win, but on the champion selected from his own parish or district. Horses, cattle, even land were staked upon such contests between parishes; and I have often been told by the old people that the intricate intermixture of landed property in some parts of Wales is due to the great betting in old times. The farmers, gentry and the clergy were the chief supporters of these contests, and indulged mostly in gambling, though it was known of laborers not infrequently crippling themselves for six months at these contests.—"Catrowd."

There has just been issued by the Cambridge University Press a little volume entitled "Bilingual Teaching in Belgian Schools," which has a special interest for Welsh educationists. It is the report by Mr. T. R. Dawes, M. A., headmaster of the Pembroke Dock County School, presented to the University of Wales of his visit to Belgian schools as Gilchrist travelling student. Mr. Dawes's remarks with reference to the linguist problems in the schools of Wales may be heartily commended to the notice of those who never tire of opposing the teaching of Welsh. "In Wales," he writes, "a good grammatical knowledge of Welsh with the linguistic training it brings is unquestionably good educational training, and it is regrettable that such a valuable educational instrument should be left on one side by the schools. I have often regretted that my education, received in a school in the heart of Wales, did not include some knowledge of the language and literature of my own country. I have been ashamed to confess to German students that I knew nothing of the Mabinogion and to have to evade questions on the Welsh language from Flemings and Frenchmen. . . . The Welshman who knows his own language as well as English is much better prepared to acquire other modern languages than a monoglot. Welsh begun in school and continued afterwards . . . would be more immediately useful than French.

In Wales even to-day we see the cherishing of absurd antipathies. Welshmen are found taking umbrage because Englishmen and Scotchmen step into positions that the natives of the Principality ought to have enough education and pluck and enterprise to occupy themselves, and which, no doubt, the native will yet occupy when he gives up sulking and grumbling and sets himself to work. On the other hand, we note with unmitigated disgust the airs which some Saxons give themselves, as though

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the Welshman were neither of the same color nor descended from our first parents. There are Englishmen who have tried to sneer the Welshman and his language and his characteristics out of existence. But they have ignominiously failed and we are glad and proud of it. We are not of those who desire to underrate others. We cherish the highest admiration for the Englishman, the Scotchman, the Irishman; but they, on their side—especially the Englishman of a certain type—must learn that there is an attitude which gives rise to pain and bitter offense The conceited outsider is not everybody, and Wales could do without him very well. The Welshman has his faults, but, to his credit be it said, he is seldom a snob.—Lloyd George at Cardiff.

A correspondent who has lived in thirteen South Wales towns has been amused at the local jealousies entertained amongst the residents. Swansea entertains no deep regard for Cardiff, owing to trade rivalry, and Cardiff responds most heartily. Merthyr always belittles Aberdare and the Aberdarians are not slow in expressing their superiority to the one time capital of Wales. Any one who has lived in Carmarthen must have been amused at the sarcasm hurled at Llanelly, which has supplanted the ancient town on the Towy as a commercial center. Aberayron and New Quay, two little Cardiganshire towns, are continually girding at one another. The New Quayites look down with contempt on their neighbors and the latter ridicule the idea that New Quayites are in any way their equals The manner in which Llandrindod has outshone its Radnorshire contemporaries has caused boundless envy, and the decaying town of Prestein clings desperately to its title of "county town." Cardigan has not yet got over its anger at "little Lampeter" usurping its position as the county town.

A good story is told to show that a Welsh bishop of a past generation owed his elevation to a clerical error. The story is briefly this: "There were two clergymen, each named, we will say, Jones (although that was not the actual patronymic), holding livings in the same county and in adjacent parishes, the names of the parishes being sufficiently near each other in sound to confound the ordinary Philistine Saxon clerk. One of these men was a scholar of repute and undoubted ability; the other was a mediocre nonentity, who, however, discharged his parochial duties according to his lights and to the best of his ability. When a certain Welsh see became vacant the claims of John Jones, No. 1, the scholarly theologian, were put forward so strongly by his friends that the then Prime Minister gave a definite promise that he should be appointed. He and his friends, however, awaited in vain the official notification, which never came. Meanwhile humble John Jones No. 2, and his friends were delighted and the whole country astounded by an official intimation that he was appointed to the vacant see! The clerical error was discovered too late to be remedied, and while one disappointed scholar went sadly back to his studies another enjoyed unexpected fulness of years and of honor as the wearer of lawn sleeves his utmost ambition had never aspired to.

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PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

MRS. MARGARET E. ROBERTS, SCRANTON, PA.

For years Mrs. Margaret E. Roberts has been before the Welsh public in the character of a lecturer and contributor to Welsh literature, and we are sure thousands will be delighted to have her portrait appear in "The Cambrian," with a short biographical sketch of her life and public career.

MRS. MARGARET E. ROBERTS.

Mrs. Roberts is a native of South Wales, having been born in a place called Tasgon, in the parish of Llanfair-ar-y-bryn, Carmarthenshire. Her father was a prominent member and deacon of Gosen, a church pertaining to the Calvinistic Methodists, and well known among the neighboring churches. The date of her birth is given as June 3, 1833. She never had any educational advantages, outside of instruction in the common rudiments, reading, writing and arithmetic. She was fortunate in having parents of excellent character, her father being a good Christian, of an easy-going, pleasant, peaceable nature, always acting the part of peacemaker in all troubles within the church and outside. Her mother was more independent and arbitrary in her ways, but controlled by a sense of Christian duty; and neighbors testified to her being a thorough Christian woman. She was converted at the age of 16 years, and lived to the good old age of 90, full of faith and good works in Christ. She believed, like a good many Welsh, in

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tne verbal inspiration of the Bible, and in John Calvin as the prophet of God.

When Margaret was 20, she was married to a young man in the neighborhood, of excellent character, and in two weeks, they moved to Hirwain, Glamorganshire, where they kept business for eight years. Eventually the works around Hirwain were closed, and Mr. and Mrs. Roberts were induced to emigrate, and they settled in the United States. They went West, where they took to farming at Old Man's Creek, Ia., for 20 years. Here Mrs. Roberts fell in love with books and became a devoted student, especially of modern theories, philosophy and science.

She very soon accepted the theory of evolution as a great truth and as a gift of great value of the nineteenth century to the world, and she became forthwith deeply interested in the discussion of its merits, and read everything she could procure for and against Darwin's gospel. She read Darwin, Haeckel, Huxley, Tyndal, Spencer, and also Prof. John Fisk, Prof. Le Conte and other American evolutionists. She very soon took to studying geology and astronomy and other cognate sciences, which strengthened her belief greatly in the truth of Darwin's theory of evolution. In this country and Wales, during her visit years ago, she delivered lectures giving her reasons for the new faith that was in her.

Mr. Roberts's health having become delicate and unable any longer to follow the hard vocation of farming, the farm was rented, and they moved to Iowa City, where Mrs. Roberts had access to the State Library, and where she gave herself assiduously to studying physiology, being greatly helped by associating with men and women of thought and learning. Subsequently she became an interested student of phrenology and physiognomy. In 1881, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts moved to Scranton, thinking that it would benefit Mr. Roberts's health. She attended the American Institute of Phrenology in 1882, and received her diploma, and soon left for for Wales on a lecturing tour, which proved a delightful success.

Although Mrs. Roberts is a professional Christian, and a member of the Congregational Church, she is progressive in her ideas, and keeps her eyes wide open for increased light. She is also courageous in expressing her views, being thoroughly convinced of what she believes. Her views may be epitomized as follows:

"God will always be the Unknowable to man, but His attributes will always be a field for investigation. For man to claim himself the unfailing teacher of God's will and truth is foolish.

Christ never founded an infallible Church or State; He only gave principles which man must work out and develop.

God revealed His will to the Hebrew nation more clearly than to any other people. The history of creation was taken from older records than the Bible, probably, by Moses, who was the product of nations before him. Was he less the gift of God because he came in harmony with all that went before?

Reading the books that are condemned from pulpits never led me away from God. The Bible is now to me in harmony with the teaching of all the sciences. God is revealing His truth and ways gradually, page by page, book by book, as fast as man is prepared and qualified to receive. This life has been to me full of happiness and blessing, of peace and good will.

The only cloud that hangs above me is Mr. Roberts' protracted sickness, but we always feel it might be much worse. I believe in the future life and its reality, as much as in this.

The head can never reason God out of His creation, it is the wicked heart that is trying to do so."

Mrs. Roberts has contributed some hundreds of articles to Welsh papers during her career, and always on sub-

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stantial subjects, philosophical, scientific, political and social. She is always deeply interested in social matters, and her teaching is always morally strengthening. She is also an earnest temperance advocate, and has been an active and consistent member of the W. C. T. U. for 25 years.

Mrs. Roberts is an excellent type of the progressive and practical Christian, and is a leader among the Welsh, who are conservative and suspicious of new lights. As Mrs. Roberts states, "The authority of the past and the ignorance of the present rule in many a church, which hardly looks forward for more light." We need more of the true woman Wordsworth describes—

Nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light.

———o:o———

The Home Doctor.

Use the white of an egg for a burn. It forms a coating which excludes the air.

A good remedy for catarrh, it is said, is the free use of boracic acid as a snuff.

As a laxative stewed or baked apples are excellent. As destroyers of flatulence they are unequaled in their use if persisted in.

It is said that if the feet are well soaked in warm water at night and then the corns rubbed with castor oil these troublesome excrescences will disappear.

If you awaken in the night coughing and can not stop, get a small portion of powdered borax and place it on your tongue and let it slowly dissolve, and it will almost instantly stop thet cough, as it will also relieve an ulcer in the throat.

At the first suspicion of ivy poisoning wash the skin in water in which common baking soda (saleratus) has been dissolved. Make the solution strong and "spat" it on, allowing the deposit of the white powder to remain on the skin. Apply frequently for 24 hours.

About Languages.

There are 3.064 languages in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than 1,000 religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of life is about thirty-three years. To 1,000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life, to every 100 six reach hte age of 65, and not more than one in 600 lives to 80 years. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Of these 33,033,033 die every year, 60 every minute or one ever second. The married are longer lived than the single, and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short men. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to fifty years of age than men have, but fewer afterwards. The number of marriages is in the proportion of 75 to 1,000 individuals. Those born in the spring are generally of a more robust constitution than others. Births are more frequent by night than by day, also deaths.

"If a girl is foolish enough to tell when a man kisses her he may not do it again.

It is easy for anybody to get married, but it is hard for lots of them to stay married.

There are many women who can deceive their own husbands, but few who can deceive their friends.

When you come to think how some people will elope it is easier to understand how some people will cut their throats.

The multitude of sins that is covered by charity is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the multitude that is uncovered by it.—"New York Press."

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Original and Selected Miscellany.

"I know the first thing my wife would say if she were to be made Queen of England." "What?" "Is my crown on straight?"

Barber: Your hair is very thin, sir. Have you tried our special hair wash? Customer (in a reassuring tone): Oh, no; it wasn't that that did it.

Iva: Bow pleasantly when introduced to anybody and say, "I am very glad to meet you," or say nothing at all. When your visitors say they have enjoyed themselves you can say, "You are very kind;" or "I am very glad."

A reliable correspondent in Cape Town informs us that there are in that colony abundant openings for mechanics of all sorts—plasterers, joiners, carpenters and plumbers, and also shorthand clerks, typewriters and shop assistants.

"Well," he said, "I don't want to bother you, and I'm kind of ashamed to, too, but we had a hard winter and we've been pretty busy getting the new barn to rights this spring, and somehow I haven't been over to the tracks since fall, so I haven't heard much of what's going on. What I'm trying to find out is whatever did they do to that villain who killed President McKinley?"

The scolding woman is certainly not regarded with favor in this country, yet in China, a sharp tongue is said to be a domestic accomplishment among the women. In fact, the story goes that the Chinese woman rules her servants by scolding them. She must, first of all, be a good scold, and this is the highest of her aims.

Tom Corwin, the great Ohio statesman and politician, was wont to say in his latter days that the only thing which had prevented him from being elected President of the United Stataes was that the people refused to take him seriously. He was an incorrigible joker and wit, and it was his humor rather than his genius for statecraft which endeared him to the people of his party.

"The young bride went to the kitchen door
And complied with the tramp's demands;
She smilingly gave him a slice of cake
Made with her own white hands.

"As the injured tramp went sadly away
He sighed and said with a groan:
'If a poor man ask for a slice of bread
Will ye give the poor man a stone?'"
—"Cruelty to Tramps."

Stonehenge is at last receiving the attention of archaeologists, the absence of which was so lamented by Emerson in his day It is said that in some recent handling of the fallen monoliths, that implements of the new stone age were discovered. This places the weird, inscrutable temple anterior to the bronze age. Earlier than 1500 B. C. is a ventured date. Life broadens and deepens with the growth of science.

A lecturer on the mistakes of history says that Ethan Allen did not utter at the taking of Fort Ticonderoga the ringing phrase associated with that event in the mind of every schoolboy. Instead of informing the British com-

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mander that he demanded the surrender of the stronghold "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," he shouted: "Come out of that, you old rat!"

It is pathetic to find that while the Irish language movement is rapidly spreading the number of Scottish speakers of Gaelic has considerably diminished. In 1891 the number who spoke Gaelic only was 43,758, but at the last census they had dwindled to 28,706. There is, apparently, more urgent necessity for a "Gaelic revival" in Scotland than in Ireland, unless, indeed, the figures only mean that many Gaelic speakers have now added the knowledge of English to their accomplishments.

A man went round a few days ago asking different men how business was with them. He says some of the answers were as follows:

Tailor—Sew, sew.
Undertaker—Dead.
Butcher—All cut up.
Ragman—Picking up.
Cripple—I can't kick.
Blacksmith—Red hot.
Hatter—Going ahead
Doctor—Getting better.
Blind Man—Out of sight.
Stove Man—Warming up.
Shoeman—Pegging along.
Pawnbroker—Interest-ing.
Engineer—At high pressure.
Coal Dealer—Outlook black.
Barber—I'm scraping along.
Pharmacist—Market drugged.
Watchmaker—Too much tick.

You must never be afraid that the girl you kiss will tell if you don't.

The wise woman binds a man to her when she makes herself his companion.

Widows are so successful with men because they are always willing to learn.

Some men get married so as to be able to stop giving presents to the girl they are engaged to.

Nothing scares a man worse than to have a woman begin to flirt with him, instead of his beginning to flirt with her.—"New York Press."

Among the Presbyterian ministers who were presented to President Roosevelt when he came to the city recently was one who bears the burden of an overweening sense of duty and is won't to "rebuke in season and out of season"—mostly out of season.

"I regret," said the preacher, "to see that the administration countenanced the use of liquor in the governor's palace at Havana."

"But I am glad to see," said the President, deftly changing the subject, "that the general assembly is discountenancing the use of brimstone."—"New York Times."

A clergyman once preached a sermon on the eternal fate of the wicked, which he sought to bring home to some of the noted transgressors in the parish by personal admonition. Meeting one day an old woman who was well known for her gossiping propensities, he said: "I hope my sermon has borne fruit. You heard what I said about that place where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth?" "Well, as to that," answered the dame, "if I 'as anything to say, it be this—let them gnash their teeth as has 'em—I ain't."

Some years ago I had a little passage at arms with a gentleman who was prepared to prove the royal descent of almost any man in the street, for a payment of ten pounds down. When I hinted some doubt of his bona fides, he called upon me and showed, by a fairly plausible argument, that almost everybody has royal blood in his veins, if he only knew it. When you remember, on the one hand that you had two grandfathers and two grandmoth-

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ers,, eight ancestors in the previous generation, sixteen in the generation before that and so on, and, on the other, that as you go back the population of the country decreases—at the time of the Conquest it was probably not a tenth of what it is now—you can easily see that the present inhabitants of these islands could not all be supplied with ancestors unless the same people were used over and over again. Each ancestor must, in fact, do duty for so many descendants that the probability is that we all of us have a great many of them in common. That is why the majority of people have royal progenitors somewhere in the dim vista of the past.—"London Truth."

Composition on Love.

Love is a thing that makes people think each other pretty when nobody else does. It causes two persons to be awful quiet when you're round and also quiet when you're not round—only in a different way. It also causes people to sit together on one end of a bench when there's heaps of room on the other end. Nurses has it and sometimes policemen. That's when they don't know where you are, and you have lots of fun playing on the grass. Husbands and wives has it, but most generally only lovers. Old people don't have much, 'cause it has to be about dimples and red cheeks and fluffy curls and lots of things which old people don't ever have. When I grow up I'll have to go and love some one I suppose. Only she'll have to let me say what to do. I've written all I know about it till I do grow up. Eddy.

Their Ruling Passion.

"When I was in Florida a few weeks ago," said the Brooklyn man, "I overheard a dispute between two darkies as to the color of the skin of certain biblical personages. I won't attempt to give you their dialect. One declared with much vehemence that the apostles were all negroes and to prove his case told of the geographical position of Palestine as compared with Africa. "They are all colored persons in Africa," he said, "and Africa is right near Palestine. Peter and all the apostles were black men, and I know it."

"'They were not black men,' replied the other, 'and Peter was as white as that northern gentleman over there.'

"'What makes you so sure that Peter wasn't a colored gentleman?' asked his adversary.

"'Well, if Peter had been a colored gentleman that cock wouldn't have crowed more than once.'"—"New York Sun."

"Who made you?" asked a teacher of a lubber of a boy who had lately joined her class. "I don't know," said he. "Don't you know, You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a boy fourteen years old! Why there is little Dicky Fulton, he is only three, he can tell, I dare say. Come here, Dicky; who made you?" "God," said the infant. "There," said the teacher, triumphantly, "I knew he would remember it." "Well, he oughter," said the stupid boy; "aint but a little while since he was made."

The inclement weather marking the Shah's recent visit to London called forth a brilliant impromptu, if nothing else. A cabman, driving a member of his Majesty's suite, was accosted by a brother cabman. "What have you got inside Bill?" inquired driver No. 2. "A pal of the Shah's—what they call a sun-worshipper," returned the other. "H'm," was the retort, "I suppose he's come over for a holiday."

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

October

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THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL XXII OCTOBER, 1902. No. 10.

A POLICY FOR WELSH-AMERICANS.

By G. H. Humphrey.

By Welsh-Americans is meant the children of Welsh parents, or the descendants of Welsh ancestors. This increasing class of our fellow-citizens should not fail to make the best of their opportunities in this magnificent republic. This means, first of all, that they should try to overcome their inherited tendency to be content with secondary and servile places, and to believe resolutely that the fault is not in their stars, but in themselves, that they are underlings. Let them aspire to the foremost and highest positions, and fit themselves to fill them with honor. Let it be conceded that in the compound word the emphasis must be on the American—Welsh-American—for as much as our present social, industrial, commercial, political, professional and religious environments are far more important than our past genealogy or foreign history. And yet no one should be ashamed of his Celtic blood. There is much to be proud of in the Welsh head and heart. It is better to have a knowledge of the Welsh language than not to have it, on the general principle that the more tongues one has the better. Only the ignorant or the silly will show disrespect for the language, the literature and the peculiarities of his own kindred.

But I repeat that on this continent the highest welfare of our countrymen is in the line of a thorough and a thorough-going Americanism. Every Welsh boy and girl growing up in the United States should seek a complete mastery of the English language, overcoming every remnant or suggestion of a Welsh brogue in pronunciation, or of a Welsh idiom in the construction of sentences. Unless a young person is sufficiently familiar with the Welsh language to enjoy it in society and in the church, it is in every way best for him to become at once fully identified with organizations whose language is the English, rather than oscillate unsteadily between two classes. If there be propriety and prudence in the old rule, "In Rome do as the Romans do," much more is it proper and prudent to do in America as Americans do. The American people is destined to become the mightiest and the grandest nation on the face of the earth. It is now in the divine process of appropriating, assimilating and unify-

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ing in one character all the best characteristics of the leading tribes and races of the globe, including the indefatigable industry, the poetical penchant, the musical mood, the potent patriotism, and the pensive piety of Cambria's robust sons and ruddy daughters.

THE POSITION OF WELSH.

Time was when the Cymric tongue seemed to be rapidly decaying. For over three centuries and a half—since the Act of 1536, when Wales was incorporated with England—all the forces of government and officialism, of law courts and education, of social position and trade, of the Church and of literature have been arrayed against it. Welsh patriots and English statesmen combined to extirpate its use. The preamble of the Act of 1536 contains eloquent testimony to the policy of Henry VIII., the second of the Welsh line of Sovereigns: "The people of the Dominion of Wales have and do daily use a speech nothing like, ne consonant to the natural mother tongue used within this realm, some rude and ignorant people have made diffinition and diversity between the king's subjects of this realm and his subjects of the said Dominion and Principality of Wales. * * * His Highness, therefore, of a singular zeal, love, and favor that he beareth towards his subjects of the said Dominion of Wales, minding and intending to reduce them to the perfect order, notice and knowledge of his laws of this realm, and utterly to extirp all and singular usages and customs diffe.ing from the same * * * enacted that no official in Wales should, under pain of forfeiture of his office, use the Welsh tongue."

The Act of 1536 still remains on the Statute book, and the use of Welsh in courts of law is still illegal. This statute and the close communion with England which was brought about by the Tudor dynasty had a disastrous effect on the Welsh language. Bards had to be licensed, and eisteddfodau could only be held by Royal consent. The gentry made haste to forget Welsh, and the few clergymen who resided in their parishes could seldom read or speak Welsh. Even the commonalty grew to despise an ancient language which had attained definite literary form and structure centuries before modern English was born. William Salesbury, the author of the first book printed in Welsh, excused the publication of his Welsh-English Dictionary by urging that it was necessary in order to enable Welshmen to learn English. Dr. Gruffydd Roberts, the secretary of Cardinal Borromeo, who published in Milan his "Christian Mirror"—which contains as good specimens

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of idiomatic Welsh as are to be found in the language—complained as early as 1584 of the willingness of Welshmen to forget their native tongue. In the preface to his dictionary he says: "For you will find some who no sooner see the River Severn or the belfries of Shrewsbury, and hear a Saxon say "Good morrow" in his own tongue, than they let slip their Welsh and speak it as foreigners do.

It would be easy to multiply proofs of the decay of Welsh during the century which followed the passing of the Act of 1536. "There is never a market town in Wales," wrote John Penry, of "Marprelate" fame, in 1587, "where English is not as rife as Welsh." John Edwards in 1651 noted that not one in fifteen of the "scholarly gentry or even of the learned clergy" could read and write Welsh. From 1568 to 1798 not one Eisteddfod was held in North Wales, seven were held in South Wales in the seventeenth century, but the total attendance was only eighty. From 1546 to 1644 only 269 books relating to Wales were published, and of these 44 were in Latin, 184 in English, and only 41 in Welsh, while the style of the latter was almost invariably poor, especially after the accession of the Stuarts. The best Welshmen—James Howell, George Herbert, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Vaughan the Silurist—preferred to write in English.

In 1630 two patriotic Welshmen, Heylin and Middleton, brought out a cheap edition of the Welsh Bible, but they found it impossible to dispose of the 1,500 copies. Several hundreds of them were circulated twenty years later by Vavasour Powell. All the known facts go to show that about 1640 Welsh was in a decayed and even moribund condition. The printing press was not introduced to the Principality until another century; the common people could not read, and the spoken tongue was fast becoming a barbarous and mixed patois, half English half Welsh. In another century or so Welsh would have died with her sister tongue of Cornwall.

What really breathed new life and vigor into the language was the birth and growth of Puritan Nonconformity. The early Welsh Puritans cared nothing for Welsh, except as a means of preaching the gospel. Their mission was to save souls, not to maintain an ancient tongue. They found that the way to reach the Welsh peasant was by preaching in his native language. They strove therefore to teach the people to read and write Welsh. The result was almost miraculous. Whereas 1,500 copies of the Bible were more than sufficient in 1630, it is estimated that over 60,000 copies were circulated between 1671 and 1727. The very ardor of sectarian zeal helped the revival of Welsh. Each sect vied with the other in its eagerness to publish and make known its opinons. The thirst for knowledge once aroused was not sated by sectarian polemics.

In the eighteenth century there arose a new school of writers who

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cared nothing for Puritanism but much for Welsh. Two men of genius gave impetus and direction to the literary movement. The one was Goronwy Owen, a clergyman who was forced to emigrate to America to seek there in vain the promotion which was denied him by prejudiced English Bishops at home. His fame stands secure as the greatest epic-writer that Wales has produced, and his prose is as good as his "Awdlau." The other leader was Goronwy's friend and patron, Lewis Morris, Penbryn, the ancestor of Sir Lewis Morris of our own days. For a time the two movements—the religious and the literary—stood apart. The men of letters despised and detested the narrow bigotry of the Puritans; the Puritans distrusted the levity and denounced the immorality of the bards. But at the beginning of this century the two great streams met. Preachers and clergymen appeared as competitors at the Eisteddfod, and they have ever since been its most ardent supporters.—"The Speaker."

MUSIC NOTES.

By William ApMadoc.

References to, and quotations from the scientist Von Helmholtz and Max Muller, in regard to music, were made in the July number of "The Cambrian." It will be our pleasure this time to note, briefly, what another scientist has to say about the science and art of music, one who is listened to by the best thinkers of the age, Herbert Spencer, the venerable philosopher and sage, who has just issued from the press of D. Appleton and Company, his volume of "Facts and Comments." From his home in Brighton, England, the illustrious author has just assured the world "This volume, I can say with certainty, will be my last." He may add something he says,to a possible second addition, but, with the volume referred to, he proposes to bring a gentle life work to a close. It was on last April 27th he celebrated his eighty-second birthday. "Facts and Comments" contains chapters upon such subjects as "The Corruption of Music," "The Origin of Music," "Developed Music," "Meyerbeer," and "Some Musical Heresies," besides excellent and thought-stirring chapters upon many other subjects.

Though we cannot agree with some of his statements, nor accept some conclusions that he comes to in regard to the musical status of a Mozart, and a Meyerbeer, we are bound to confess that the great philosopher is more than delightful in all that he writes. When he criticizes a critic, Ernest Newman in his "Study of Wagner," for instance, he

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does it in an open and gentlemanly way. All musicians should read, and re-read the first two chapters mentioned above.

He ranks Meyerbeer high, though he admits that his reputation now is small, and quotes Liszt as saying, at one time, that Meyerbeer stood head and shoulder above the rest, meaning by "the rest" the composers then living. Many song-composers, and composers of piano music of the day may well keep the following sentences in mind: "Now compositions which, instead of musical thoughts, give us combination of notes implying no thoughts, always offend me. Scale-passages especially annoy me: suggesting that the composer, 'gravelled for lack of matter,' runs upstairs to find an idea, and being disappointed comes down again."

The closing words in the following sentence present the truth effectively: "But my chief reason for ranking Meyerbeer high is that he combines better than any composer I have heard the two requisite elements in fine music—dramatic expression and melody." Mr. Spencer pre-supposes in his chapter upon "Musical Heresies" that his opinions "will not meet with acceptance among experts in music." He is right, but musicians will read this delightful chapter and profit much thereby. Throughout he refers frequently to Hubert Parry's "The Evolution of the Art of Music," quoting from it as the highest authority, a generally conceded fact. Dr. Parry's book is also published by the D. Appleton Company.

HERBERT SPENCER

Another young lady of Cambrian descent, has blossomed forth into the world of artistic excellence, Miss Laura C. Jones, of Denver, a violinist of exceptional talent, and of personal beauty also. Miss Jones has just been engaged as violin instructor at the "North Texas Female College and Conservatory of Music," which is situated at Sherman, Texas.

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Last August 26th, the elite of Denver turned out to honor Miss Jones in a send off reception at her home, where we had the pleasure of listening to a young lady quartet of violins—an uncommon combination—but one which proved to be exceptionally excellent. This is called the "Dawkins Violin Quartet, Miss L. Dawkins, of Denver, being the teacher and director of it. Miss Jones' violin solos proved her artistic qualities. In beauty and fullness of tone, in her splendid technic and ease of execution, and along with the most charming disposition, Miss Jones is destined to achieve success in every sense. Miss Jones was assisted by Miss Jennet Griffith, a Welsh young lady of much talent and vocal ability. Representing the Cambrian element, there were present Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Hughes, and Katie Williams of Emporia, Kansas.

WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD.

One of the great pianists, not only of the United States, but of the world, is William H. Sherwood, founder of the famous "Sherwood Music School" of Chicago. No less authority than the Berlin Royal Prussian "Anzieger" has said: "He stands side by side with the best living pianists." We deem it the greatest privilege when we listen to Mr. Sherwood unfolding from out of the piano key-board, the mighty thoughts of the mighty masters." Precious as are the sincere tributes of the best press critics, we are infinitely more content to listen for two hours to Mr. Sherwood's interpretation of Beethoven, Chopin, Brahms, Liszt, Griegs, and the rest of the world's poet-musicians. No one can be a real artist without the poetic temperament, and no one can be a real pianist unless he can make the piano sing. Mr. Sherwood has an abundance of the one, and the touch that bespeaks the soul of the singer—in other words, he shows the poetic nature of the true artist in all his playing.

Mr. Sherwood was born at Lyons, N. Y. His first teacher was his fath-

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er, the Rev. L. H. Sherwood, M. A., who died in last May, a clergyman well-known to many readers of "The Cambrian." The Rev. Mr. Sherwood founded the Lyons Musical Academy, and was his son's instructor until he was seventeen years of age. In Europe he studied, among others, with Theodore Kullak, and Deppe, in Berlin, and Liszt at Weimar. He studied the organ at Stuttgart with Scotson Clark, and his instructors in theory, counterpoint and composition were Dr. Weitzmann, Carl Doppler, R. Wuerst and E. F. Richter.

The history of the triumphs of this great American artist would fill a whole number of "The Cambrian," and throughout all, he remains the quiet, unostentatious, and congenial gentleman. No lover of music will miss the oportunity of hearing Mr. Sherwood in his recitals and lecture-recitals, which he is called upon to give in our leading cities at stated intervals.

During the writer's last summer trip through a number of the Western States, he was asked by piano teachers and singers to list for them songs and piano pieces that were worth sending for. A rather difficult task this. These lovers of good music—because, let it be said right here, that none of them referred to the trashy popular "things" of the day; they desire pure, earnest, wearable and durable "song thoughts," songs and piano pieces that are born of music love, and these requests were, in part, as far as songs were concerned, the result of presenting to them such songs as "Eyes of Blue," and "When Gazing in Thine Eyes so Dear"—two gems by Oley Speaks, The John Church Company; "To the Fisherman," "Shadowtown," "Nirvana" and "Mary Manning," out of W. H. Neidlinger's "Song Thoughts," Summy Co., Chicago; "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Good Night, Beloved," by Daniel Protheroe. It will be our pleasure to help on "the good cause," now and then, by calling attention to good music.

From nature's symphony over to human song is not a strained transition. It is a most natural and pleasant one. Some time ago, we quoted the famous line—"The utterance of life is a song, the symphony of nature." So we thought and felt during one Saturday afternoon, when being taken by Governor Thomas, of Salt Lake City, Utah, in a romantic carriage-drive through the beautiful resident portion of the city, through its sensible wide streets which are made picturesque by stately rows of poplars, elms and oaks, and through the city's park on our way to yonder gateway of the Big Cottonwood Canyon, sixteen miles away. It appeared to be only four miles distant at furthest. Gov. Thomas requested me to look across the valley, and guess what the distance was between the granite-rocks of the Big Cottonwood and the towering rocks on the other side. The stranger will surely guess wide of the mark. My poor guess de-

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served the good-natured laugh of the Governor. The distance is twenty-five miles. A stranger would assert in strong language that it was only eight or ten miles.

All along the beauteous valley there is heard the anthems of the corn, wheat, barley, the music of the "green grass" and babbling brooks, the songs of the artisan, the milkmaid, and the armies of farmhands who have made the wilderness blossom like the rose—all blending in one harmonious symphony of the whole panorama. "But there is greater glory, a greater anthem waiting us in the canyon," Gov. Thomas said, "you will soon forget the song of the valley. In a little while the theme will be intensified sublimity. I promise you magnificence such as you have never witnessed before!" How true were these words! The great harmonies of the canyon came upon us in undescribable crescendos swelling forth into symphonic poems of supreme grandeur, uttering thoughts, and opening vistas of glory too profound and divine for words. None of the greater poet-musicians of the ages, and no great poet-musicians yet to be born will ever be able to pen the "Intensified Sublimity" symphony of the Big Cottonwood Canyon. While the rushing torrents below—turbulent waters of the eternal hills—tumble and toss huge boulders as if they were but tiny marbles, with their thunderous music reverberating in the caverns above, and echoing from rock to rock; while the breezes wave a gentle reverie among the branches of the millions of cedar, pine and cottonwood forests which adorn the terrific steeps; while granite, sandstone, slate, and what not, from their tremendous precipice-pulpits and palisades thrust upon us their rock-testimony, their song-story of tumult, of molten warfare, of defeat, disaster, victory, and of eternal laws not yet understood by man—while all these panoramas over-power the soul, there descends from the silent and majestic rock-cathedrals that tower up in the bewildering heights, from the Plinlimons upon Plinlimons, Alps upon Alps, and Lebanons upon Lebanons that are in symphonic communion with their Creator—there descends from these sanctuaries the "still small voice" of the God-presence, and the "fool" who may say in his heart that "there is no God," cannot give tongue to his blasphemy in the presence of these divine harmonies of creative wisdom, and majesty. No infidel can breathe and live in this temple of the Most High.

In the Sunday morning descent from the eternal hills, and while under the spell of the unutterable eloquence of the canyon, Governor Thomas quoted most delightfully from the classic poets, for we had discovered, in this new world of Nature, our better selves, we had caught the vision of the hills, and there was nothing better to do than to sing and sing again in the fulness of our hearts, as we hastened to another feast of song by the great

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Mormon choir under the baton swing of Professor Evan Stephens, in the Tabernacle—so, from the symphony of Nature back to the symphony of human song in divine worship. Governor Thomas and myself were seated in this wonderful Tabernacle of perfect accoustics, as far away from the choir as was possible, in order to enjoy fully the beauty of choral utterance combined with pipe-organ tone and harmony.

Right before us, we find the realization of our church-choir life-dream, and we have only words of commendation for the church that has the wisdom to know, and the courage to act out the fact that a large choral organization of its own members, congenial souls, and lovers of sacred song, is the religious ideal, and is the only way to deal adequately and artistically with choral masterpieces. In the twenty-four church-wards of Salt Lake City, there are, necessarily, twenty-four choirs, directed by as many lieutenant leaders, and all under the supervision of Professor Stephens.

At 2 p. m. every Sunday, these choirs meet in one splendidly balanced organization in the choral gallery of the Tabernacle—500 strong—under the leadership of Professor Stephens, a superb musician, and one of our few well-equipped conductors, whose face tells the story of the music, and whose baton-movements mean the steady tempo, the sufficient accentuation, the intelligent phrasing and the waves of thought-expression. Under such circumstances did we listen to, and feel the sweep and power of choral utterance—the symphony of sacred music—as the voices and organ rose and fell in the stirring numbers of "Let God Arise"—a chorus in good classic form by Professor Stephens. As a perfect climax to the choral program, Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" was rendered in better style, and with more intelligence than the writer ever witnessed before, though he has listened to it ten times in Eisteddvodic competition, and scores of times in oratorio performances. We mean, and "mean intensely" every word we have written.

When we had listened to this great choir in the memorable choral contest at the World's Fair Eisteddvod, and a few days later on the stage of Chicago's Central Music Hall, and again, at the Denver Eisteddvod of 1896, it gives us pleasure to recall some of the critical remarks made by competent musicians, the late "Caradoc" among them, which in substance, were as follows:—"Here, at last, we have listened to a choir that can feel and follow the dramatic simplicity and power of sacred music—no forcing of the voices, no straining for effect, no attempt at changing the clear meaning of choral masterpieces, but natural interpretation, effective phrasing, clear enunciation, and all hearts and voices attuned in true 'religioso.'"

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A STORY OF A LIVE GHOST.

By a Coal Miner.

Half a century ago when we were boys, stories of apparitions and spooks in the mines in South Wales were common; and old miners were used to entertain themselves and neighbors by telling hair-raising tales of weird happenings in the Cimmerian darkness underground. We, boys, were wont to listen to these narratives with gaping mouths and trembling hearts, and we would run home fancying a spook was following our footsteps all the way.

There is something fantastic and worthy of the attention of philosophy in the fact that although it is always pitch dark in the mines, spooks generally stalk around in the night time. During daytime over ground ghosts rarely troubled the miners; but as soon as the sun had set in the world above, and especially, about the heavy hour of midnight, these apparitions like Hamlet's ghost would leave their habitations, and walk majestically around to frighten the solitary night-workman. There was also a chance of meeting these denizens of the dark more in the early morning.

It is also worthy of note, that they haunted the mines during stop-days, when the miners would be all out. They seemed to rest during working hours, and somehow were aroused by the dread silence. "The dead of night," to use the words of Dryden, is a peculiarly dread experience in a coal or an ore mine, and students of silence and darkness should visit those places in order to get correct notions of silence and darkness. Within these black caverns of the earth, silence reigns supreme, and the comprehension of it is complete.

It is said nowadays that the mines in South Wales are as full of workmen at night as during the day, and so spooks and apparitions have moved away, since they have no hours favorable any more to perform their work. Ghosts are extremely shy; they hate light and eschew society. Are they dead, or have they emigrated away into realms of unexplored darkness? Do ghosts die or merely disappear like shadows at the advent of light?

The solitary night workman in olden times, when passing the room (talcen) of a fellow-miner at the time he was deep sleep in his bed at home, would occasionally see the gleam of a weak candle light on the polished side of the road, and the mysterious sound of the pick, the shovel, or the handling of the loosened earth, would meet his frightened ear, and he would hasten away to his own room, where he would feel somehow safe. When such accidents of strange sights and sounds would happen, the seer or hearer would warn the miner next morning

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to exercise more care than usual, for fear some accident might happen.

Occasionally, a car would be heard wending its way along the silent roadway with the glimmer of candle lights around, and the groans of the wounded miner could be heard distinctly, which signified that a serious accident was about to take place in that part of the mine.

At other times, an underground rush and roar would be heard, when the doors would rattle and slam and the mysterious air would whistle as if a storm were in progress; which was a premonition of an explosion of gas, especially in deep coal mines; and as a consequence, the miners and the company would exercise more care for a time to have the mine properly ventilated.

Howmuchsoever truth there was in these stories and tales, the fact remains that these superstitions and traditions played an important part in the life of the mine. Volumes of entertaining matter might have been compiled which the scientist and philosopher may use to study the workings of the human mind. The following story may serve to illustrate our meaning:

In the early days of mining, tunnels were worked, which were called "levels," and side ways were worked from the main-way, and from the side-ways the rooms would branch off, on the right and left. This main-way would often penetrate through until it met the main-way from another tunnel or level from another direction. In this way, some hills and mountains in South Wales are thoroughly honeycombed with ways, by-ways and rooms, until they are like the Catacombs in Rome of yore. Often miles could be traveled, going from one level or tunnel to another.

Extensive sections of this old work would be left untouched for years, wherein the ghosts and spooks would live as a colony, and whence they would emerge to annoy the miners in the live sections. These live sections adjoining old deserted parts would be more likely to be disturbed by apparitions that a mine altogether in active operation, by reason of the consideration that ghosts would have no habitat in such a mine, and ghosts had hardly been known to enter the mine from without.

The Grey Field Coal Mine was a new opening alongside an old section thoroughly worked out. The new portion was opened after considerable idleness on the part of the miners; and great joy was experienced in the neighborhood when the company resolved to make a reopening.

When the new section was opened, considerable annoyance (and fright in some cases) was caused by the activity which the ghost element showed. Spooks seemed to have been thoroughly aroused, and it seemed as if they were determined to make an especial effort to regain possession of the mine by a system of intimidation. There was one especially annoying case, where three miners bore the main tunnel, which

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was reckoned a profitable undertaking. To carry the job through as rapidly as possible, as this delayed the opening of the rooms, the tunnel was worked both shifts, night and day.

It was about midnight, the midnight of a coal mine, which is the outside midnight a hundred fold intensified with an element of silence which gave it increased intensity, when the three miners with the flickering lights of their candles sat down to enjoy a "whiff." Occasionally a gurgling noise was heard in the waterway as the gas escaped bubbling through the water, which reminded one of the three, Owen Price, who was a lover of books, of some things he had read in the vision of Dante! Suddenly footsteps were heard approaching them from the outside, and they stared at each other, somewhat horrified; for there was something ghostly in the movement!

After a few moments a large, strong man appeared in a state of utter nudity with a black band around his waist and with shoes on his feet. He walked majestically and with ghostly dignity towards them, passed without saying a word and disappeared into the old roadway. The sound of his footsteps gradually died in the distance.

All three were struck dumb with fright; and after Dan Jones had regained self-possession enough to speak,

"Owen," said he, "now you'll admit that there is such a being as a ghost!"

Owen had been hitherto sceptical as to the existence of ghosts and spooks, but now the sudden appearance of the naked spook had convinced him that there was something out of the way of nature in it.

The following night the same thing happened. The nude apparition walked up, stepped majestically by and disappeared into the old roadway. The three consulted with their friends outside, and a plan was put up to investigate the mystery, to see the inside of it, and to elucidate the matter if possible.

These friends were to accompany them into the mines the following night; and among them was a friend of Owen Price, named Jim, a veteran of the Crimean War; a strong, athletic fellow, and a past master in the noble science of self-defence.

Jim had never seen a ghost in his life; so he became interested in the plan, and evinced a strong desire to see such an outlandish being, and to have a friendly bout with him or "it."

Jim was afraid of nothing with life in it. So the party was also reinforced with Jim. Jim was placed at the head of the nocturnal expedition, as the most experienced of the party in the art of fighting as well the art of war. He took immediate command.

The party was situated at the place of the former apparitions, and the critical hour was nigh, when Jim stripped himself of coat and vest, had rolled up his sleeves and had taken his stand alongside the old roadway, and was just spitting on his hands

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to make his fists stick together the harder, when the anxiously expected footstep was heard, and the apparition stalked up. Jim had both fists loaded. When the ghost had come up to where Jim stood in the dark, Jim landed one on his fifth rib which sent him rolling on the ground. He was up like a bolt and was plying his legs to escape, when Jim administered one of his uppercuts which raised him off his feet and laid him flat on his back. Before he had time to gather his body together, Jim had jumped on him, and was pummeling him with great rapidity. The ghost took in the situation and called for mercy.

"Don't kill me," he yelled; Fi Bil Sais" (I am Bill the Englishman).

"No, sir," answered Jim, "you are a ghost; or if not now, soon to be one."

Owen recognized Bill's voice and intervened to save him from Jim's murderous attack.

When he was pulled from under Jim, he was an unrecognizable mass of blood and mud. He petitioned humbly for mercy, promising to leave the vicinity, never to return; a promise which he scrupulously kept. Bil Sais was never seen in the neighborhood thereafter. His purpose in playing the ghost was to frighten the fellows out of their good job, so he could gain possession.

ARRIVAL OF MAN IN BRITAIN.

By Professor Boyd Dawkins, F.R.S.

The rudely-chipped implements and weapons found in the deposits of ancient rivers, and belonging to the late geological period known as "Pleistocene," along with numerous wild animals, living and extinct, mark the arrival of the primitive hunter in Britain over the whole of the northern and eastern counties and the midlands as far to the north as Peterborough. They occur to the south in France and Spain and Italy, in Greece, in Palestine, in Egypt, and in Algiers. In all these regions they offer the same evidence as to the condition of the first man who appeared in Europe. His implements and weapons were fashioned of stones, chipped to a sharp point or to a cutting edge, and were of a lower type than those now used by savage races. He was unaided in the chase by the dog, he was ignorant of all domestic animals, and of all the arts, with the exception of those employed in making his implements. He was not even acquainted with the use of pottery. He had learnt, however, the use of fire—"the red flower" so much dreaded by all the wild animals.

It is little less than a miracle that with these poor weapons primitive man should have made good his

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foothold in Europe, among the wild beasts, and have successfully waged war against the lion, bear, the woolly elephants and rhinoceroses, the hippopotamuses and wild bulls, then inhabiting the continent. Like Mowgli, in Rudyard Kipling's delightful Jungle Book, he saved himself by his artfulness, and made up for his bodily weakness by his resource. We do not know in what part of the world he first learnt the use of implements and of fire; it was, probably, in some warm region in Southern Asia or Central Africa. The identity of pattern of implements in Europe, and the absence of any evidence as to their gradual evolution of form, lead to the conclusion that the River-drift hunter, as he is termed, did not learn to equip himself in Europe, but in some other quarter of the world.

The geography of the British Isles at the time of the arrival of the river-drift hunter was wholly different from that of to-day. There was no North Sea, and no English or Irish Channel. The land stood at least 600 ft. above its present level, and the waves of the Atlantic beat upon a shore line (marked in the soundings by the 100-fathom line) extending from the Bay of Biscay almost due north in the direction of Norway, then separated from the British area by a deep, narrow fiord close to the Scandinavian coast. This formed the western boundary of the Continent of Europe, Britain, Ireland, and the other islands standing out as mountains and hills over the great plain of the North Sea, the English Channel, and of the Atlantic border. The rivers of southern England, including the Severn, united with those of northern France and southern Ireland to form a great river opening upon the Atlantic to the south-west of Ireland. The Dee, Mersey, and Ribble, and all the rivers of the west of Scotland formed one great trunk, passing to the north-west; while those of eastern England and Scotland joined the Rhine and flowed northwards, in the direction of Scandinavia. The British Isles formed part of the Continent of Europe, and there were no physical barriers of sea or moutain to prevent the migration of animals through the forests and prairies as far to the northwest as the Atlantic shore-line off the coast of Ireland. Europe then was joined to Africa by way of Gibraltar, and by way of Italy and Sicily to Cape Bon. The Adriatic Sea was not, and the Mediterranean was reduced to two land-locked areas, like the Black Sea, allowing of migration of North African wild beasts into Europe.

Prehistoric Animal Life.

It was under these geographical conditions that man first appeared in the British Isles, along with the great migratory bodies of wild animals ranging north and south over this great continental tract without let or hindrance, in company with extinct species, such as the woolly

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elephant, woolly rhinoceros, and cave-bear. In the hot continental summer, so different from the insular climate which we now enjoy, the hippopotamus wandered northwards as far as Yorkshire. In the springtime vast herds of bison and horses ranged over the valleys of the North Sea and the English Channel, and found shelter in the forests of the higher grounds. They were followed by wolves, bears, and foxes, which now invariably acompany the wild animals in their migration in America and Asia. Among the beasts of prey we must particularly notice the lion, the panther, and the African spotted hyæna.

The best picture of the animal life of Britain in the spring and summer is represented to us by the prairies and forests of North America some fifty years ago, before the continent had been girdled by railways and the breech-loading rifle had done its work. There, for days, countless herds of bison, stretching as far as the eye could reach, have been noted from the same standpoint. So late as the fixing of the boundary of the British Dominion and the United States the Commissioners were surrounded in their encampment and literally mobbed by the bison. There is, therefore, no ground for wonder that the remains of the wild animals should occur in Britain in vast numbers in the deposits of rivers and in the accumulations left behind in the dens of beasts of prey. The River-drift hunter, like the Red Indian of America, followed the trail of the animals on which he lived in their migrations. He, probably, first arrived in the British Isles with the southern beasts, the lion and the hippopotamus, from the Mediterranean, passing over the plains of France into the region of the British Isles.

At the fall of the leaf, at the first frosts of the winter, which were necessarily severe from the continental conditions, the pendulum of migration swung southwards, as is the case now in the great plains of North America and Northern Asia. Innumerable herds of reindeer, musk-sheep, and others, driven from their pastures further to the north, occupied the feeding-grounds of the summer visitors, and ranged as far south as the Alps, the Mediterranean, and the Pyrenees. In this manner the remains of both northern and southern groups of wild beast occur in the same deposits, so intermingled together that it is impossible to follow James Geikie and Wallace in referring them to separate geological periods. The River-drift hunter in this country and in France lived on both these groups, while in Spain and Italy he was perforce limited to the southern animals.

Facts About the River-Drift Men.

We must now consider the relation of the River-drift man to the Glacial Period. Is he pre-glacial, glacial, or post-glacial? It is necessary, first of all, to define our terms.

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At the beginning of the "Pleistocene" age the temperature became lowered in the north, and the glaciers gradually crept down from the higher mountains of Europe and occupied the lower lands, ranging from Scandinavia to the estuary of the Severn. A line drawn from Bristol due east through London, and prolonged still further to the east through the plains of Germany was the approximate southern limit of this ice-covered region, which finds its analogue to-day in Greenland. The glaciers descended, too, from the Alps far down into the lower grounds of France, Italy, and Germany. The volcanic mountains of Auvergne were crowned with snowfields and glaciers, and the Pyrenees formed an ice-clad barrier between France and Spain.

The marks of this development of ice are unmistakable in the British Isles. The rounded, ice-worn contours, the grooved and scored surfaces of the rocks, and the transported blocks, sometimes conveyed very long distances, cannot fail to arrest attention in the Lake country, Scotland, and Ireland. This period of the ice-sheet was followed in the British Isles, as Lyell has pointed out, by the depression of the land, which increased northwards until it was 1,400 ft., near Macclesfield, below the existing sea level. This reduced the British Isles to the condition of a cluster of Arctic islands similar to those north of Baffin's Bay, separated from one another by tracts of sea covered with floating icebergs. The melting of these icebergs has resulted in the formation of the clays with boulders, occupying so large an area in the existing plains, such as the plain of Lancashire and that sweeping through the eastern counties to the Scotch border. Some of the blocks of stone in these areas have been traced to the Lake country and the Highlands of Scotland, where they had been picked up by the glaciers then descending down to the sea.

This period of submergence was followed by a re-elevation of the land, during which the climate became warmer, and the submerged portion of Britain was again brought into contact with the Continent. The climate, however, was sufficiently cold to allow of the presence of glaciers on the higher hills. On the Continent there is no evidence of any such submergence south of the above-mentioned line. While all these complicated changes in climate and geography were going on in Britain and in Northern Germany the low-lying land of middle and southern Europe offered a refuge to the animals, and, it may be added, the plants, driven southward by severity of climate and the depression of the land beneath the sea.

With these facts before us the question can be answered. The River-drift implements, found along with the remains of the above-mentioned animals, in river deposits clearly later than the boulder-clays,

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at Hoxne, in Suffolk, at Peterborough and Bedford, and in the lower valley of the Thames between Oxford and London, show that the hunter was in this country not only after the disappearance of the ice sheet, but after the emergence of the land from the glacial sea. He is proved beyond doubt to be post-glacial in Britain. There is reason, however, to conclude that he was present before the time of the ice-sheet from the discoveries made in the Vale of Clwyd. There his implements have been recorded by Dr. Hicks, in an accumulation clearly proved to be older than the glacial deposits of the districts. In other words, he lived in the district before the time of the ice-sheet and of the submergence. It is, indeed, very likely that Professor Philips' view, that the the caves in the glaciated area of Yorkshire are of pre-glacial age, will probably be found to be true, not only there, but in the whole of Middle and Northern England, and the whole of Wales. In the South of England, too, the occurrence of implements in an ancient river deposit at Crayford, in Kent, beneath a stratum containing evidence of the action of melting snow and ice, proves that the River-drift man was in that district before the extreme glacial severity had been reached. There we can mark the spots where he sat on the bank of a tributary to the Thames, and fashioned his implements out of the blocks of flint brought down by previous floods. In the silt in which these are covered up the wild animals, both of the northern and the southern groups, but more especially the latter, are represented. In other parts of Southern England, as, for example, at Salisbury, there is no means of ascertaining his relation to the Glacial Period, because all glacial deposits are conspicuous by their absence.

From all the foregoing facts we may conclude that the River-drift hunter lived on the Continent before any glacial phenomena were manifested in the British area, and that he arrived here, following the migrating bodies of animals northwards, before the extreme severity of the glacial cold was felt. He may have observed the gradual creeping downwards of the ice from the mountains into the lowlands, and have been driven, like the animals which he hunted, to take refuge in the lowlying districts of Middle Europe and Southern England. He, probably, too, was familiar with the shore of the glacial sea during the time of submergence. After the emergence of the land he certainly followed the chase in the valleys of the North Sea and of the English Channel, and into the forests and uplands of South-eastern England, after the Glacial Period. He was probably, in Britain, while glaciers still crowned the Highlands of Scotland and the higher hills of England, Wales and Ireland.

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FREE TRADE AND PROTECTIVE TARIFF AS MEANS OF INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT.

By Consul D. T. Phillips.

Chapter IV.

It requires but the most superficial observation to determine that free trade develops at the wrong end. It has ever proved to be industrial retrogression, paralysis, death. To-day free trade countries begin to find out that free trade checks their industrial progress. Free trade in the United States means a similar check. The pauperization of labor and the bringing of our workingmen down on a par with the low wage of other countries would inevitably follow such a policy. The study of our industries clearly convinces us which of these two policies is the most efficient means in our industrial development:

1st. The iron and steel industry: It is certain that we should have no iron or steel industry worth mentioning but for the protective tariff. It would be absolutely impossible to compete with the low wages of other lands but for this means. When low duties or tariff for revenue only was adopted in 1832, the fires were put out of all our blast furnaces, save one. Again, in 1846, the free traders committed the same egregious blunder. Referring to that year, Prof. Bowen, then of Harvard College, writes: "Within three years, in Pennsylvania alone, 167 out of 304 blast furnaces were stopped, while the remainder produced only one-half the quantity as before." Through that reckless, unpatriotic piece of free trade statesmanship, 40,000 laborers were thrown out of employment. Each time the duty on iron was reduced, England flooded our markets with iron, not necessarily cheap, for as soon as she found but little competition, she immediately advanced her prices. We do not blame the old country for this; it only demonstrates what devoted friends (?) the free traders were to the leading industry of this country. Now let us look the other way. What has protection accomplished for us as a people? Our present protective tariff originated under Abraham Lincoln in 1861; the iron product rose up to over 1,600,000 tons. Since then the output has marvelously increased. Forty years of protection (minus Cleveland's second administration) has made the United States the largest manufacturing country in all the world. Yes, "Facts are stubborn things." Think of this fact. The growth and progress in iron and steel has not only been remarkable; it has been phenomenal; this growth has been mainly since the year 1860. For the year ending December, 1900, the product was over $1,000,000,000 worth as compared with $479,000,000,000 in 1890, and $50,000,000 in 1850. From about 800,000 tons of

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pig-iron in 1860, we have increased the output to over 14,000,000 tons in 1900.

It was not till after 1870 that we manufactured steel rails to any extent, the product of that year being 30,000 tons, while the product for 1900 exceeded 2,000,000 tons. The price per ton in 1870 was $100 in gold, while in 1900 it averaged about $24. What about the cry that protective tariff sends up the prices of articles? The bauble cry is pricked and exploded by these quoted and authentic figures. Let us not therefore allow the free trade prophets to revolutionize this staple industry. Let not history repeat itself.

2nd. The tin-plate industry: This industry is only of recent birth. Up to 1890, we made no tin-plate at all. Under the banner of protection behold the results. During the first quarter we manufactured 826,922 pounds; during the second quarter 1,409,821 pounds; during the third quarter 3,004,987 pounds; during the fourth quarter, over 8,000,000 pounds. Over 2,000,000 pounds, more are represented, made of American sheet iron or steel, and then tinned or plated. This gratifying growth may be attributed to the advance of duty from a free trade or revenue level of one cent a pound to the protective level of 2.2 cents a pound.

At Dr. Coates' tin-plate works at Locust Point, Baltimore, the employees received as high as $5.60 a day, in one of the cheapest cities to live in the United States. The best paid workmen in the tin-plate mills of the old country received only $2.40 a day. Such is the declaration of William Frick, late secretary of the Welsh Tin Plate Makers' Association of Swansea. The "Liverpool Daily Post" significantly said: "You must reduce the price of the plate at once (in England). Every reduction made by you increases the chance of choking down the new American mills for a year or two, when the McKinley law may be repealed." Alas! the McKinley bill was repealed, and by Democratic tinkering, a deadly blow was inflicted on our tin-plate industries. This blow, as well as similar blows to other industries accounted for the "soup-house administration."

Prior to the establishment of the tin-plate industry, the manufacture of tin-plate in this country was considered impracticable and unprofitable. All the tin-plate used here was imported from Wales. Millions were annually paid by American importers, while tin-plate constituted one of the heaviest items among the American imports. In 1890, when William Jennings Bryan made his first campaign for a seat in Congress, and again in 1892, he boldly declared that the duty on tin-plate was one of the most iniquitous robberies ever perpetrated upon the nation, and ridiculed the idea that there would ever be such a thing as a tin-plate industry in the United States. In speeches made by him and other Democratic leaders in the House, during the discussion of the Wilson

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bill, the same assertions were repeated, with the prediction that nobody would live long enough to see any considerable quantity of tin-plate made in America.

These assertions have been contradicted most effectively in the great steel workers' strike of a year ago. Among the establishments involved in the great strike were 249 tin-plate mills, employing more than 22,000 men, some of these men receiving four and five times the wages received in Wales, or $12,000,000 annually. Not only the American tin-plate worker benefits in this way by the protective tariff, but the American production has brought down the cost and freed the people from the domination of foreign manufacturers, so that every consumer is benefited thereby. And now, we are prepared to supply the world with first-class tin-plate at price which compete with the foreign product.

Another notable fact, to demonstrate the industrial development and success of this industry is, that the "McKinley infant industry" has grown to such stupendous proportions, that it has almost completely stopped the importation of tin-plate from the Welsh factories, and the most remarkable effect of the change is, that American tin-plate is considerably cheaper than the imported tin-plate was before the McKinley tariff went into effect.

An additional fact shows how prosperous conditions are developing in curious ways along the tin-plate line. A large tinware manufacturing company in a western city declares that their trade in dinner pails has for some time been running to the 5 and 6 quart sizes, the largest made. This is distinctly a new development. The dinner pails in ordinary use are the 3 and 4 quart sizes. The inference seems unmistakable that workingmen are able to supply themselves with more food and a greater variety of it for their lunches.

As a fitting conclusion to this part of our subject, we give the substance of a significant report, published in the "Board of Trade Journal" for January, 1901. It is very suggestive. It says that the United States tin-plate mills are able to supply the markets previously supplied by Wales, and that there are, at the present time 44 tin-plate plants, and over 300 mills in the United States, which are controlled by five different corporations. As to the assertion that these plates would not be equal to those made in Wales, His Majesty's Consul states that the American plates are said to be superior to the Welsh, owing to the steel being of better quality and the plates being more uniformly coated. The Americans, to their credit be it said, have gone into this industry and built it up entirely within the last eight years with characteristic energy, the labor-saving devices now in use in the United States factories being of the most modern type of electrical traveling cranes, cold rolled transfer mechanism and annealing furnace chargers.

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THE EISTEDDFOD IN UTAH.

By Harry F. Evans.

During the summer of 1887, at the suggestion of the late Maj. Edward M. Beynon, a promiscuous gathering of the Welsh people of Salt Lake City assembled at the resort then known as Ful-

EX-GOV. THOMAS.

ler's Hill, located between Fourth and Fifth South and Tenth and Eleventh East streets, and there held a social reunion An impromptu programme consisting of singing and speechmaking in the mother tongue, was carried out, and the day was made memorable by the thorough enjoyment of every person present. The leading spirits on that occasion were the late Bishop Elias Morris, Maj. Edward Beynon, George G. Bywater and Harry F. Evans, each of whom delivered an address and vied with each other in their efforts to make everybody happy.

At that time it was resolved that annual reunions should be had, and that an attempt should be made toward holding an eisteddfod in the near future. President Beynon appointed a committee to make arrangements for the next year's reunion, and the memorable events of the day were closed by the assemblage singing "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" (The Land of My Fathers.)

After the initial movement, irregular meetings were held by a few of the more zealous and patriotic Cambrians of Salt Lake City, the president, Maj. E. M. Beynon, W. N. Williams, H. F. Evans, the late John S. Lewis (vice president) and Thomas C. Thomas (Glaslwyn) were among the most active in keeping alive the interest in the association, which finally culminated in a call to all interested to meet at the Dramatic Association Hall in the Fifteenth Ward. This attempt to organize for an eisteddfod proved entirely successful. The hall was crowded with enthusiastic Welsh people and all manifested interest in a feast of the ancient British Olympics in Utah. The

JOHN JAMES, COR. SECY.

membership was increased and Welsh people of distinction in literature, music, business and statesmanship became intensely interested and active participants in the work of preparing for in-

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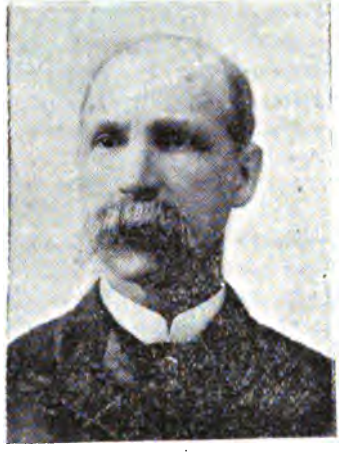
augurating the first eisteddfod in Utah, which was held at Clayton hall on South Temple street on St. David's Day, March 2, 1891. The programme consisted principally of Welsh national songs, extemporaneous verse singing with harp accompaniment, addresses in



H. F. EVANS.

Welsh and English, presentation of Bardic chair, etc. The principal performers on that occasion were: President E. M. Beynon, Gov. Arthur L. Thomas, George G. Bywater, Prof. Evan Stephens, W. N. Williams, H. M. Roberts, John J. Davies, Ieuan Ddu, Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Edward, Miss Pearl Evans and Moroni Thomas. The banners around the hall bristled with such terse Welsh mottoes as "Fy iaith, fy ngwlad, fy nghenedl" (My language, my race, my country), "Goreu arf, arf dysg" (The best weapon, the weapon of knowledge), "Nid da os gellir gwell" (Not good if better can be done), "Cymru fo am byth" (The Cymric race forever be), "Oes y byd i'r iaith Gymraeg" (Age of the world to the Welsh language), "Tra mor tra Brython" (While ocean lasts so will the Briton).

Two sessions were held and at the close a resolution was passed providing for another eisteddfod and making the organization a Territorial one.

The next event of the kind was held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on October 3 and 4, 1895, under the auspices of the "Cambrian Association of Utah and Adjacent States and Territories," which was organized on St. David's Day of that year with ex-Gov. A. L. Thomas as president; D. L. Davies, vice president; John James secretary, and Nephi Morris, treasurer. Some of the most prominent Welshmen in Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana and Colorado became identified with the organization and labored faithfully in connection with the executive board in Salt Lake City in exciting interest in the event and in promoting the objects of the association in their respective states and territories. Notably was this the case in Montana and Colorado.

For months preceding the eisteddfod the executive committee was almost daily in session, correspondence was

D. L. DAVIS.

heavy and exacting financial responsibilities were great—running into thousands of dollars—but at no time were the promoters of this gigantic enterprise discouraged. They were ever conscious of the fact that the high stand-

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ard of talent required by the modernized institution of those who might enter its arena to compete for the liberal prizes offered would appeal to the best the country could produce in art, oratory, music and song.

The ablest men in their respective roles were secured as adjudicators and judges of contests, the leading citizens of Salt Lake City in business and literary circles came forward liberally with financial aid, and thus the aims and objects of the Welsh national institution were supported in all quarters and the results obtained proved commensurate with the untiring efforts put forth by those who know its value as an educational factor in the ages long past.

The events of the four session of that eisteddfod are not easily forgotten—the large choral and instrumental aggregation, trained by musicians of national reputation; the fine, discriminating work of the talented trio of adjudicators; the packed and spellbound audiences and the finished performances of individual contestants and judges were such as must have impressed themselves indelibly upon the memories of the thousands who had the good fortune to be present.

Notwithstanding the enormous expense and incessant toil involved in such a great undertaking, the promoters of the eisteddfod of 1895 came together again in 1897, and declared themselves ready to bring about another royal feast for 1898, the chief desire on the part of each being to make the next eisteddfod in point of excellence, superior if possible to anything heretofore attempted.

At the first meeting held, it was resolved to form an incorporation under the laws of the state, which was done in December, 1897, with the following named as officers and directors: President, Arthur L. Thomas; vice president, David L. Davis; secretary, Harry F. Evans; treasurer, Nephi Morris corresponding secretary, John James; directors, George G. Bywater, William N. Williams, Richard J. Thomas, Walter J. Lewis, David John.

From this time forward meetings of the board were frequent and while the majority were engaged in mercantile pursuits which claimed their closest attention, they were none the less loyal and zealous in their devotion to the great task undertaken. After weeks of labor in forming plans and arranging preliminaries, the corresponding secretary was becoming burdened with heavy correspondence which extended to

NEPHI L. MORRIS.

every state in the Union and beyond the seas. A contest programme and prizes aggregating $2,500, with medals and souvenirs, had to be provided. By-laws for the society and rules to govern contestants had to be carefully prepared; negotiations with the railroad companies for favorable rates to secure attendance by the public and prospective competitors required careful and patient consideration. The securing of the famous Tabernacle for the great event was the crowning feature to ensure success. In this, the association was ever ready to acknowledge a debt of gratitude to the authorities of the

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Mormon church for the interest taken in the eisteddfod and the repeated manifestation of hearty approval of its aims and objects.

The contest programme, when completed, challenged the admiration of the most critical in music and literature. Although it provided liberally for amateur and profession talent alike, the high standard of every number appealed to the highest order in each, and the public was thus assured of a performance worthy of its patronage and at once creditable to the city and state.

As a further proof of the association's determination to make the eisteddfod of 1898 a red letter event in the annals of the new state, negotiations were entered into with the eminent musical composer and critic, Dr. Joseph Parry of Wales, and his services secured as adjudicator of music and musical compositions. To conduct the eisteddfod, Judge H. M. Edwards of Scranton, Pa., an "eisteddfodwr" of national reputation was selected, and consented to serve. In line with these were Judge C. C. Goodwin, C. W. Penrose and B. H. Roberts of this city, who served as adjudicators of English literature, and that eminent Welsh scholar, Rev. M. A. Ellis of Colorado (recently deceased) who adjudicated the numerous ponderous productions in prose and poetry submitted to him in that ancient language. Not least among those to whom the committee is indebted is our own Prof. Evan Stephens, who rendered valuable aid to the association in its arduous labors during the period of preparation and who looked forward longingly for the time when he would be found reveling in its atmosphere of glorious music and song.

When the time came for the opening session, October 3, the public as well as the contestants were on the tip toe of expectation for the great treats in store for them. Grand old chorales and unsurpassable national airs, anthems, glees and songs, grandly rendered, were heard and enjoyed by the delighted thousands in attendance. The "Awakening of the Lion" as rendered by the military band under the baton of Prof. Anton Pederson, was considered to be a finished performance, which elicited the highest encomium of praise from the distinguished adjudicator who was required to pass judgment upon its merits and who frankly expressed surprise to find such superior talent in the Wild West, so far from the musical centers of the east. The work of the combined choruses, aggregating 1,000 voices, at the closing session, was also a fitting finale to the great festival, the memories of which linger with us yet.

The eisteddfod, though possibly crude in many of its features, when viewed critically from a professional standpoint, is an institution whose usefulness on educational lines has stood the test of centuries. To many of our best musicians, composers, essayists and vocalists of the past, whose early lives were spent in almost pitiless poverty, it has been their only college; the only avenue by which their meritorious talents could receive public recognition and be rewarded.

Many of our leading men and women of the musical world to-day, such as Dr. Joseph Parry, Prof. Parson Price, Prof. ApMadoc, Ben Davies, Ffrangcon Davies and many others, are glorious products of the eisteddfod, and all of whom proudly claim it as their alma mater.

The Cambrians of Salt Lake City are not without hope that in the near future they will share with the people of this state the honor of welcoming home Miss Nannie Tout of Ogden as a triumphant result of the last eisteddfod and for whom it might be safely predicted a successful career in the world of song is assured.

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THE SINS OF THE SAINTS.

By George James Jones, D. D.

X.—A Pseudo-Saint. And this horrible Sabbath desecration often puts on airs, wears a silk hat, sports a gold-headed cane, goes to church. In other words: it organizes great institutions, establishes large convocations, and assembles the people in great numbers; it interests them with pleasing words, soothes them with soft music, and dignifies the farce by calling it a great religious gathering. To make it a success (and nothing is considered successful in this age unless it pays large dividend on the money invested), it invokes the assistance of railroads, steamboats, trolley cars, automobiles, and what not, to make these so-called religious gatherings a means of money-getting to the promoters. Everything that can be dispensed with, breaking on the quiet of the Sabbath day, is a sin, notwithstanding that that thing may be labeled a "holiness meeting."

In the early days of American history, when ministers were few and churches far apart, camp meetings did much good. In the environments of to-day they do no good, even if they were religiously conducted. The majority of them, I am compelled to believe, are hardly on a peer with a play of Shakespeare acted at the theatre. The ordinary camp meetings of to-day contribute no help to the development of a robust spiritual religion; that is not their purpose. In olden times glorious conversions were witnessed at camp meetings, but that is not expected now, and religious devotion has become simply an adjunct of the concern, not the spirit and purpose and life of it.

In a certain State, last summer, a camp meeting was advertised months in advance; all sorts of inducements were offered that people might attend. When the great feast men thought they had the best of had actually opened men and women thought they had the best of reasons for leaving their home churches and work, for they were going to the camp meeting. The worship and work of the majority of churches within a radius of 150 miles to that camp ground suffered; many of the churches closed their doors. A certain minister of independent ecclesiastical relations was announced to deliver on the Sabbath his famous lecture. He was given publicity, very much after the manner Mr. Barnum used to advertise his "Jumbo," and honestly, the elephant came nearer filling his mission in the world. On that Sabbath the trains were crowded on all roads running in that direction; the livery stables were overtaxed by demands for rigs; it seems that all the horses in that section were used to carry the masses to the camp meeting to hear the great Rev. Bowwow. All had to pay for entering the

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grounds; several thousands of dollars passed from the many to the few on that day. The great man greeted the throng. The first thing he said, and the only thing remembered by a certain Sabbath School teacher who had left his home work and traveled 150 miles to hear the "great divine," was: "The managers consider me a poor drawing card, and you a poor people when they charge such small admission fee." After searching diligently, I have failed to trace a single impression for good emanating from that thrilling service. I do not hesitate to call the whole thing a pious fraud. Its purpose was not to promote the kingdom of Christ, but to promote the money schemes of the men conducting it. Such a conduct is a travesty on the religion of Christ.

Another camp meeting has recently been advertised as follows: The hangers are interesting comment on the gush of the age, calling itself religion. Read carefully:

HOT TIME.

The greatest camp meeting ever held in ———— now in progress at ————.

Thousands of people in attendance. Scores of conversions. Tabernacle seating 3000 people.

Cornet Band,
Jubilee Singers,
Fire Works.

Thursday night, fire works and balloon ascensions.

Saturday night, fire works and balloon ascensions.

Sunday, the banner day, nothing like it ever seen in southern ————

All meetings conducted by the only ————
The Greatest Evangelist in America.

Hotels, refreshments, livery stables, abundance of good water, and your lunch baskets checked free on the camp grounds.

Perhaps there is nothing more disgusting about this Sabbath desecration than the conduct of those people calling themselves "holy" holding camp meetings on the Sabbath day, charging admission fees to the ground, permitting all sorts of eating and drinking (pop of course)stands to sell all day long. At one such a place a boy was heard crying at the top of his voice, "This way for holy peanuts and sanctified ginger-crackers." To say the least, such a thing is not even hypocrisy; it is blasphemy. People willingly allowing themselves to be thus used are deluded, and purposely try to delude others. No one is holy who does not keep the Lord's day holy.

People of a more refined spiritual discernment begin to realize the dangerous end to which these things lead, and are calling for better things. The "Zion's Herald," one of the brightest and best Methodist papers in the world, has this to say: "But as Methodists we must have a camp meeting. The camp meeting first of all must be made to pay. Sunday is the paying day. Therefore locate the camp near some railroad station, or steam boat wharf, continue it at least for ten days, and begin late in the week so as to include in the ten days two Sabbaths. This boldness in Sab-

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bath desecration varies from one to three Sabbaths in succession, as to time; and in worldliness, from charging an admission fee to sharing of the spoil with railroads and steamboat companies that we so heartily condemn on other occasions. Brethren, we are hypocritically inconsistent in the matter. We must change our course. Better a hundredfold that the camp meeting go to oblivion than that Methodists continue to thus prostitute the holy day." These are brave and honest words. They honestly aim at bringing about better things.

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JOHN AMBROSE LLOYD.

By D. Emlyn Evans.

No apology is needed, as we hope, for calling attention now and again to the labors of those Welsh musicians of the past who have enriched us with their works, and who have helped to make the musical Wales of to-day what it is, and that still brighter one of the future which some of us trust in, possible. "A study of the monuments of the past," in the words of one writer, "helps greatly to the enjoyment of the present, and every musician who desires fully to appreciate the privileges he now enjoys as a common inheritance ought to give an occasional thought towards, and reading of, the labors of those who, by slow and often painful degrees, have from time to time striven towards the attainment of that perfection which all hope to gain"—though never reached quite by any.

Ambrose Lloyd breathed his last 28 years ago, on September 14th, 1874, at the age of 59. As the initiated need not to be told, he was of the school of amateurs to whom Wales has been in the past wholly indebted, practically speaking, as regards whatever advancement it made in the art, and for the musical aliment which formed its sustenance—apart from what was imported, the which was uncertain both as to quality and quantity. His contemporaries and in a general sense co-workers were Owain Alaw, Tanymarian and Ieuan Gwyllt, covering from the birth of the eldest to the death of the latest just 70 years—1815 to 1885.

Whether Wales shall ever see such splendid contemporaneous quartette again we do not know; the history of the world does not always repeat itself in these matters; but we do know that in their lives and their labors they have left us no mean inheritance and example, reminding us, as do the lives of all great and good men, that we also in our little day can be honest and diligent, and it may leave behind

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us something, some footprint that may be of use to those who follow, though probably falling far short of the poet's high ideal of a "life sublime."

The eldest of this quartette, and in some respects its premier, was Ambrose Lloyd. True, he did not produce an elaborate oratorio like Tanymarian—elaborate and exceptional when we bear in mind the conditions under which it was written—nor write such dramatic and forcible music as is found in some of the choruses of that work, the "Storm of Tiberias." Nor did he contribute so eminently to our musical literature and criticism as did Ieuan Gwyllt. In certain forms of music also Owain Alaw was more to the fore—the song, the secular cantata, and perhaps the strictly church anthem.

But in pure classicality, refinement of style, lucidity and finished musicianliness John Ambrose Lloyd has no peer in the world of Welsh music. To say that is not to express an arbitrary personal view, but to voice the universal public opinion. It is not often given to many in any country, and, so far, it has only been given to him amongst us, to be the author of the acknowledged best part-song, best anthem and best tunes in the language. We say best tunes because it would be difficult to give exact precedence to any particular one of the number of pre-eminently excellent hymn-tunes which flowed from his pen—not tunes of a day to catch the popular ear, but true productions of the sanctuary that have been sung and are being sung continually in a thousand congregations, and in every probability will be sung for generations to come.

There are only two part-songs of the author extant, and one of which, "Y Blodeuyn Olaf"—"The Last Flower"—has long ago taken its place as our leading classic in this form. Were we asked to produce our best specimens of Welsh part-music, we would unhesitatingly bring forward this truly beautiful musical blossom, with its delicate and varied colorings, and be content to rest our case upon its merits. The anthem "Teyrnasoedd y Ddaear"—the "Kingdoms of the World"—has found its way to many lands, and gone through numberless editions since it first made its appearance. Entirely different in style to the part-song just mentioned, it yet appeals perhaps more strongly to national feeling and sentiment—not the plaintive or so-called "Welsh," but the jubilant and robust as it breaks forth with us in Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" or Mendelssohn's "Thanks be to God," for instance. Ambrose Lloyd wrote a number of other anthems, which are amongst the very best that we possess to this day.

His "Gweddi Habacuc" (Habakkuk's Prayer) was our first cantata (published 1860), as Tanymarian's "Storm" was our first oratorio. The influence of Handel is more or less perceptible in the work, as was the

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case with most of our sacred music of that epoch; but it is an essentially independent production, and quite typical of the author in its melodiousness, clearness, and the appositeness and fidelity to the text of the musical setting. It is still performed not infrequently, and will probably be more so after the present mania for the incongruous and bizarre has subsided.

Although no Welsh musician may compare with Ieuan Gwyllt in the services which he rendered to our psalmody, our author's first tune-book (published in 1843) did good service to Wales in its day of small things. His second collection (1873) was of high merit, and having been acquired by the committee of the "Caniedydd Cynulleidfaol," in connection with the Welsh Congregationalists, much of it has been incorporated in that collection. Here we may add that no Welsh tune-book, to our knowledge, Conformist or Nonconformist, has been published either in Wales or among our compatriots in America for many years past in which a greater or a smaller number of John Ambrose Lloyd's tunes did not find a place.

Mr. Lloyd never figured much in public. He was not a platform man, and probably by choice as much as by natural temperament preferred for his motto, "Cared doeth yr encilion," rather than the madding crowd. He acted but seldom as an adjudicator except at the National Eisteddfod, and that was before these days of stress and storm set in. He was, however, of the faithfullest in discharging his duties as precentor of the singing at his place of worship, and conducting the choral society under his care. Leading a busy commercial life, and that perhaps in its most exacting form—travelling—he was never too tired to meet his class, however wearying the week's work or the fatiguing the journey home had been.

He passed through this world unspotted, and the purity of his life, his modest bearing, and gentlemanly conduct carry with them their very evident lesson to every young musician.

It may be stated before we conclude that musical talent has not become extinct in the family, Mr. Lloyd's eldest son, who bears the same name as his distinguished father, being an able amateur composer, whilst a younger, Mr. C. Francis Lloyd, Mus. Bac., though engaged in the banking profession, has attained a prominent position in England as a successful song writer and an author of more elaborate works. He is also well known in connection with our chief eisteddfodau, and esteemed as a capable and straightforward adjudicator.

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FIELD OF LETTERS

COFIANT A GWEITHIAU Rhys Gwesyn Jones, D. D., Utica, N. Y., dan olygiaeth y Parch. W. R. Edwards, Granville, N. Y.: T. J. Griffiths, Drych Office, Utica, N. Y.

This is a Memoir of the late Dr. Gwesyn Jones, who departed this life September 5, 1901, after ministering in Bethesda, the Welsh Congregational Church of Utica, for many years. Soon after his death, a number of friends and admirers came together and discussed the proposition of having a memoir prepared and published in honor of his fathfulness in the ministry for the length of 50 years, and in accordance with a resolution passed at a meeting of the Congregational churches of New York and Vermont held at Bethesda, Utica, September 28, of the same year, the Rev. W. R. Edwards was appointed as editor and empowered to proceed with the work Several of the sketches and papers constituting the memoir were procured through correspondence from friends and acquaintances of the late Gwesyn Jones in Wales; and we are pleased to state that the Editor has succeeded in preparing an interesting memoir. In addition to the simple story of Dr. Gwesyn's life written by several of his companions and admirers in Wales, we find also graceful tributes to his memory by others with whom he labored during his life in the States. The Editor also supplies a paper of much interest wherein is pictured forth his ability as a preacher, lecturer, litterateur and a man of moral worth. The interest of the Memoir is also increased by the insertion in its entirety of his celebrated essay "The World Before Adam," which excited much curiosity at the time of its first publication; being about the first book of the kind issued in Wales.

The Memoir is divided into Part I.—His Life in Wales; Part 2—His Life in America; "The World Before Adam;" and his Sermons in Welsh and English. The illustrations are the four chapels at Rhaiadr (his first charge), Penybont-ar-Ogwy, Bethesda, Merthyr Tydvil, S. W., and Bethesda, Utica, N. Y.

Considering the difficulties in the way of producing a complete Memoir of Dr. Gwesyn by reason of the disappearance from the stage of life of almost all his companions in early life in Wales, we must give Mr. Edwards credit for having done his task well, and for a narrative of exceeding interest.

"Cwrs" has several papers and discussions of lively interest. "The Influence of Puritanism on Politics and Religion;" "How Christianity is Wronged;" "Does Socialism lead to Anarchism?" "Hither and Thither;" "The Spirits of the Age; ' Obituaries, &c.

Some of "Cwrs's" remarks are thorough and extreme. In his observation on Socialism, he states that what is called the church of to-day has very little of the spirit of Christ. The name is about all! Socialism, he proceeds, and concludes, is but Christianity carried into practice. "If we had Christianity, we would have Socialism in operation. The good of all, which is the fundamental aim of the religion of Christ, cannot be the aim of modern Mammon." That is sure. Although President Baer, of the coal combine, professes to be the vice-

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regent of the Creator in the coal business, he hardly ever takes to heart the miserable condition of the coal miner. It is foolish to think that the Lord of earth and heaven has commissioned even a combine of capitalists to carry out His will. The greatest tyrants and autocrats the world has ever cursed, thought and professed they were the Creator's representatives. It is time such horrible superstitions should pass away. "Cwrs" is the magazine for readers of robust convictions. A practical Christian could read it with pleasure and benefit.

In a sensible article in "Y Cerddor," Emlyn Evans touches upon a subject which has furnished humorous writers with considerable material for fun-making, viz., the shallow, witless repetition of words or syllables in music. Some anthems and hymns are suggestive of levity. Instances are not so common now as formerly, when the fathers would repeat the most comical phrases and cut-words, utterly unconscious of their humor. There are several illustrations of such silly repetitions on the pages of sacred music.

No. 75 in the Musicians' Gallery is Daniel Griffiths, Aberdare, a well-known director of Congregational Music festivals. The musical numbers in the September issue are "Datod Mae Rhwymau Caethiwed," by Alaw Ddu, and "Maid of Llangollen" by Clarke, arranged by Owain Alaw.

The contents of the "Traethodydd" are "The Teachings of Christ Concerning the World to Come," Jacob Boehme; The Ice Age in the Mountains of Arvon; The Repentance of the Old Testament; Charles Haddon Spurgeon; The Ethics of Dr. James Martineau; Christianity in Wales; The Sword of the Lord and Gideon; Literary Notes, Reviews, &c.

"Christianity in Wales" gives an interesting description of religion in the Principality since the Reformation, which stirred the Welsh but slightly. Puritanism died before it reached over the hills of Wales. Wales true to her nature, was going to have a reformation of her own, which took place in the times of Rowlands, Harris, Williams of Pantycelyn, &c. It is a solemn fact that the reformation served to divide the Principality to a serious extent. Denominationalism has had the rank growth of weed there ever since.

The short article on the Influence of Music on Taste is too much so, to be of any value. There is considerable superstition regarding the civilizing influence of music. Music may have some refining influence on the feeling, but experience does not show that it has any practical effect on the most substantial phases of life It has little or no influence for the better upon the morals of those who love it.

"Trysorfa y Plant" has a good portrait and an interesting sketch of the life of the Rev. William Jones, of Aberystwyth. Mr. Jones was born in Carmarthen town, January 12, 1820. He is now in the 83rd year of his age. He was baptized by the celebrated David Charles. From home he went to Aberystwyth and thence to Liverpool. He commenced to preach in 1847 at the Tabernacle, Aberystwyth. Mr. Jones is now the oldest preacher in the county. Mr. Jones is an exceptional man in many respects. He rides his wheel like a young man.

"Yr Ymofynydd" is the Welsh Unitarian magazine, and is a strong advocate of rationalism in all things. It is very progressive in matters pertaining to religion; but ye. moderate and temperate in its teachings. It is free from the bigotry which characterizes common denominationalism, and is respectable when discussing questions of religion. "Ymofynydd" has a staff of excellent

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writers, and its articles and papers are deserving of consideration. The make-up of the magazine is beautiful, and its Welsh superior. Its humor is also apparent. Its historic sketches are valuable. Its article "Gains of the Century" gives a brief but comprehensive account of the progress within the churches, especially in moderation. The old theological hatred gives place to a more liberal and kind spirit, more like Christ's.

"Trysorfa y Plant" and "Cymru'r Plant" are companion magazines for Welsh children. Better little monthlies could not be put in the hands of Welsh youth. They are good enough to be received gladly into every Welsh home. "Cymru'r Plant" as usual is beautiful and attractive.

In "Y Drysorfa" the Rev. James Morris of Penygraig, Rhondda Valley, writes with his usual ability about an old-timed preacher of Rhydargaeau, S. W., who was well-known and a strong pulpit man half a century ago. He was born in Fishguard in 1803, and commenced to preach in 1823. Thomas Rowland was known throughout the country by his simple name. Mr. and the Rev. was never attached to his name. He needed no prefixes or affixes of any kind. He was a powerful Bible man. All the books he had read were the Bible and the book of nature. He was a nature-born wit; and could preach as a common cleric could not. He was like a good number more of his time, called of God and nature to preach to those bound in darkness. It is really a pleasure and a revelation to read the lives and work of the old class of evangelists who awakened Wales generations ago. Our school and college-bred preachers do not approach them in power and originality. They were veritable sons of God and nature. The Welsh are nothing if not anti-cleric. This is seen daily in the life of the people. Free religion is alone natural to the Welshman. He will brook the intervention of no man or idol between him and God. A system that rears itself between him and his Savior is an unwarrantable interference. In the article on "Catholicism" in "Y Drysorfa" the Rev. H. Rees Davies of Bangor, describes the Church of Roman as a rare place for an intellectual sluggard. Therein he will get a priest to do all for him, to read, pray, think for him, and forgive all. It is an uncomfortable place for a thinker, for a man who uses his own faculties. The Church of Rome does not persuade or enlighten, but command. The duty of its child is to believe not to understand and reason. Such a system is suitable to the superstitious and the ignorant, but an offense to a living mind.

"Y Dysgedydd," as usual, is largely devoted to religion and theology, but in "Events of the Month," the Editor has some sensible remarks anent some political subjects of interest to the general readers, entitled the Difficulties of the Government and the great Education struggle. Really, the Welsh should devote more thought and time to questions of practical civilization, which is, in fact, applied religion. Among the Welsh, religion remains in the atmosphere of speculation; abstruse questions of theology are discussed interminably without the idea of applying any thought to the needs of society. It is certainly a pleasure to meet with a sensible article once and again on social or political questions of the day. The Editor thinks that there is a turn in the tide of affairs of politics in England, and the Tory administration has seen its best days. The party was upheld as a war party; the country is already displeased with its policy of making its system of education clerical. There is no doubt but there are dangers ahead of the Tories; and the political sky is darkened by threatening clouds which predict an approaching storm.

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SCIENTIFIC

According to Bentham, vice is a kind of false moral arithmetic, a mere "miscalculation of chances in estimating the value of pleasures and pains."

The romance, the novel, the descriptive story, the story historic and the story psychological, will all disappear. They are not necessary and even now their merit and their interest are fast declining.—M. Jules Verne.

To the Greek philosopher of old the only classes worthy of respect were the citizens of a privileged and exclusive order of society in their capacity as soldiers, judges and priests. A State with a large number of mechanics and a few soldiers (like the United States) he considered could not be great.

G. Bernard Shaw has been taking some of the wind out of the sails of the English Medical Pseudo-Scientific coterie. He says, among other things: "A great deal of what is called scientific opinion to-day is nothing but medical opinion; and a great deal of medical opinion is simply energetic trade unionism, and very supersititious trade unionism, and very superstitious trade unionism deny its absolute truth.

America is recognized as a nation of pie-eaters, and without doubt much dyspepsia is caused by pie crust. Rich cake should be avoided, as it is decidedly injurious, not only to the digestive organs, but it produces humors and eruptions on the face. If ladies wish to have a good, clear complexion, they should avoid rich cake and pie crust.

Modern science must not only destroy the illusions of superstition, but erect a new edifice for the human emotions; a place of reason in which we may reverently adore the true trinity of the nineteenth century, the true, the beautiful and the good.

The wheels of tendency will not stop, nor will the forces of inertia, fear or love itself hold progress. On and forever onward! Great men exist that there may be greater men. The destiny of organized nature is amelioration, and who can set its limits? It is for man to tame the chaos.

While there is no great reason to assume that the Marconi system can supersede submarine cables for general commercial work, there are certain applications to which it is immediately applicable. Thus the commencement of installations for communication with the interior of Alaska and the Klondike will permit telegraphy over a country in which the difficulty of mantaining overhead wires has thus far been prohibitory.—"Forum."

During the brief period of 200 years, our Western world has been transformed. The increase in natural resources, in wealth, in population, and in the distance which has been placed between our modern civilization and any past condition of the race has been enormous. During the last half of this period, during the 19th century alone, while the population of the rest of the world remained nearly stationary, the actual numbers of the European people rose from 170,000,000 to 500,000,000.—Kidd.

I think that smoking even among persons of mature years is a great promoter of laziness. It is in my own case, and I know it is in the cases of many others

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of my acquaintance. I like a strong cigar, and the interval after smoking, and before I get back my full mental and physical energy, is as much a part of the smoke as is the cigar itself. But with persons who have attained their full growth and maturity it is nothing in this respect to what it is with growing boys. With them it seems, in addition to making them lazy, to have a peculiarly benumbing, befogging effect upon the mind.—A Teacher.

The scientific house, that domestic paradise of the future, has been to some extent realised by Mr. Evard B. Wilton, a retired hardware dealer living at Jamaica, says a contemporary. His meals are cooked by electricity, his baby is rocked by electricity, his rooms are swept and dusted by electricity, his doors are opened and shut by electricity, his house and grounds are lighted by electricity, the opening and closing of his front gate are controlled by an electric button in the house, telephones are in all the rooms and connected with his stable, where his horses are curried by electricity.

Education is not the handmaid of religion. Just to the extent to which it goes into the handmaid business, by so much it falls short of its duty and destiny. Education whose mission it is to harmonize all for the perfection of the race, has languished because the school has in all ages been made the liveried flunky or peripatetic policeman of the Church, and in recent times of the market. "Education," as Ruskin said, "is leading human souls to what is best, and getting what is best out of them," and is thus to some extent defining the place of the school in promoting the progress of the race.—"Arena."

Far down in the under strata of society we already begin to catch the meaning of that spirit which springs from the antithesis which has been opened within the State; that spirit which is destined to dissolve every principle upon which the State has hitherto rested; that spirit of responsibility to principles, transcending the interests of the family, of blood relationship, of party, and of the State itself; which is to enfranchise not simply the slave and the serf, but the sullen, long-bound, silent peoples; which is to question not simply the right of kings, but of majorities; nay, the right of force itself, that last basis upon which every deal that men had hitherto known in the world had ultimately rested.

What is this new ruling principle which appears to have risen unto the ascendant in Western history? There can be no doubt as to what the answer to this question must be. We are in sight of the working in the world of that principle with which the civilization of our era has been pregnant from the beginning, and which was slowly born into the world during the long stress of the development of society. By the gradual projection of the controlling meaning of the evolutionary process beyond the bounds of political consciousness, and by the resulting dissolution of the absolutisms in which the hitherto ascendant present had strangled the future, we are being brought into contact with the first results of the actual working in history of the most effective cause of progress that has ever prevailed in the world. And it is inevitable that before the virility and efficiency of the system of social order proceeding from it, all other systems whatever must in the end go down.—Kidd.

On the horizon of modern thought, we are, in short, in sight of the fact that in the progress of the world the days of "nationalities" in the old sense are numbered. The evolutionary process in Western history is slowly but surely

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converging towards a state at which the struggle will be between a few great systems of social order, of which the political and economic structure will be, in the last resort, the outward expression of different interpretations of fundamental ethical conceptions. And the determining cause must be the degree of efficiency with which they have embodied the world-process, that principle towards the expression of which the whole evolutionary drama moves—the subordination of the present to the future.—Kidd.

Monopoly constituted in opposition to the will of cities or states is a purely American phenomena. The administration of continental Europe offers no examples of it. It results from the peculiar conception which obtained in the United States in the first half of this century concerning the functions of the State, of local government, and of a city administration These functions are reduced to a minimum. Concessions were granted to companies in every case where they could be made. Monopoly was organized against the public and without compensation. The companies often provided with perpetual charters, shut themselves up in their rights. Instead of being exceptional, monopoly is in the States natural, normal, obligatory, and nothing is efficient against it.—Paul de Rousiers.

Modern Liberalism in England and the United States represents a cause which, while acting on every institution within the State, is nevertheless ultimately related to principles transcending the consciousness of all of them alike. Whatever the outward forms, it therefore holds every tendency to absolutism in continued check. It interposes, as it were, between the present and the future a principle which prevents every natural despotism in thought and action from exercising its inherent tendency to again shut down upon us. It represents, in short, the progressive development, as it has reached the domain of politics, of the great antinomy we have traced through Western history.—Kidd.

THE VOICE.

It is a well-known fact that voices differ greatly according to nationality and geographical position. Thus, in Russia one hears male voices which are absolutely unique in the lowness of their compass. The Italians, on the other hand, are notable for their fine tenor voices. Some Asiatic nations, according to Engel, sing in shrill notes by straining the voice to its highest pitch; others delight in a kind of vibrato or tremolando. Some sing habitually in an undertone; others in a nasal tone. Lichtenstein, in describing the singing of a Hottentot congregation in South Africa, observes that among all the singers, consisting of about a hundred Hottentots of both sexes, there was not one man with a bass or baritone voice; all the men had tenor voices. The Chinese voices seem to bear some resemblance to the weak character of the people. A military man who had three years' service in the country declares that he never once heard a Chinaman sing from his chest.—"Gentleman's Magazine."

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The vicar of Bangor is a wise and far-seeing cleric. He declares that the days of long sermons are over, and himself sets a good example by not preaching longer than ten minutes.

How is it that negroes have taken to wearing Welsh names? John Joneses are common among them, and a negro named William Thomas was charged lately with burglary at Westminster.

One who has visited the coalfields of Pennsylvania vouches for the fact that more Welsh is spoken there than in the principal towns of Wales at the present day.

A Welsh version of Dante's "Divina Commedia" is being prepared by a Carnarvon publisher, who has commissioned the well-known North Wales artist, "Pwyntil Meirion," to make a set of drawings at Florence for purposes of illustration.

Stephen's "Welshmen" has now been translated into Welsh, and promises to command as wide a circulation as the original English edition. Mr. J. Budfan Anwyl—a brother of the well known professor—is responsible for the Welsh version, which is exceedingly well done.

Mr. J. C. Elliott, who acted as driver during the King's visit to Pembrokeshire recently, combines the business of butcher and posting-master at Pembroke Dock. He comes from Swansea, and was at one time well known in cycle racing circles. Within ten minutes after leaving the King and Queen at the dockyard he was in the shop serving meat out to officers for one or two of the Government boats at the dock.

There is something the matter with the air of the Gorsedd. "Hwfa Mon," the archdruid, has been on the sick list for many weeks, and now again "Eifionydd," the recorder, is gone for a sea trip for the sake of his health.

English etymological dictionaries fail to tell us the derivation of the word grouse. If they knew a little Welsh they would be able to solve the problem. Grouse are moor-hens, and moor-hens in Welsh are called "gleirrhos," hence the puzzling English word.

The most interesting flag seen at Carmarthen on Coronation Day was that waving out of the window of Mr. Harris, shoemaker, Chapel Street. It was a flag covered with emblematic figures and hieroglyphes captured by Mr. Harris's son from the Chinese Boxers during the recent rising in the Celestial Empire, and sent home by him as a memento of his experiences during the campaign.

Rowland Lee, Bishop of Lichfield and President of the Marches, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, sat on a Welsh cause, and wearied with the quantity of Aps on the jury, directed that the panel should assume their last name, or that of their residence; and that Thomas ab Richard ab Hywel ab Jeuan Fychan,

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should be reduced in future to the poor dissyllable Mostyn.

Advocates of Welsh utilisation have within the last few days been provided with notable additions to their stock of arguments. Recently the heir of Llanarth came of age, and on several occasions delivered his addresses in Welsh. The Marquis of Bute, in one or two of his addresses, made similar use of the ancient tongue of the Cymry.

Miss Elenor Mordaunt, an attractive nature writer, who has just published "The Garden of Contentment," says the Welsh do well to call the missel-thrush "pen-y-llwyn"—"master of the coppice;" for master he will be, and a very overbearing and bullying one to boot. The better-known Welsh name of the bird is not half so romantic. Bronfraith, translated to freckle-breasted, sounds quite insulting.

A contemporary in its sketch of the Bute family mentions a number of Church livings as being in the gift of the present marquess. Those livings were in the patronage of the late marquess, who on account of his being a Roman Catholic was obliged to exercise it through his trustees. But the old order was changed last year. By an Order in Council all the Bute livings were transferred to the patronage of Oxford University.

An amusing incident occurred during the King's visit to Pembrokeshire. The King remained in the carriage whilst the remainder of the Royal party explored the chapel and well at St. Gowan. To beguile the time his Majesty lit a cigar, but had not made much of an inroad into the weed before he threw it away. The scuffle for this prize baffle description. The happy possessor, however, was generous, and allowed each member of the rather big crowd to have a whiff. When all had been gratified the finder received several offers of money for the stump, to all of which he turned a deaf ear.

To have lived in five reigns is no vain distinction nowadays. One of these privileged ones lives at Morriston in the person of James Thomas, of No. 5 Dillwyn Street, who clearly remembers the death of George III. For his age he is remarkably strong and active both in body and mind, and an hour's chat will recall some interesting historic sidelights. He attributes his longevity to the stringent habits of being a teetotaler and non-smoker.

Newcastle Emlyn is thus described in 1797 by Henry Wigstead in his quaintly written Tour:—"A pleasant village: at a decent inn here a dog is employed as turnspit; great care is taken that this animal does not observe the cook approach the larder; if he does, he immediately hides himself for the remainder of the day, and the guest must be contented with more humble fare than intended. The neighboring peasantry live chiefly upon a coarse kind of black bread, very disagreeable in taste and appearance." What was the name of this inn? The interior of the kitchen, with the dog in the wheel, high up at the ceiling, forms one of Rowlandson's sketches in Wigstead's volume.

Gwilym Pennant, the London Welsh bard, whose death took place recently, was by trade a letter-cutter and enameller. It was he that prepared the dial of the clock in Spurgeon's Metropolitan Tabernacle, and when placing that dial in its position in the chapel the bard, espying an inoffensive looking gentleman in another part of the building, cried out, "Hi, mate! Give us a hand to get this dial up, and I'll stand you a drop of beer." The help was given and the bard invited the gentleman to "come

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out for a pint," when to his dismay he found it was Charles Haddon Spurgeon. The great preacher smiled, gave the bard a piece of silver, and turned away.

Evan J. Williams, the noted tenor of Slatington, Pa., and proficient organist of Christ's Protestant Episcopal Church, recently rendered in his able manner the solo entitled "Pilgrim's Vision," during the offertory, which was well received. The solo is a beautiful conception and reflects credit on the author, I. T. Daniels, of Utica, N. Y., winner of the $1000 prize at the late Scranton Eisteddfod. Of this new song also Mr. Parson Price of New York says "It is well written and very descriptive of the beautiful words. It is a strong melody and scholarly harmonized."

Mr. Parson Price of New York writing from Goshen, N. Y., to the "American Art Journal," says he was spending his vacation in that wild little spa. The little place was wild with horse racing; and a musical friend from Bloomfield, N. J., had the favorite horse of the week. The musical friends of the owner of the horse sang "See the Conquering Hero Comes," when Beldia and its owner arrived at the hotel. The Presbyterian Church seems to be the town hall. The town clerk is also a fine musician and preacher.

Some severe comments are made by the "Goleuad" anent the statement that out of a class of 50 in the Bangor University College only three or four this year went through the matriculation examination. "Education in the National Colleges," remarks our Welsh contemporary, "is entirely under the control of the Senate, and that body does not seem to be responsible to anyone. When a man has become sufficiently scholarly and able to be made a professor he enters a sacred circle which, like the College of Cardinals, is infallible. And of course in that circle no one dares interfere with another. The result is that each is an autocrat in his own department, able to do just as he likes. This is oligarchy, and Mr. Chamberlain condemned this in the Transvaal. It is not a whit less pleasant nearer home."

Mr. Editor: Recently I happened on the following englyn by a noted bard. It may be used as an example of one of the most serious failings of Welsh consonantal or fettered versification. It will also serve to illustrate that the alliterative poet will often sacrifice truth to the play of consonants. The englyn runs thus:

Iesu wnaeth lwybr drwy'r wybren—i'r
Droi i'w waith yn llawen; [haul
I wrido nos, ar hyd y nen
Iesu a yrodd bob seren!

It may be translated thus:

Above did Jesus make a way
The Sun to travel in all day;
And in the sky, as with a rush
At night he makes each star to blush!

The moon and the stars never convey the impression of blushing. The moon appears yellow on the horizon, but during the remaining part of the night, she is pale, "sick and pale with grief," as the Bard of Avon says; therefore the moon is called "envious." The stars at night appear like little shooting beams of white heat coming through small holes in a puddle-furnace. It cannot be said that they "blush" at all. In his anxiety to be true to the rules of alliterative verse, the bard committed a serious error. He became untrue to nature. The letter often killeth.—Subscriber.

It is the custom at Eisteddfodau, when a bard is chaired, for other bards to shower him with congratulatory Welsh englynion. At Gilwern recently, the subject of the chair poem being "The Widow of Nain"—a situation arose which can best be described as Irish. First of all the chaired bard (whose ffugenw was "Endor") was not chaired

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—except by proxy; and, secondly, the Welsh englyn of congratulation was not an englyn at all, and was in English—

Five poets of note, on the same bardic strain,
Together went after the "Widow of Nain;"
But Endor, the poet, who sits in the chair,
Did woo her, and win her, and wed her quite fair.

(Laughter and applause.)

CHIEF CHORAL CONTEST AT BANGOR.

Nine choirs of from 130 to 150 voices entered the competition. The test pieces: (a) "Come, let us sing" (second chorus in Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm); (b) "I wrestle and pray" (Bach) unaccompanied; (c) "The Storm" (Roland Rogers) unaccompanied. The prize was £150 and a gold medal for the conductor. The adjudicators were Dr. Rogers, Mr. Emlyn Evans, Dr. Coward, Lieutenant Miller and Dr. Joseph Parry. The choirs sang in the following order:

Shrewsbury Choral Society, conductor, Mr. W. D. Phillps.

Potteries and District Choral Society, Mr. James Garner.

Holyhead Harmonic Society, Mr. W. S. Owen.

Huddersfield Co-Operative Prize Choir, Mr. D. W. Evans.

North Staffordshire District Choir, Mr. J. W. Whewall.

Barry and District Temperance Choir, Mr. J. D. Farr

Isle of Man Choir, Mr. J. D. Looney.

Blaenau Festiniog Choral Union, Mr. Cadwaladr Roberts.

Blackpool Festival Choral Society, Mr. H. Whittaker.

Unusual importance attached to the event from the fact that at Merthyr last year the Welsh choirs were defeated by the North Staffordshire Choir, and the year before at Liverpool by the Potteries Choral Society. The Welsh choristers, however, do not appear to be very keen on regaining their lost laurels, otherwise a good many more than three choirs from Wales would have participated in the competition. It will be observed that six of the choirs are from England, one hailing from the Isle of Man. The competition commenced about 1:30, and it was some minutes after 6 o'clock when the last choir finished.

The prize was awarded to No. 5 (North Staffordshire), No. 9 (Blackpool) was second, and No. 2 (Potteries) was third. The announcement was received with ringing cheers, and the award, though disappointing to the Welsh section of the audience, was strictly in accordance with the forecasts made by the majority of those who had followed the contest. Subsequently some of the adjudicators, when interviewed, gave the order of merit of all the choirs as follows: 1, North Staffordshire; 2, Blackpool; 3, the Potteries; 4, Blaenau Festiniog; 5, Shrewsbury; 6, Isle of Man; 7, Holyhead; 8, Huddersfield; 9, Barry.

———o:o———

Miss Mallt L. Williams pleads that on the question of Welsh nationality—the retention of the old language and the customs of the race—Boneddigion and Gwerin should work together, exercising a mutual toleration for diverse creeds and politics, but resolved to work in unison for their common goal. She recommends the common use of Welsh, the restoration of the harp, the support of native industries, and the adoption of distinctive national dress. But more striking than all is her plea for a "national theatre," which will hardly command universal assent. "We would like," she writes, "to see a company of players, such as they have in Brittany, going up and down the land performing in the open air, so dear to the Celtic sprit, plays and pastorals in our native tongue. The first step in this direction was made last winter, when a Carnarvon Amateur Theatrical Society rendered with great success a Cymric piece in the Cymraeg."

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PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

THE LATE JOHN HENRY, CARNEGIE, PA.

Saturday, August 16, was an intensely sad day at Carnegie, Pa.; the wires flashed the news to the quiet town that John Henry was dead, at the Mercy Hospital, Pittsburg. Mr. Henry had been in poor health for some time, and on Friday evening, August 15, he left his home in Carnegie, taking the Panhandle route, with the intention of reaching Alma, Michigan, with the confidence that a month spent at the famous sanitarium of the above place, would prove helpful to restore his health and to enliven his spirit. Knowing that he would have some spare time on his hands on reaching Pittsburg before he could connect with another train and continue his journey, he undertook to alight at the Fourth Aevnue depot, and in the attempt, somehow, he fell between the train and the platform, and was

JOHN HENRY, CARNEGIE, PA.

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fearfully crushed. His head was seriously cut, and his left arm so severely injured that its amputation was unavoidable It seems that he was the only passenger leaving the train at this point, consequently there was no eye-witness of the accident, and in that helpless condition, he had to crawl across the platform to the station before he could summon any attention and help. In the meantime the loss of blood weakened his system so much, that, when he was conveyed to the hospital, there was but a faint hope of his recovery. The doctors and officials of the institution, with the most willing kindliness and sympathy, did everything in their power to save his life. As soon as the fastest speed could convey them, his wife and the family physician, Dr. Husler, Carnegie, were at his bedside, and also with them he was surrounded by his bosom friends Mr. and Mrs. William Hughes, Ophelia Street, Pittsburg; W. J. Jones, treasurer of Pittsburg Bank for Savings; and J. L. Bevan. Although conscious throughout the night, yet, he was too weak, and in too much pain, to converse but very little; and at noon Saturday, in spite of the best medical skill, the anxious and tender efforts of near relatives, and the sympathy of kind friends, the spirit of John Henry fled to its eternal rest.

The departed was born at Port Talbot, Glamorganshire, Wales, in 1842. His parents, Evan and Elizabeth Henry, were well and favorably known throughout the community. The father filled the position of a precentor at the Dyffryn Church (C. M.), for nearly 30 years, with constant faithfulness and great credit.

From early youth the deceased was remarkable for his good habits, straightforwardness and earnest ambition. On the broad canvass of future possibilities he could see a certain space which riveted his ambition, prompted his energies, and he made it a special purpose in life to reach that space, and mark it with a living impress. He loved his home and native land, but America offered him a broader field and better conditions; and in 1866, accompanied by William Hughes, his lifetime friend, he braved the Atlantic and came to Pittsburg. For few years after his arrival, the ups and downs of his life were many, and about even in number. The downs often are as beneficial as the ups; the experience they yield and the certain qualifications they impart are the means of modelling some exceptional characters. They did help him; and while he was engaged at the Frankstown rolling mill, owned then by the late Grey Brothers of Soho, he went through the lower grades of his trade patiently, but persistently—it was a hard and trying experience—and in 1868 we find him with the charge of a sheet mill at Apollo, Armstrong Co., Pa He worked at the above place for 4 years ,giving the best satisfaction as a roller and mechanic, and at this mill, by studious habits and economical methods, he laid down the safe foundation of an extensive fortune and brilliant future. In 1873 he received the appointment of manager of the Ironton Steel Works, Ironton, O., and for several years gave ample proof of his business qualincations and mechanical skill. In 1877 he was engaged by the Chisolms of Cleveland, O., to manufacture steel sheet; and was one of the first in the country to make the production of that article a success. In 1879 he returned to Apollo, and was tendered the superintendency of the mill in which he made his first start as a roller. This mill at the time was in a deplorable state; but in few months, through his sagacity and indefatigable efforts, the work was in a flourishing condition, turning out superior brands of iron and steel sheet, which commanded an enviable market.

In 1883, with Messrs. Kirkpatrick and Carter as partners, he erected the Chartiers Iron and Steel Works, and was its

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general manager from its incipience. The success of this undertaking was exceptional from the start; the iron and steel sheet turned out was as near in quality to the Russian iron sheet as any brand in the American market, and readily commanded the highest price. In 1899 the mill was sold to the Steel Sheet Trust, and, later on, with the other mills of the Trust, was absorbed by the U. S. S. corporation; but with both companies Mr. Henry was retained as manager. In 1901, during the iron-workers' strike, when the combine ordered the Chartiers mill to be dismantled, he strained every effort to stay the vicious attempt, but in vain; the combine was determined, and the drastic threat was enforced. This was a bitter disappointment to him; more on the account of the welfare and interest of his workmen and the town than that of his own. When the full management was in his own hands he was always on peaceful terms with his employes, and a staunch friend of union labor. After the dismantling, he tendered his resignation, but the higher officials would not accept it; and up to the time of his death he filled the position of an inspector, making trips occasionally to the various mills of the company in an advisory capacity.

Besides being a successful manufacturer, he was a gifted man of affairs, and endowed with the business instinct of a financier. He was a heavy stockholder in various enterprises, among them the First National Bank of Carnegie, and the Carnegie Trust Co., filling the office of a director in both institutions.

In 1892 he was married to Miss Jennie Pettigrew of Cambridge, O., and found in her a consort who was in full accord and sympathy with the spirit and ambition of his life; and in her care there are left four children, Gwendoline, John, William and Elizabeth—bereaved of a most affectionate father.

He was a man of sterling worth, intensely active, prompted with lofty ambition, and endowed with unconquerable courage; and oh, the pity, that his life was not spared for many many a year to carry out the grand programme planned for further usefulness and great achievements; to reap the benefits and rewards of his labors, and to enjoy the love and society of his interesting and promising family at the palatial home in Glendale.

The funeral was very largely attended by men from all stations in life; but the most interesting among all the attendants were his old employes, many of whom made great sacrifice to be present, and traveled from far-off points in Ohio and Indiana. Dr. Duff (P.) in conducting the funeral services, paid a very suitable tribute to the memory of the deceased, speaking particularly of his liberality. He said that the departed contributed quietly, but with a willing heart, to all the churches in town, especially to all the Sabbath Schools. He had a very warm heart for the children, and it was his annual custom to generously remember the little ones at Christmas time. He was very simple in his tastes and habits, and disliked, to a marked degree, notoriety and publicity.

"His soul to Him, who gave it, rose;
God led it to its long repose
Its glorious rest!
And, though our comrade's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

—Gomerian.

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Original and Selected Miscellany:

It is quite natural for a pig to make a hog of itself.

Very few people's noses are set properly on their faces; ninety-nine out of every hundred turn to the right.

Murphy: "Oi'd give £50 to know the shpot Oi was to die on." Maguire: "Why?" Murphy: "Becos Oi'd niver go near the shpot, begorra!"

The Prodigal Son returned home, and his father fell upon his neck with joy.

"My boy," he said, "we would gladly have killed a fatted calf for you, but the Beef Trust has put it out of the question. We will do the best we can."

The Plasterer: I thought you were working on old Kay's new house.

The Painter: So I was; but we had a row, an' he sed he'd put the rest o' the paint on himself.

The Plasterer: And did he?

The Painter: Yes, at least that's where he put most of it.

Here is a humorist's analysis of the sounds proceeding from a bagpipe:—Big flies on windows, 72 per cent.; cats on midnight tiles, 11½ per cent.; voices of infant puppies, 6 per cent.; grunting of hungry pigs in the morning, 5½ per cent.; steam whistles, 3 per cent.; chant of cricket, 2 per cent.

A well known English dean had the misfortune to lose his umbrella, and in his next sermon in the cathedral contrived to say "that if its present possessor would drop it over the wall of the deanery garden that night he would say no more about." The next morning he went to the spot and found, not only his own umbrella but forty-five others.

An old lady who had several unmarried daughters fed them largely on a fish diet, because, as she ingeniously observed, "fish is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is useful in making matches."

If a man tells of the large and numerous fish that he caught, he is accused of stretching the truth. If he frankly avows that he caught nothing at all, he is suspected of seeking by foul means to acquire a reputation for scrupulous veracity. To be on the safe side, maintain a discreet silence after your return from a fishing trip.

A good story is told of twin brothers, one of whom was a clergyman and the other a doctor.

A short-sighted lady congratulated the latter on his admirable sermon.

"Excuse me, madam," was his reply, "over there is my brother, who preaches; I only practice."

A distinguished lawyer and his wife were at a social gathering where the question was discussed: "Who would you rather be if not yourself?"

His wife asked him for his reply to the question.

He answered promptly, "Your second husband, dear."—Philadelphia Record.

A man was standing in front of a Saranac Lake market recently. He had a basket and a fishing rod. "Just throw

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me a dozen perch and bullheads,' he said to the owner of the market. "Certainly replied the owner, but why do you ask me to throw them to you?" "So I can go home and tell my wife I caught them," was the reply. "I may be a poor fisherman, but I am no liar."—Tupper Lake Herald.

MAKING POSTAGE STAMPS.

Every part of postage stamps making is done by hand. The designs are engraved on steel, 200 stamps on a single plate. These plates are inked by two men, and then are printed by a girl and a man on a large handpress. They are dried as fast as printed and then gummed with a starch paste made from potatoes. This paste is dried by placing the sheets in a steam fanning machine, and then the stamps are subjected to a pressure of 2,000 tons in a hydraulic press. Next the sheets are cut so that each one contains 100 stamps, after which the paper between the stamps is perforated, and after being pressed the sheets are filed away. If a single stamp is injured, the whole sheet is burned.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

WELSHMAN'S HISTORIC RIDE.

Though many famous rides have been recalled from the military one recently from Brussels to Ostend, mention does not seem to have been made of the most memorable ride in English history—that of Sir Arthur Owen, which placed the Hanoverian dynasty on the throne of Great Britain. The Act of Settlement (says the "Daily Chronicle"), by which, in 1701, Parliament elected the House of Hanover to the British throne, was passed by only one vote, and this casting vote was given by Sir Arthur Owen, the M. P. for Pembrokeshire. He arrived at Westminster, dusty and travel-worn, only just in time to record his vote, having ridden with furious haste from Wales for the purpose on relays of horses kept at all the posting houses along the route. To that ride Britain owes its Georgian era; hence its Queen Victoria and Edward VII.

THE VERSATILE KAISER.

Emperor Willam, of Germany, can talk fluently in six languages. He has written a play and conducted its rehearsal. He has written a public prayer and conducted a choir. He can cook his own dinner, can play chess, paint pictures and draw caricatures. He has learned engineering and studied electricity. Though he can use only one arm he can shoot game for hours at the rate of two a minute. He has over a hundred titles and is an admiral in three of the biggest navies. In twenty-five years he has shot 23,000 head of game. He changes his dress a dozen times a day, has a dozen valets, and his wardrobe is worth $500,000.

TOO CREDULOUS.

"Congratulate you on the fine reception which I heard you were honored with out in Indiana," some one recently remarked to Senator Fairbanks, who has just returned from the Republican Convention in Indianapolis.

"That reminds me," said the Senator "of an old but always good story. In a sleeping car a man was snoring most loudly and nobody else in the car could sleep. Finally it was decided to awaken him and compel him to quit snoring or stay awake. So after much difficulty, he was aroused.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Your snoring keeps everybody in the car awake and it has got to stop."

"How do you know I snored " questioned the disturber of the peace.

"We heard you," was the reply.

"Well," said the man who snored, as he turned over to go a sleep again, "Don't believe all you hear."—W. Post.

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

November

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TEN GOOD REASONS WHY

THE MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS OIL COMPANY is the best investment obtainable for the following reasons:

It is paying dividends from sales of oil.

It has a low capitalization, being but THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, thus making its large dividends possible.

It has assets equal to its capitalization.

It has had a producing well on Spindle Top since last August, has drilled two more wells, and has land there for six or seven more.

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THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE TY'NRHOS NEIGHBORHOOD.

By Rev. E. I. Jones, Cincinnati, O.

(A paper read at the Ty'nrhos Re-union August 28th, 1902).

My dear friends of the Jones-Davis-Morgan Reunion: I am sorry I can not meet with you, but my health will not permit. I send a contribution to be read by my good cousin, Judge David Davis on "Some Reminiscences of the Ty'nrhos Neighborhood."

By the Tynrhos neighborhood, I mean a radius of about three miles from the Tynrhos Church, as a centre, making a circle of about nineteen miles. My uncle John Jones, Tynrhos, came to this neighborhood in 1838. Tynrhos was the name of his farm in South Wales. The name came with him and was applied to his farm in Gallia County, Ohio. It was afterward applied to the church formed in his house; and remains the name of the church to this day. The name is also applied by the Welsh people to the neighborhood.

In 1839 three Welsh families crossed the Atlantic in the same ship, and settled in this neighborhood. They were the families of David Jones, Cwmllamarch, Evan Jones, Cadroa, and my father's family, Isaac Jones, Caegarn. Within ten years from that time nearly all the Welsh that settled in this neighborhood came. We may properly ask what was the condition of the neighborhood when they came? It was a new country, but not a wilderness. In 1790 Gallipolis had been colonized by 500 French, but in 12 or 15 years nearly all of them had died or moved away, and Gallipolis was occupied by American pioneers. In 1803 Ohio was received into the Union, and during the same year, Gallia County was formed out of Washington County, and embraced nearly all of what are now Meigs, Vinton, Jackson and Lawrence Counties. Gallipolis was the county seat.

The first Presbyterian society was formed in Gallipolis in 1815, the first Methodist society in 1817. The town had a population in 1828 of about 700. Villages were formed through the country. Vinton was laid out by Samuel R. Holcomb in 1832. Cheshire by C. L. Guthrie in 1834, Porter in 1838. Centreville and

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Ridgeway were important trading points when we came. We did much of our trading at Ridgeway. I remember three colored families in the neighborhood when we came, by the names of Ford, Cousin, and Grill. From whence they came, and what had been their previous condition, I know not.

The American white pioneers or settlers as far as I can remember were, Wigner, Perdue, Danner, Devenport, Rickabaugh, Noel, Tanner, Judge Whiting, John White, David White, Robert Woods, Abraham Childers, Rufus White, Harshbarger, Dykins, John Smith, George Smith, Moses Wright, Summers, Isaac Wiseman, John Norman, Strait, Clement, Cherrington, Josiah Cherrington, Thomas Cherrington, and Manering. These twenty-seven families representing about 135 of a population, had lived in the neighborhood for some time. Whether they cleared the land and planted the orchards, I know not, but I know the orchards composed of large trees and abundance of fruit, gave proof that they had stood 20 years or more. Most of these kind neighbors lived in log houses, some in frame, and four or five in brick.

The Welsh within the bounds mentioned, as far as I can remember, were Uncle John Jones, Edward Edwards, Thomas O. Jones, Jenkin Davis, Lewis Lewis, James Lloyd, David Thomas, Benjamin Lewis, Aaron Rees, John A. Rees, Morris Williams, Evan Davis, Daniel Richards, David James, Thomas Jones, Stephen Jenkins, Daniel Samuel, Rhys Evans, David Jones, Evan Lloyd, Mrs. Davis (Raccoon), my father's family, James Davis, David Parry, John Morgans, John Davis, Joshua Thomas, Erasmus Morris, Griffith Griffith, William O. Jones, Jenkin Jones, John Jones (Bryn Owen), John Davis (New York), David Jones (Llandudoch), Thomas Richards, Evan Evans, Uncle John Lot Davis, John James, David Evans, Lewis Evans, David Jones (Benglog), David Morgans, David Davis, Henry Rogers, Thomas Rogers, Evan Rees, John Rees, Uncle Evan Jones, David Edwards, Nathaniel Jones. (The last two named succeeded each other). Here are forty-nine families representing a population of about 254 . Some of these families attended church at Centreville, but a large majority attended at Tynrhos. Most of the old settlers, as well as those in Jackson County, came from Cardiganshire, South Wales.

At first all of these Welsh settlers lived in log houses, some in huts of round logs, but most in houses of hewn logs. House raising was an important event in those days. The logs were prepared and hauled to the place, a large number of neighbors were invited to help, four men expert with the ax, were given a corner each, ten or twelve men, would force up the logs on slides, and so the houses went up. Log rolling was also an important event.

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Fifteen or twenty neighbors were invited to help roll the logs into heaps ,for the burning.

Corn huskings were also common. In competing for numbers, a speckled ear counted for five, and a red ear for ten. In a race for one or two hundred, the contest was earnest and the ears flew fast.

Quiltings and woolpickings were important events among the ladies. Much working and some talking made a pleasant gathering. The social element was better cultivated in those days, than it is now, I think.

Apple cuttings formed another event for the cultivation of the social element. A company of people, old and young, male and female, would come together in the evening to peel and cut apples. These apples were dried in the sun, in dry houses or on strings, strung up near the fire. Dried applies were in demand in those days.

The schools were hardly equal to the present. We had a winter school of three months, every year. School for sixty-five days, leaving only three hundred days in the year without school. The education was principally in reading, writing and spelling; the importance of spelling indicated in spelling classes, and night spelling schools. Arithmetic was studied by the older members of the school.

Demonstrations on black boards were not known, but slates were brought to the master to examine the sums worked out. Often while the master was applying his mathematical power to problems in addition, subtraction, division or fractions, the little children sitting on rough, hard seats would move a little, possibly laugh and whisper, the master would arouse as a giant from his slumbers, take down his hickory, apply it vigorously to a whole seat. This was school discipline, something for the children to remember. But few studied English grammar in those days. A few of the upper tens could be heard reciting to the master, "John is a noun, because it is a name; proper, because it is a particular name; masculine gender, because it is the name of a male; third person ,because it is the person spoken of; singular number, because it means but one, &c."

I attended school first at the White school house in the woods, between the homes of Evan Evans and Daniel Prose . I had for teachers John Prose, Josiah Prose and Levi Childers. Then I attended at the Childers school house in the woods, at the foot of the hill. Had for teachers Henry Neal, Daniel Rose and Solomon Cherrington. After we moved back to the neighborhood of Tynrhos church, I attended school at the Jenkin Davis school house, and had for teachers James Cherrington and John Jones (Benglog). The last winter school I attended was in the Norman school house, and had John W. Evans and Daniel Evans for teachers. I believe that the drill in spel-

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ling and penmanship was better in those days than now.

I have noticed the cultivation of the social and intellectual parts. We should ask what of the spiritual? Within the bounds that I have mentioned, there were three churches. The Welsh Congregational church at Tynrhos, the English U. B. church at Old Pine, and the M. E. church at McKendree, near Prose's home. My first recollection of religious service was of a cottage prayer meeting held one evening at the home of David Edwards (Penygraig). The prayers and singing were very earnest, and I felt my heart burn within me. I was not over six years old, I think, but I loved God fervently. I remember something of religious service in my uncle's house about the same time, and of hearing Rev. Benjamin Chidlaw, the Rev. Robert Williams (Moriah), and Rev. David Davis (Vega), preach. The church was organized in my uncle's house about 61 years ago, and David Davis (Vega) was the first pastor, I think.

In a few years, a log house for church service was built, in what is now the graveyard. John A. Davis of Oak Hill, was the first pastor there. Prayer meetings and society meetings were held on week days, and members gave up their corn planting and harvesting to attend these weekly meetings. Fervent prayers were offered, and hymns of praise went up to God. Strangers in a strange land found much of their joy in God's service. In eight or ten years the present church was built across the road from the old church. I became a member of the church in 1846. In 1854, I with other friends, came from Belfont Furnace, Ky., to attend a Cymanfa at Tynrhos. During the meeting, God by his blessed Spirit called me, I obeyed, gave up all to him, and in time, received the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

From that day to this I have tried to honor God and do some good in the world. In 1858, I entered upon the active work of the Christian ministry. During the first two years, my work was near home. I boarded the first year at my mother's, and the second year at Dr. Cherrington's near Centerville. In 1860, forty-two years ago, I was removed from this neighborhood, and have been away ever since. I have not met at Tynrhos church more than seven or eight times in all these years. A generation has grown up since I left. If I should meet all the inhabitants of Tynrhos neighborhood to-day, I doubt whether I would recognize one in ten of them. Most that I knew have passed away. Every one of the older generation is gone. My good mother was the last, and she ended her journey nearly ten years ago, at the ripe age of 95 years. Of the second generation but few remain. I am the only representative of our family. Cousin Lot Davis remains alone of his family. Cousins Jane D. Jones and

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Elizabeth Thomas are the only representatives of the Tynrhos family. I doubt, if we take the whole neighborhood, whether one-third of the second generation remains.

The third generation are now bearing the burden and heat of the day, and some of them are beginning to move down on the shady side of the mountain. "One generation goeth, and another cometh." Surely this is not our home. I often think of a stanza of an old Welsh hymn, my good uncle John Jones sometimes gave out in church, as follows:

"Torf o 'mrodyr sydd yn gorwedd
Yn y bedd, anghofus dir,
Yn y dyffryn lle mae'r llwythau
Byddaf finau cyn bo hir,
Lle ni chlywir, lle ni chlywir,
Dim o swn gofidiau'r byd."

I am glad that the Tynrhos neighborhood has given the world some good men, teachers, lawyers, judges, doctors, ministers, and at least one legislator, and quite a number of successful business men.

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God and keep his commandments for this is the whole duty of man."

Dear friends, farewell. May we meet in the land of day, when we shall see "holl daith yr anialwch i gyd," and talk of our wilderness journey that led to the King's Palace.

BETHESDA AND THE SLATE QUARRIES.

Traveling from Capel Curig towards Bethesda we pass through Ogwen and Francon valleys. Having crossed the bridge at Ogwen, we enter Nant Francon, and the "Glen of Beavers" takes us all the way to Bethesda and its slate quarries. This great valley was once the bed of a glacier, and in some of the numerous cwms or hollows in the hills, minor glaciers remained when the larger one was shrinking away. The most remarkable of those cwms is Cwm Graenog. The hills above it are Moel Perfedd on the left, and Carnedd y Filiast on the right, and behind these is Elidyr Fawr. In another two miles we enter Bethesda, a populous slate village, situated five miles from Bangor, and about ten from Capel Curig, celebrated for the great Penrhyn lockout.

There has been trouble in the Penrhyn quarries since the '60's. The settlement of August, 1897, was dissatisfactory, the chief grievance being that autocracy still reigned there, which created a spirit of insecurity among the men. There was no mutual understanding. October 14, 1900, the disturbance recommenced, the men finding that contracts were given out to inferior men and even non-quarrymen, and

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sub-contracts let out by these to experienced quarrymen. This has been a most serious grievance.

An attempt was made by intermediaries to settle the difference for months, but in vain. In the early days of January, 1901, Supt. Young's terms were mailed to each quarryman, requesting an answer, the result of which was that 1,707 voted against, and 77 for. The men have been locked out since November 22, 1900, which is known in the district as the "Oppressor's Day." On the 11th of June, 1901, a number did go in, trusting their all in the hands of the management, each receiving 20 pieces of silver from Lord Penrhyn; and this day is known as the "Traitors' Day." Since Lord Penrhyn stands for absolute control, and the men insist on recognition of their organization, the outlook is gloomy.

The demands of the men were as follows: The right freely to elect spokesmen from the ranks of the men to discuss grievances with the management; the right of the men during the dinner hour to discuss matters among themselves in the quarry; the reinstatement of certain victimized leaders; the establishment of a minimum wage; the punishment of unjustifiable conduct on the part of foremen and officials towards the men; the introduction of a system of co-operative piece work hitherto done under sub-contracts; the humanizing of the harsh

BETHESDA FROM BRYNEGLWYS

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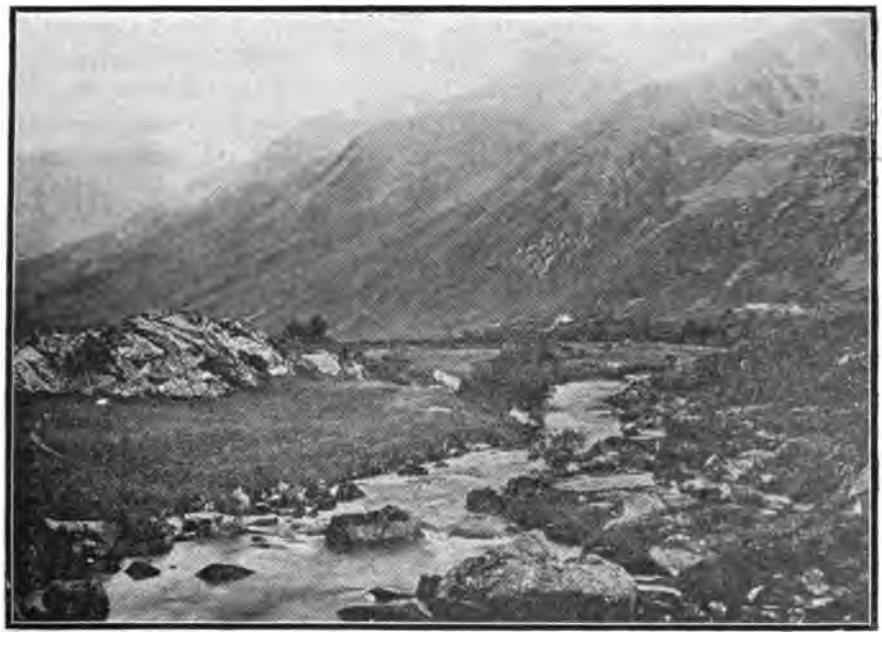
rules of discipline, and the reduction of the punishment for breaches of them; the reintroduction of the annual holiday on May 1; more democratic control of the Quarry Sick Club. These have been met invariably by Penrhyn with the demand that control must be entirely and unconditionally in the hands of the management. It is a fight between autocracy and democracy.



NANT FRANCON, LOOKING TO OGWEN.

THE SINS OF THE SAINTS.

By Geo. James Jones, D. D.

XI. The Profanation of the Sacred.

Reference has been made to the protest of "Zion's Herald" against violence done to the Sabbath by the people of its own creed and church, but the worst of it is, they are not one whit more guilty than people of other faiths. Sabbath desecration is prevalent among all people; it knows neither sect nor creed. Did Christian people, i. e., professing Christians, in all churches stand up as one man for the observance of the day as God would have it, the probabilities are that a sufficient

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number of men not professing to have been regenerated and saved would give royal support to earnest attempts at restoring the day to its purposes and functions. There is a growing demand the civilized world over on the part of employees for the abolishment of all unnecessary labor on that day. Men in authority, men in control of churches and vast business interests are the men mostly responsible for the present conditions.

Money getting has become something more than a passion, more than a disease; it has become insanity. In 1901 the managers of the Ohio State Fair in spite of the wishes of the people opened the gates of the Fair on the Sabbath. There was an attempt at giving to the Sabbath Fair a religious semblance, and the much respected President of the State University was asked to preach to the crowds on the grounds. So long as there were hopes of securing his services the farce was not so apparent, but he refused. Then so as not to be refused again a man was asked who was never known to refuse anything, if thereby his name might get publicity, but when his remarks were uttered and published, it was evident to all that a great insult had been offered to the intelligence and moral integrity of the people, and many thousands who had intended to attend did not go, and the Fair was sunk several thousands of dollars in debt, and it was not opened on the Sabbath in 1902.

It has come to this point. Moral argument is of no avail with men of immoral purposes; nothing will touch them but the dollar. When the managers saw that patronage was withheld from the Fair because of its being open on the Sabbath, they submitted meekly to the wishes of their superiors. But what they wrote in their own defence is interesting and fraught with valuable lessons to those who have the best interests of men at heart. Protests in great volumes were sent them from all over the State, and they laughed at them.

It is worthy of notice also that many of those protesting so strongly attended the Fair, some on the Sabbath, and many leaving their homes on the Sabbath so as to be on the grounds early on Monday. This insincerity and unreliability is something beyond the ability of the average man to explain. The managers were obdurate and obstinate; they determined to have their way, and they did. They did what they could to justify their position, but they did not furnish one single valid reason for the course they were persuing. The most and the best they could do was to insist that the Fair open wide on the Sabbath was no greater transgression of God's law than is the "action of the brethren who arrange for excursions to Lakeside, Miami Chautauqua, Lancaster and Worthington," using their own phraseology, and in this they were correct. The sins of so-called Christians were hurled back

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at them in double measure. The Board also declared that "the famous comedian of camp meetings, Sam Jones," is now being billed with lithographic hangers as one of the stars of the Miami Chautauqua, single admission 25 cents." Since all places of amusements were closed at the Fair, the managers also insisted that there were no humerous features to compare with the Reverend Samuel. Not once did they insist that it was right to open the gates on the Sabbath, but they insisted that the open Fair was on a par morally with other places of attraction, even if they were dubbed religious. And who dares deny the logic of their argument? The position taken by the managers did more than open the gates of the State Fair; it opened the eyes of the public to the hypocritical inconsistency of a vast number of men calling themselves Christians; and also to the fact that no reformation of a lasting benefit is possible till the Sabbath is honored and revered among the people as a boon from God. The majority of present dav camp meetings are incompatible with Sabbath-keeping. The State Fair and the ordinary camp meeting are on the same level. Were the day kept holy the doors of both would be closed.

A body of people claiming exclusive use of the word Christian conduct yearly a camp meeting in an agricultural district dotted with churches. During the camp meeting the services of all of these churches are more or less interfered with. The plea that more or better preaching is needed in that locality can not be truthfully made as the ordinary preaching of the majority of neighboring churches is much more learned and eloquent and helpful than that of the camp meeting. It is not the preaching or religious interest that draws the great crowd to the camp, but the sensational, often vulgar utterances of the advertised speakers; they are all represented to be stars of the first magnitude; the display hangers are worthy of the finest theatres or the greatest shows, and the people go. A Presbyterian minister, reported to be one of the greatest divines of the century was to lecture on Sabbath afternoon on the "Model Wife." The D. D. of that man stood for Driving for Dollars. A tremendous crowd listened to hackneyed and outworn jokes which were discordant with every Christian notion of the Sabbath day. Not a single model wife heard him; she was at her home or at her church. Mrs. Nation, the Kansas saloon smasher, was one of the attractions. Credit was given her for honesty, bravery, righteousness, holiness, in the dodgers announcing her brilliant advent. All sorts of catch phrases were used to beguile people to see and to hear her, and all sorts of schemes, some of them very questionable from a moral point of view, were used to advertise her. She

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was to appear in all her glory on Sabbath afternoon. Casting out the money changers is not a policy of Sabbath breakers.

The success of that camp meeting is given by the managers in one sentence. What does that sentence contain? Does it speak of sinners saved or backsliders reclaimed? Nothing of the sort. No such a thing was thought of at the start. It reads: "Twenty-five thousand admissions last year," which means, we have gathered from the pockets of the unthinking and unchristian public to our own pockets $6,250, and have used the name of Christ and religion to win in our game, and we succeeded. We hope to be more successful next year. Such is much of what passes as Christianity in this advanced age. The demented old woman, however honest and sincere she may be, before she had spoken twenty words demonstrated that her place is not on the platform. Her address was shockingly poor and out of taste, but she made up for all by her business instinct, for she sold 500 little wooden hatchets and 80 photographs of herself at 25 cents a piece—$139,00; she was getting $50 from the managers for her distinguished services. She is not so much out of her head as some people seem to think, for she is right up to date and wins as truly as the hypocrites did. "Verily I say unto you, they receive their reward."

Look again to the churches, and the spirit of commercialism is pre-eminent. The solemn services are secularized and prostituted by repeated appeals for money. Money is necessary, but converts should be instructed in the fundamental principles of their religion so that money matters get attention in a noiseless and unostentatious way. The secular part of the organization should not be allowed to diminish its spiritual force, and that is the case in many churches. Personally, I doubt the wisdom or the piety of alluding to money matters from the pulpit, or even from the pew in public service on the Sabbath day, and have discouraged the habit in the churches God gave to my care, and I must testify that the contributions of the people reached a high mark. No church has a right to exist unless it is doing the work of Christ in its community. It better be dead and buried than to exist to perpetuate an evil. So long as the present day conditions exist churches have no logical reasons for looking to heaven for a blessing. The readers may be tired of having these plain truths presented to them, but they are factors standing against the progress of the kingdom, and we can not ignore or deny them. It is our duty to remove them.

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FREE TRADE AND PROTECTIVE TARIFF AS MEANS OF INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT.

By Consul D. T. Phillips.

3rd. The Coal Industry: It will be easy to discuss this industry and confirm as well as affirm the industrial benefit and marvelous development of the protective tariff and the ruinous effects of free trade legislation. Coal is one of the most vital products in the United States, furnishing employment to millions of men, so that tariff reductions on this product means the pauperization of the American miner, industrial depression and business paralysis.

The years of Cleveland's last administration furnish a striking object lesson in corroboration of our statement, owing to the reduction in the tariff on coal during those years, whereby an inferior quality was shipped to the States from Nova Scotia and other parts of Canada, the direct distress was felt on all sides. Queer means of development thus!

The following items demonstrate how the protective tariff has been the means of successfully developing the coal industry, and any attempt, either to remove or reduce the tariff means to turn back the clock of industrial progress.

Our coal products now amount to the value of $300,000,000 a year, against less than $200,000,000 in '94, '95, '96, '97. Coal makes steam; steam makes power; power makes the wheel, the loom, the forge and all kinds of machinery busy. Busy machinery makes work and wages. The more coal the more gold. Thus the more need of protection.

4th. The Woolen Industry: Thanks to the industrial means of developing the woolen industry, the wool product in 1891 was nearly five times as much as it was in 1860, notwithstanding the increase in our sheep-raising, the price of wool was higher in 1900 than it was in 1860, while the price of woolen manufactures was considerably cheaper, as well as clothing.

If we listen to the free trade prophets we shall soon have occasion to write "Ichabod" over the portals of our woolen mills. With an area larger than all Europe, and with a larger extent of rich pasturage than any other country, we should not import a pound of wool or a yard of woolen cloth. What has made this increase in sheep culture possible? One word furnishes the answer, "Protection."

Under the Walker tariff from 1850 to 1860, which was virtually free trade government, sheep husbandry increased only a little more than 3 per cent. From 1870 to 1880, the increase was over 53 per cent. under protection rule. From 1880 to 1894 the per centage would have been still greater but for the

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tinkering of the tariff by the free traders of our government. Who are benefited by this wool industry? The half million farmers who own the sheep, and who need all the benefit of protection for their toil and enterprise, and who give employment to hundreds of thousands of hands. Repeatedly has it been demonstrated that the free trade party cannot be trusted with this great wool question. Ohio and other states know this to their sorrow. The farmers of the Western States, including Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, and all New England can bear testimony to the disastrous effect of reducing the tariff on wool, being an absolute decrease between the years 1875 and 1891 of 3,093,978 sheep, the decrease being distributed as follows: New England States, 335,000; Middle States, 1,578,300; Western States, 1,180,678. During that same period we imported raw wool from foreign countries to the amount of $186,000,000, or an annual amount of nearly $12,000,000 sent out of the United States for raw wool alone.

With the idea in view of encouraging sheep-breeding and wool-raising at home, the McKinley Bill placed a duty of $1.50 per head on sheep instead of 33c., the old law. With such legislation as the Wilson Bill provided this industry was nearly ruined.

No valid reason can be given why wool should be made free, and woolen goods be protected. Wool is the completed article of the farmer, just as cloth is of the manufacturer. The objection that the duty on wool raises the price on the consumer applies as well, if true, to the duty on cloth and all other articles on the tariff list. Tariff means to grant to all forms of American labor that fair and reasonable advantage which gives the American producer the home market for home products.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BOYHOOD.

(Peasant Life in Wales.)

By Rev. Howell Davies, Johnstown, Pa.

Gomer had a younger brother named Arthur. They were schoolmates, and Saturday (then, as now, a holiday in the district schools), it was their custom to take long rambles into the country. The little thatched cottage was an object of special interest to them, as it was the early home of their mother and was still occupied by an aged grandmother, to whom the cheery visits of the boys were always welcome.

The pathway leading to the cottage lay along the primrose-covered

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stones of a craggy Welsh mountain, at the top of which stood the ruins of an ancient castle, once the terror of the villagers below, but later supposed to be inhabited by ghosts. Taking advantage of the morning light—for they could not be induced under penalty of death to make the journey by night—the boys began the ascent of the mountain. Reaching the brow of the hill, they suspiciously scanned the scarred ruins of the castle, but kept at a respectful distance, lest perchance a sleeping ghost might be disturbed and their course obstructed. Continuing their journey, they alighted upon a spring of sparkling water, beside which they rested awhile. Suddenly there came into view at a distance a drove of Welsh ponies, short and shaggy, roaming over the hills at their own sweet will. Arthur, the younger and more daring of the boys, in the excitement of the discovery, cried out: "Now is our chance, Gomer. We are not seen here. While they are quietly browsing behind the dewberry bushes over yonder, you go to the right and I to the left and let us come upon them unawares." The chase, as might have been expected, ended in failure. The hardy little ponies, quick to discover the presence of an enemy, bolted away at full gallop. Gomer, panting for breath, exclaiming: "As well try and catch the wind!"

Descending the mountain they were soon in full view of the little thatched cottage, which reared its head on one of the foothills below. Coming still nearer, they heard the familiar bark of "Sharp," the dog, who ran out to meet them, greeting them out of a pair of glistening eyes and the wag of his shaggy tail. In his glee the dog wheeled around and leaped over the outer-gate or stile, followed by the young visitors, who counted themselves lucky to be permitted to enjoy his friendship—a privelege never accorded to strangers. By this time an aged lady made her appearance, staff in hand, and slightly bowed with the weight of years, but still retaining a little of her former vigor of speech and action. She was the boys' grandmother. "My dear-r boys (Fy mechgyn bach i), Eim so glad to see 'ew," said she in broken English for the fine language (as the English was called) was then little known and less spoken in country districts in Wales.

Even our friend Sharp had a very limited vocabulary outside of the Welsh. After making a few inquiries about the boys' home—for she looked to them as a newspaper for information regarding the outside world—the mistress of the manor continued: "Come into the ouse (Dewch i fewn ir ty) and I'll get you something to ate; you be fery hungry." The faces of the boys brightened up at these words, as their appetite by this time were sharpened to a keen edge, and in a few moments the door of the little thatched cottage was pressed open (without resistance of course, for even the door seemed to be as hospitable as

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the inmates), and the best chairs were brought out for the boys' use —a special mark of honor which they fully appreciated. Besides the genial hostess, the other members of the family were a bachelor son named William—commonly known as King William—and Mary the maid, who busied herself in the preparation of the meal.

While Gomer was engaged in conversation with his loquacious grandmother who, like the ancient mariner, directed towards him a fusilade of questions, Arthur was scanning the interior of the cottage. The walls, inside and out, were whitewashed. The floor was of stone and swept clean. A step-ladder served for a stairway leading to the bedrooms above. The light streamed in through a small back window which commanded a fine view of the landscape in the rear. Occupying nearly half the width of the room was a capacious fireplace. Why it was built so large Arthur did not know, but thought in case of war it might be used to roast oxen for a small army. Lifting his eyes toward the ceiling he noticed with keen pleasure a side of home-cured bacon suspended from a hook and wondered if it would contribute its share to the coming meal. Nearby was a double-barrel breech-loading rifle ready for use in case of emergency. Just then the door opened and King William made his appearance. Like Saul of the tribe of Benjamin, he was head and shoulders above his countrymen, standing six feet four-inches-and-a-half in his stocking feet—a formidable man and a terror to evil doers in the neighborhood.

Whoever designed the cottage, evidently had no idea that a peasant king of stalwart proportions would ever occupy it, for on entering the door William had to stoop—a beggarly attitude for so great a man. He was the admiration of the boys, who frequently accompanied him over his dominions (or rather the farm) in quest of game, or helped to gather in the harvest, or with bated breath listened to the recital of deeds of heroism in his encounter with the gamekeepers and highway robbers and tax-collectors. Against the latter, especially the church tax gatherer, he waged perpetual warfare, and had it been in his power he would long ago have disestablished the English church in Wales, for the support of which he had to pay tithes. Had he been born in Ireland, he would probably have joined the home-rulers, for he hated oppression of any kind. Had he lived in earlier times when Wales was struggling for freedom, he might have developed into a second Llewellyn the Great, or an Owen Glendower. As it was, like Cromwell, he was respected at home and feared abroad. Such was William, the peasant king.

The meal being ready, the company, like the fabled knights of King Arthur, gathered about the round table to dine. It was a typical Welsh dinner, a truly patriotic repast, with no admixture from any foreign

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source. Nowhere is the Welshman more truly to his nationality than when seated about the festal board. It is then when he literally eats the leek, a prerequisite to the wearing of the national emblem on St. David's Day. The Englishman may boast of his roast beef, the Scotchman of his porridge, the Irishman of his stew, and the American of his tomato sauce, but there is nothing in the wide world that warms the blood of a Welshman like his favorite and fragrant broth, or is sweeter to his palate than mutton, or more dainty than a rare bit of Glamorganshire cheese.

Rising from dinner, King William in a husky voice invited the boys to accompany him in a tour of inspection over his domains, with its numerous subjects of the fourfooted and feathered kind. Reaching the neck of the woods a few well-directed shots brought down a couple of rabbits (the Welsh peasant's preserves), which he handed to his young nephews as a memento of the visit.

Then a tender leave taking. The aged grandmother had in her hand a bouquet of flowers, picked from the garden close by, and presenting them to Gomer, said, "Give these to your mother." A last look at the dear old thatched cottage. The birds were nestling in the eaves and the honeysuckle climbing the whitewashed wall.

LLANWENARTH CHURCH.

By John T. Griffith, D. D.

An address delivered at the reunion of the descendants of Elder William Thomas at Funk's Park, Bucks County, Pa., August 23, 1902. For the materials of the above address see History of Welsh Baptists, by Revs. Joshua Thomas, D. Jones, J. Spinther James, M. A., Thomas Armitage, D. D., and "The Sunday School Star."

During the latter half of the 17th century and the first half of the 18th century, several Welsh Baptist churches in Wales became noted as sources whence many came to America and became the founders of the Baptist churches in different States. Dolau, Radnorshire, furnished the most of the members that founded the old Pennepeck church (now Lower Dublin, Philadelphia) in 1688. The Eatons and others—Rhydwilyn church, Pembrokeshire, sent an organized church of sixteen members, with Rev. Thomas Griffith as pastor, in 1701, who became the founders of the old Welsh Tract, Del. Cilfowyr furnished the men and women who became the founders of the old Great Valley Church, Pennsylvania, in 1711, and among others we find Llanwenarth occupying a prominent position in its relation to the Baptists of this part of Pennsylvania (Bucks and Montgomery coun-

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ties), as the church from which Elder William Thomas came to America in 1712. Time would not permit me to give here a minute history of this dear old church, even if I were able to do so, but I wish to give briefly a few facts respecting its origin, a few notable events, some of its prominent pastors, and its present condition.

I. Its Origin.

Llanwenarth Church really originated from Abergavenny in 1652. Abergavenny is situated in the northeastern part of Monmouthshire, Wales, in the valley of the Usk, and the late Kilsby Jones remarked that "the word is not yet coined to describe the beauty of this valley," also, it is not far from the Black Mountains, among which dissentism was nourished. The church was gathered some time in 1652, little is known of its origin, it seems that the first communicants were twenty-five in all. At the time of the organization of the church they arranged their services as follows:

The Lord's Supper was to be administered on the first Sabbath of each month, and the following Wednesday was to be spent in fasting and prayer. The church was to meet at Abergavenny every Sabbath, and for the convenience of those who lived at a far distance, a preaching service was to be held at the home of some brother at Llanfihangel on the first day after communion, and a general meeting of all the members was to be held at Llanwenarth on the fifth day after communion; also, preaching service was to be held every Sabbath at Llangybi, and the preaching was to be done by the brethren recommended by the church, and the Lord's Supper was to be administered there every three months, and weekly meetings on the fourth day at the home of some brother. (See Thomas, p. 210). Thus we see that the Abergavenny church met at four different places ,and one of these was Llanwenarth, which became one of the most prominent churches in the county. Llanwenarth is about two miles and a half from Abergavenny. In this arrangement we see the missionary spirit and the systematic method that characterized the Christian work of our fathers, and when they came to America we find the same spirit and methods in the early history of the Baptists of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The most of the churches of Wales were started and developed after the above method.

It is no wonder that Dr. W. W. Keen, in his History of the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia, says that the preponderance of the Welsh element in the early history of the Philadelphia Association, and especially our own church, is worthy of note. Of the first six joint pastors of Pennepek and Philadelphia, three, Samuel Jones and both the Morgans, were Welshmen, to whom are to be added their immediate successors, Jenkin Jones and Morgan Edwards. Their force of character counted far more than their num-

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bers. To this fact is due the sturdy Calvinistic faith which was characteristic not only of our own, but of nearly all the churches of the Philadelphia Association. Even so late as February 14, 1831, separate services in the Welsh language were held in our own church. The Welsh names, at present so familiar on the line of the Pennsylvania railroad (yes, and the North Pennsylvania), bear witness to the many Welshmen who settled in this vicinity (History First Baptist Church, Philadelphia, p. 54). The churches of this section viz., Montgomery, Hilltown, New Britain, &c., are included.

II. A Few of Its Notable Events.

Though the Llanwenarth church has always been what we would call in this country "a country church," yet it stands prominent in Welsh Baptist history as having had, in connection with its history, some of the most notable events in the history of our people. We will note a few of them:

(1) Its action in relation to state appropriations for the support of the Gospel.

February 25th, 1649, during the days of the Commonwealth under Cromwell, an act was passed entitled "An act for the better propagation of the Gospel in Wales." This act authorized the appointment of a committee to examine preachers, and those whom they recommended received aid from the state. It is said that some Baptist ministers received aid under the act of 1649; but as soon as the Baptists saw that they had compromised their principles by their blunder, they retreated from their false position, and Vavasor Powell says, that he and many of his brethren "did not take any salary at all, nor any other maintenance whatever since the year 1653;" but the Llanwenarth church felt so deeply on this matter that they entered the following on their church work, "Whether gospel ministers may receive payment from the magistrate," Mr. William Pritchard (their minister) was advised to reject the offer of state money, and their record was agreed to on "the 11th day of the fifth month, 1655, and also that they (the church) doe withdraw from all such ministers that doe receive maintenance from the magistrates, and from all such as consent not to wholesome doctrine or teach otherwise." (See Armitage's History of the Baptists, p. 602). Surely this was a complete separation of church and state. This is a distinctive principle among the Baptists of America also. A few years ago, when a bill was introduced to Congress at Washington to abolish state appropriations for religious purposes, its author said that the Baptist denomination was the only denomination that had positively declined to receive any aid. Have you any idea how much this country owes to the old Llanwenarth church for the stand she took on the question?

(2) Its possession of the first meeting house in modern times.

Of course, I am speaking of the

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Baptists. Some say that the first meeting house was built at Hay, near Olchon, in 1649, but, according to Thomas, the first was at Llanwenarth in 1695. (A.'s B. H., p. 600). Prior to that, the dissenters, including Baptists and Congregationalists, had no public place of worship; they had to meet in the most secluded places among the mountains and in the valleys of Wales, and many a secluded spot in Wales is now historic as having been the refuge of God's chosen ones, and not far from Llanwenarth is what is known as "the Black Rock, a terribly steep and rough place, in which the Baptists took refuge, rich and poor, young and old, huddled together" to escape the wrath of the enemy. But at last the time came when they had liberty to meet in public, and Llanwenarth is said to have had the honor of erecting the first meeting house, which, we said, was done in 1695. At the time of the dedication of this church, Elder Wm. Thomas was 17 years of age. and it is more than likely that he was present on such an auspicious occasion. Since then the meeting house has been greatly improved, but in a letter which the present pastor, Rev. Thos. H. William., sent me, May 15th, 1902, he says that "the old shell" still remains.

(3) Its relation to the reorganization of the Welsh Baptist Association.

The first Welsh Baptist Association was organized at Ilston, near Swansea, in 1650, by the Rev. John Myles, the great ancestor of the present Lieut. Gen. N. A. Miles of the United States Army. Three churches formed the association—Olchon (1633), Ilston and Llanharran (now Hengoed). The association was held annually, and grew constantly, but in proportion as they grew they were assailed by pen and tongue from all quarters, and in 1656 the elders and messengers of eight churches met at Brecon, and published "An antidote against the times" in self-defense. This was probably the first Welsh Baptist book. But after the restoration of Charles II., May 29th, 1660, no more meetings of the association were held for twenty-eight years. During all this period they were bitterly persecuted so that they could not walk the streets. and were abused in their own homes.

Different acts were passed to crush them, but at last relief came by the accession of William and Mary to the throne in 1689. when what is known as the "Act of Toleration" was enacted by the Parliament of Great Britain. A general conference of the Baptists of England and Wales met that year in London. "About a hundred churches are said to have been represented at that conference," seven ministers went up from Wales, and and the assembly set forth a Confession of Faith. The Welsh Association, consisting of ten churches, reassembled at Llanwenarth, May 6th. 1700. and from that time on the Baptists have

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continued to grow (A.'s B. H. 604).

All these events show the prominence of the church in Welsh Baptist history, and doutless Elder Wm. Thomas was present on the above occasion.

MUSIC NOTES.

William ApMadoc.

The John Church Company, once more, has surprised the musical public with volumes of famous songs, all secular, with a few exceptions, and edited by the scholarly critic of the New York "Tribune," H. E. Krehbiel, whose name is a guarantee for excellence. It was some months ago that the same publishers issued a volume of sacred songs for each of the solo voices, forming at once a convenient library of the best oratorio solos. "The Cambrian" made remarks upon them at the time of their publication. This last set of "Famous Songs"—for that is the appropriate title—is a rich library for song-lovers. We are pleased to see among them "Ar Hyd y Nos," with accompaniment arranged with much taste by Harry Boulton. The four volumes are in octavo form. This is the richest contribution of songs of the last decade or more to our already rich literature. It is of special importance to students of songs, and an artistic triumph, beside, that the John Church Company has secured the ripe scholarship and authority of such a musician as Mr. Krehbiel is, in the editing of such song-treasures. No mediocre composition could escape his keen eye and ear, and find a place in these volumes among such composers as Brahms, Dvorak, Franz, Gounod, Grieg, Godard, Fesca, Jensen, Lassen, Liszt, Saint Saens, Sullivan, Wagner, Schubert, &c. A number of the best English composers are also represented, and the beautiful folk-song has not been neglected. We are more than pleased to find the following remarks in Mr. Krehbiel's "Prefatory Note" in reference to the present era of song, and the happy change that has taken place in song-interpretation. Mr. Krehbiel says: "Artistic individuality has come to the fore; it is the period of the Recital; in the vocal field it is the period of the Song Recital. A few opera airs will no longer suffice; singers who would sing must have repertories of pieces—many songs and varied. Poetic expression, nourished by the spirit which has possessed the lyric drama, must have a wide territory over which to range; and teachers, by the same token, must have different material from the old which looked somewhat onesidedly to the technical side of the Art. The change moreover opened vistas

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never thought of before, and prepared a welcome for national idioms."

What the author says in the next paragraph about Folk Songs will be relished by our readers. "The beauty of Folk-Songs came to be apprehended, and the fascination felt with which the characteristic elements of the songs spontaneously created by the people have infused the various Schools of artistic song writing." The first folk-song introduced in the volumes is our own exquisite "Ar Hyd y Nos."

A poet, unknown to us, sang the following stanzas to a "Sage and Singer:"

Within an old town by the sea
A wise man and a singer dwelt;
The wise man spoke laboriously,
And taught with pain the truth he felt;
The singer scattered everywhere
His careless music to the air.

The wise man and the singer both
Lie now within the churchyard green;
Summer and spring have plighted troth
A hundred years they have not seen,
No traces of their vanished feet
Are in the old high-gabled street.

And of the wise man's labored words
Not one is now remembered well,
But still, as clearly as spring birds,
The singer's simple love song swell,
And in the old town seem a part
Of every home and every heart.

Richard Strauss, the most notable of Germany's composers, will probably visit America next season, and, under contract to Emil Paur. In orchestral circles there is a question as to bringing with him his own orchestra. Probably not, but will, instead, direct his own works with the orchestras of Chicago, Boston and Pittsburgh.

Weak librettos have proved to be the ruin of many cantatas and operas. This acounts for the disappearance of real worthy compositions. On the other side, many good librettos have been buried under the weight of cumbersome, uncongenial, and unmusical works. A number of Johann Strauss's operas, the music being of high character, are to be revived, but at the expense of poor librettos, these must be dropped, and better texts adapted to all of them.

Mme. Adelina Patti is still the queen of song. Critics agree that there is something in the quality of her tones, in the ease with which she floats them into the hearts of her listeners, and in her captivating manner, that makes her royally musical. English critics of note discussed her vocal phenomena lately, and they concluded that should she sing for the next ten years to come, her voice will retain its great beauty.

Dr. Villiers Stanford, the Professor of Music at the University of Cambridge, England, is an Irishman, but of course, like Sir Arthur Sullivan, is English in education and sympathy. The "Musical Record" says that Dr. Stanford has "a pupil by the name of O'Brien who has written an Irish opera entitled "Muirgheis," which was performed recently in Dublin. The operatic genius of Ireland is not very strenuous. W. M. Balfe and Sir Arthur Sullivan are the two exceptional operatic composers, though the lat-

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ter had no inclination toward grand opera.

A French exchange contains an interesting note about the peculiarities of composers. Auber could not endure two days in succession in Paris. Donizetti nearly always wrote on a journey, and paid not the slightest attention to the beauties of nature. Paer delighted while he joked with his friends, scolded his children and disputed with his domestics. Cimarosa always had a number of music lovers around him when he wrote, who conversed about all manners of things. Sacchini lost the thread of his inspiration if his cat was not on the writing table. Sarti could compose only in a dark room, without furniture. He endured only the light of a lamp turned low. Spontini also was accustomed to compose in a darkened room. Haydn seated himself in a large arm chair and with his eyes fastened on the floor let his imagination roam in unknown worlds. Handel went to walk in the church yard, and often seated himself in the most secluded corner of the church. Mozart read Homer, Dante and Petrarch, again and again. Rarely did he seat himself at the piano without having first run through a few chapters of his favorite writers.

The German Emperor's recent criticism of Wagnerian music has created a sensation, not only in the Fatherland, but in all Wagnerian circles. Doubtless the musical world will not take him too seriously. It is a fact that whenever Wagner's works are annuonced at the Berlin Opera House, the audiences are crowded to the very doors. The Chicago "Tribune" gives an interesting account of the affair, as follows:

"Recently the emperor was asked his opinion of the music of Wagner. He promptly replied it was too noisy. This opinion has been expressed by many and cherished without utterance by more, even in Germany, but it aroused a storm of indignation among the worshipers of the 'Leit Motiv' cult. No musician is more sensitive to depreciation of his school, and none is more easily incensed than your Wagnerite. Straightway Hans Richter, the leader at the first Baireuth performances of the Nibelungen Trilogy, and the high priest of the cult, printed a series of indignant articles in a Berlin paper not alone defending Wagner's music from the charge made against it by the kaiser but rebuking him for the attitude he had assumed, and implying that he had neither the knowledge nor the experience to criticise a great composer.

The outspoken manner of Richter caused a sensation. The minister of the interior called the emperor's attention to the article, which asserted among other things that the emperor did not know good music when he heard it, and desired to know whether such flagrant disrespect as that was treasonable, and, if so, what action should be taken in the matter. Time was when to

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take such liberties with royalty would have been dangerous. Three centuries ago musicians lost their heads for less offense than that of Herr Richter. When Queen Elizabeth heard old Dr. John Bull playing and sent word to him that he was out of tune and playing villainously, he sent word back to her that she had better go and have her ears repaired before she criticised a great musician again. The colossal impudence of the message, which appealed to the Queen's sense of humor, was all that saved the doctor's head. The Emperor William indorsed the minister's communication briefly but characteristically, 'No question of treason; question of ear at the most.' This allayed the storm."

HERBERT DALE JONES.

When the young musical prodigy, Herbert Dale Jones, the Chicago "fingerless pianist," died last July, death claimed a genius. He was only 21 years of age, but in study, deeds, learning, and artistic accomplishment, he had attained the quota of many years. He was a musician by nature, possessing a baritone voice of great range and power, had composed exquisite songs, but he was a pianist who made Chopin ring and sing with orchestral effect, though he had not a complete finger on either hand. He was so badly deformed that he was forced to go on crutches. It is our purpose to call special notice to his career, and his superb song, "Thought Fancies," published by Clayton F. Summy, Chicago, in the "Drych" music notes, but we trust that every singer and pianist who reads "The

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Cambrian" will purchase copies of his song by sending direct to his widowed mother, Mrs. Mary Jones, 387 E. Fifty-Fourth St., Chicago, Ill. All money should be send in a P. O. Order, or Express Money Order, price 75 cents. Mrs. Jones will sell the song, including the voice-part separate page—two copies in one—for 50 cents per copy. Eisteddfod committees and concert parties, by selecting this song for their use, thus making known to the public one of the best of songs, will be doing real kindness to a worthy Cymraes. The song is in F for soprano and tenor, compass, C below staff to A in alt, and in E flat for mezzo or alto. There are convenient choice notes under the notes in alt. In style, pathos, and artistic setting, the song will delight the most critical of musicians.

What a delicate, and indeed, a sly piece of criticism upon an organist is that of George Eliot—a good musician herself—in the closing sentence of the first paragraph in "Scenes of Clerical Life," wherein she describes the Shepperton Church. This is the way she disposes of the poor soul: "Ample galleries are supported on iron pillars and in one of them stands the crowning glory, the very clasp or digrette of Shepperton church adornment, namely, an organ, not very much out of repair, on which a collector of small rents, differentiated by the forces of circumstances into an organist, will accompany the alacrity of your departure after the blessing, by a sacred minuet or an easy 'Gloria.'"

And what of the singing in those old, quaint, but gloriously simple country churches? How many of our readers recall church song-pictures similar to the following which is found in the fourth paragraph of the same book? "And the singing was no mechanical affair of official routine; it had a drama. As the moment of psalmody approached, by some process to me as mysterious and untraceable as the opening of the flowers or the breaking out of the stars, a slate appeared in front of the gallery, advertising in bold characters the psalm about to be sung, lest the sonorous announcement of the clerk should still leave the bucolic mind in doubt on that head. Then followed the migration of the clerk to the gallery, where, in company with a bassoon, two key-bugles, a carpenter understood to have an amazing power of singing counter, and two lesser musical stars, he formed the complement of a choir regarded in Shepperton as one distinguished attraction, occasionally known to draw hearers from the next parish.

* * * *

But the greatest triumphs of the Shepperton choir were reserved for the Sundays when the slate announced an 'Anthem,' with a dignified abstinence from particularisation, both words and music lying far beyond the reach of the most ambitious amateur in the congregation; an anthem in which the key-

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bugles always ran away at a great pace, while the bassoon every now and then boomed a flying shot after them."

SIR GALAHAD'S QUEST.

H. L. Willett, Ph. D., Chicago University.

In the form of the Grail legend which Mr. Abbey has chosen for his paintings in the Boston Public Library, Galahad is the hero of the achievement of the Holy Grail, as in other forms of the story Percivale or Parsifal was the central figure. Both of the strands however weave themselves together in the main features of the legend. Galahad was a distant descendant of Joseph of Arimathea, who was brought up among the nuns of a cloister, and while still an infant was visited by a dove bearing a censer of gold and an angel who carried the Holy Grail. Nourished upon this sustaining cup the boy grew to young manhood and at last before his departure he went through the ordeal of the vigil, performing the vow in the church alone till the morning. This scene of the vigil is the first of Mr. Abbey's paintings.

From the convent Galahad went out to learn from Gurnemanz the knowledge of the world and the duties of a knight. That this instruction was not altogether of the highest character appears later on in the story, where the results of his early training lead the young knight into an error which costs him many years of laborious effort to repair. At length when he has terminated his period of preparation he goes forth, clad all in red which is invariably the color of his garments in this tradition. Red is the symbol of sacrifice and heroism. Tennyson and Malory make his garments white as symbol of purity. Accompanied by his former friends the nuns, he is brought to the two strong knights, Sir Launcelot and Sir Bors, each of whom fastens on one of his spurs. This is the second scene of the series.

In the third, which is splendid in its spaces and its strong yet free handling, the Arthurian Round Table is seen set in the vast hall of the king. In the midst of the feasting knights there is seen the empty chair called the Seat Perilous, "Perilous for good or evil." This chair had been wrought by Merlin in former times, and had the property of destroying the man who, unworthy, sat in it. In years far later one of the knights tells the story in these words:

"In our great hall there stood a vacant chair,
Fashioned by Merlin ere he past away,
And carven with strange figures; and in and out
The figures, like a serpent, ran a scroll
Of letters in a tongue no man could read.

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And Merlin called it 'The Siege Perilous,'
Perilous for good and ill; 'for there,' he said,
'No man could sit but he should lose himself':
And once by misadventure Merlin sat
In his own chair, and so was lost; but he,
Galahad, when he heard of Merlin's doom,
Cried, 'If I lose myself, I save myself!' "

King Arthur seated upon his chair of state with Launcelot at his right hand and the jester close behind, perceives a figure coming in at the door and turns to watch him. It is none other than the ancient Joseph of Arimathea, who brings in Sir Galahad, the young knight, and places him in the dangerous seat. When the mysterious cloth that had covered the seat was raised it was seen that a legend was inscribed which now became visible, "This is the seat of Galahad." At this act of courage all of the knights of the Round Table sat in amazement growing into enthusiasm, for it was clear that wondrous times were at hand, and indeed these wonders may well have begun, for all the upper spaces of the hall were filled with circling forms of angels that behold with rapt regard the seating of the spotless knight. Well might the assembly deem this a moment great with opportunity, for

"All at once, as there we sat, we heard
A cracking and a riving of the roofs,
And rending, and a blast, and everhead
Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.
A beam of light seven times more clear than day:
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail
All over cover'd with a luminous cloud.
And none might see who bare it, and it past
But every knight beheld his fellow's face
As in a glory."

Under the strong spell of this vision, for vision divine it was, though none had seen the Holy Grail itself, the knights arose and swore their vow that they would ride a twelvemonth and a day in quest of this vision. The king would have restrained them, and as one of the legends affirms, being absent at the time, on his return he upbraided them for their foolish vow, fearing lest few of them were worthy of the quest and would but follow wandering fires. But being sworn he would not hinder them from their pursuit.

After one last great tourney the knights met in the chapel where they received the holy benediction, and went forth to ride whithersoever they might in their search. This scene in the chapel is a magnificent conception. The knights, at whose head are seen the redclad Sir Galahad and the strong warriors Launcelot and Bors whose banners fly high above, are kneeling with bowed heads waiting the final words which send them forth. Behind the draperies of the gallery may be seen the dim forms of the women who watch with awe the splendid sight. Armor and weapons are everywhere girt on, ready for the great essay. Then they go forth and pass along the streets of Camelot, which as the old knight told in his story was

"Built by old kings, age after age, so old
The King himself had fears that it would fall,

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So strange, and rich, and dim; for where the roofs
Totter'd toward each other in the sky,
Met foreheads all along the street of those
Who watch'd us pass; and lower, and where the long
Rich galleries, lady-laden, weigh'd the necks
Of dragons clinging to the crazy walls,
Thicker than drops from thunder, showers of flowers
Fell as we past."

In the castle of Amphortas, the old "Fisher King" of the Grail lay under a spell with all the inmates of the place, from which alone they could be waked by one who came girt with the strength of true devotion and of lofty faith. For the entrance of the blameless knight all things are ready. But Galahad who has arrived and waits the moment of consummation must ask a question in order to complete the unweaving of the spell. The procession of the Grail enters between the fires and the spell-bound king lying motionless upon his bier. The bearer of the Grail is followed by the damsel with the golden dish, like her who danced the life of John away, the two knights with the golden candlestick and the one holding the bleeding spear. Galahad who does not understand these symbols is in duty bound to ask their meaning, but the one taint of his former training under Gurnemanz arrested his question. Even the slight presumption of one with scarce a trace of pride brought ruin to the plan. In his silence the moment passed, the vision faded and the opportunity of rescuing the monarch and his sleeping court, forever dying yet never dead, passed away.

The remaining panels of the series constitute the last group to be put in place and complete the story of the Holy Grail.

The sixth scene is that of the meeting of Galahad with the Loathly Damsel, who reproaches him for his failure within the castle of the Grail. Many other evils have befallen the world in consequence of the failure of that effort, and it will be long before the recurrence of the opportunity. In the seventh scene the knight is fighting with the Seven Deadly Sins, who have imprisoned the company of maidens, the Virtues, to keep them from the world. Galahad overcomes the ruffians and sets the Virtues free.

Blessed by a monk, as shown in the eighth scene, the knight enters the stronghold where the maidens had been imprisoned and receives their welcome and gratitude. This scene is set forth on an ample canvas. Forsaking love, the knight goes on his way, and purified by suffering he comes at length to renew his effort for the Fisher King, which he happily accomplishes; and then borne upon a charger amid the blessings of the people he takes Solomon's ship for the distant city of Sarras, which like the dim rich city in the west where Arthur went from his last great battle by the Western Sea, becomes the capital of Galahad, where he makes a sacred palace upon a hill and builds a golden tree. Here his purification is completed, and the heavenly vision is given him at last.

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In these scenes are set forth a parable worthy of the Christian years. It is the story of a soul consecrating itself to a high and holy work, and through perils oft and failures not a few coming at length through discipline to the heights of victory where all the way seems wide and easy in the retrospect. It is not strange that such a tale woven out of a thousand heroic deeds and many times saturated with the hopes, the sufferings and the triumphs of a stout and splendid race, has wrought itself deep into the fabric of the ages.

How many a soul has nourished itself upon such alluring scenes, how many a heroism has been enacted throught the inspiration of these stately pageants no one can say. It is a precious legacy that has been left us by an older age in such a tale of hope and consecration. Arthur and Galahad and Percival are but dim figures on the far-reaching horizon of early British story but the legend lives and shall yet live. It is a debt of thanks which we owe to an artist who can interpret such a story in terms so living and compelling as those which speak to us from Mr. Abbey's panels.

SPANISH BAYONETS.

Clara E. Rewey.

We walked adown St. David's path,
The stars were shining bright,
A crescent moon low in the west,
Was shedding silver light;
We looked upon the shining stream
That flows so grandly wide,
And bayonet blossoms gemmed the shore,
Along the river side.

Alone I walk the dear old path,
Again the stars shine bright;
But, comrade, you have passed my ken,
Into the realms of light;
The creamy bayonets blossom yet,
Beside the southern stream,
Through blinding tears I see to-night
Its crystal waters gleam.

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FIELD OF LETTERS

BYWYD A GWAITH y Diweddar Henry Richard, A. S., gan Eleazer Roberts, Hoylake: Hughes & Son, Wrexham Price $1.00.

We cannot commend this Volume too highly to the readers of the "Cambrian." The late Henry Richard, M. P. for the union borough of Merthyr and Aberdare, and also for years Secretary of the Peace Society, was so prominent in Welsh politics and so staunch a patriot that his name became universally known to Welshmen in all parts of the world; and during his labors in Parliament he was regarded as the "Member for Wales." The volume by Mr. Roberts is deserving of the widest circulation; not simply because of Mr. Richard's position in relation to Wales, but also by reason of his valuable service to general civilization. He was a leader among the sons of men. He labored for years in the interests of the brotherhood of man; and it was the same tender heart that beat for the peace of the world, as loved the simple rights of his countrymen in Wales. Mr. Richard was a man whom great men of all nations learned to honor and love, because he was a lover of his fellow man of all states and all colors.

Mr. Richard was born at Tregaron, Cardigan, April 3, 1812, and died at Treborth, N. W., August 20, 1888, and was buried in Abney Park, London. His father was the Rev. Ebenezer Richard, a prominent minister pertaining to the Calvinistic Methodists. He was the first Member of Parliament for ages who could address his constituents in the vernacular. When he visited Merthyr and Aberdare after his nomination in 1868, his "Fy Anwyl Gydwladwyr" was something so strangely new that the crowds became wildly enthusiastic. His addresses touched the heart of Wales as no others had done for ages. He was elected with a large majority, and he served Wales in Parliament for 20 years, until his death. Among the illustrations are a fine portrait of Mr. Richard, his birthplace, his father and of the author, Mr. Roberts.

The Welsh magazines should welcome more articles and papers on live questions of the day. Somehow, our Welsh periodicals discuss old and antiquated subjects which are of very little use today. In "Yr Eurgrawn," a Wesleyan monthly, we find a series of papers on Christian Socialism accompanied by a sketch of Kingsley"s life and labors. These questions of the rights of the sons of men should be made much more popular maong our people. Civilization is the evolution of manhood; ergo, every movement, every philosophy, every science, should have the elevation of man for its aims.

No. 5, in "Yr Ymofynydd," is a sketch of the Rev. Owen Evans, erstwhile head master of the celebrated Grammar School at Cefn Coed, S. W., by one of his pupils, Rev. Rowland Rowlands, Barretts Grove, London. For years this was one of the leading preparatory schools in South Wales, and many were those prepared for the ministry and other vocations of life. Mr. Evans was widely known as a thorough teacher.

In the article "Teaching the People," the writer thinks that the Welsh are overfed with theology and religion. Religiously they are dyspeptics, he be-

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lieves, because they swallow too much religious food. They have neither the wish nor the leisure to digest it. In fact, they are feasting on religion, especially on preaching ,which they enjoy with great zest. The writer strongly recommends that religion be made practical in the every day life of the people. Substantial teaching should replace theoretical and emotional preaching.

In England as well as in America we often see discussed the questions "How to get the people to attend church?" By this is meant the men. The majority of the attendance are women. Over 50 years ago an English writer complained that all he saw in church were "bonnets and babies." We do not see many babies now-a-days, because mothers do not want to be bothered with the young ones in church. They go there to amuse themselves, which they cannot do very well when they have to care for the young. It is serious to think that churches are already sans men and babies, is it coming when the "bonnets" will disappear also?

The October "Cerddor" is an improvement on late numbers. D. Jenkins contributes an interesting article on the origin of singing festivals in Wales. Glynonwy writes disparagingly of late Welsh poetry. Our new poets, as they are called, affect a kind of quaintness or oddness which is neither nature nor reason. Many of their passages are quite unintelligible, and even when intelligible quite nonsensical. Nature is overdone by them. Ifander Griffith's "Reminiscences" are entertaining and valuable as records of the evolution or music in South Wales. The Musical Number is "In that Bright Land Evermore"; music by W. George, Merthyr Vale. In this number also appear Corwen and Bangor adjudications by D. Jenkins and D. Emlyn Evans. The Notes as usual are good. The Remarks on the National Eisteddfod at Bangor (1902) are suggestive. The Welsh choirs will have to emulate the English choirs in constant application and discipline. The competing choirs from among the Welsh are scratch choirs, and their practice convulsive. They must keep at it year after year and all through the year.

"Cymru" for October is excellent. "Trip through Norway" by Lucy Griffith, is pleasant reading; "Gwent; The Remains of the Romans," a valuable contribution; a Portrait and Sketch of the life of the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A., of Bootle, a leading Welsh minister and patriot; Old Characters of Llanwnda; "Prichard Jones's Settlement"; "Alun"; "My Old Master"; "Books and Authors," by the Editor. The musical number is "O, Llefara Addfwyn Iesu," music by Gluck, words by Williams, Pantycelyn; Notes, &c. The poems are of a high order. The illustrations are Sea and Land, Sudbrook, Dinas Beili, St. Juliam's, Rev G. Ellis, Prichard Jones's Settlement, One of the Men of Mon, Two Celebrated Homesteads.

The Editor suggests the reason why Wales imports her D. D.'s from the States. There is no way of procuring the degree at home, Oxford and Cambridge do not deal in them; the University of Wales have them not to give away at a cheap rate; therefore aspirants must look to the American market. As far as is known there is not a single case of British D. D. among the Nonconformists of Wales!

"Cwrs' has an interesting article on "Church Splitting." This is brought about generally not by any difference of doctrine and discipline, but through the arrogance and ambition of some of the members. It centers around the election of officers, or attempts of certain persons to attain supreme authority and lordship over the others. The disturbing element often is "Who shall

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be greatest?" The ambition for office to lord it oevr others is planted deep in the human heart. It is a relic of barbarism; the Christian spirit being "service" not dominion." Often the choice of a minister, the election of a deacon, or the appointment of a chorister suffices to create a breach. The most ludicrous trifles will often occasion these divisions, and the intervention of common sense has, in some cases, not the slightest influence on the parties. A man may aspire for chief position in a church, and to attain it, he will have to inaugurate a split, which will build a new church and install him as a little local pope. In some cases these splits turn out to be flourishing churches, and the neighborhood are truly benefited by them. The general cause of disruption in churches is worldliness, the unhallowed spirit of politics.

In an address which appears in "Y Gymraes" Mrs. Jacob Jones, Rhyl, takes a wide view of the Temperance question in England and Wales. She criticizes strongly the new way of regulating the drink evil, viz., by a Public House Trust, which undertakes to manage the liquor business in the interest of temperance. An appeal to the local authority is made to transfer the license to the Trust, whcih undertakes to manage the trade, devoting the profits to public improvements. This plan may increase the evil by inducing sober and respectable members of society to enter these pseudo-temperance establishments. The evil in all its forms is a temptation and a menace to public and private morals.

"Cronicl" has a pleasing variety of reading matter, as usual. "Notes from the South" deal with the late explosion of gas at the Abertysswg colliery in the Rhymney Valley, when 16 coal miners were killed. Not much is done to defend mines from such horrible accidents.

It seems that the "Western Mail" is the champion of the Tory Government in South Wales. There is very little love lost between the "Mail" and Welsh Nonconformity. "Old Thomas" says some humorous things, after the manner of Mr. Dooley. "Old Thomas" complains that there are some people who believe that the world can be run by a lot of rules and regulations; but he thinks more of "principles." We need more principle and less rules and foolish legislation.

"Trysorfa y Plant" has some minister of light and leading in Wales to present to its readers each number Of course they are always those belonging to the Calvinistic Methodists. In the last number is a portrait and sketch of the life and career of John Hughes, Carneddau, as he was well known throughout the Principality. Mr. Hughes rose from among the common people, and although he never had any schooling he became truly valuable as an able minister and public speaker. This class of public men has been of great service to Wales. Mr. Hughes was a native of Rhosesmor, Flint. He spent some years in Liverpool, where he laid the foundation of his future career. He died when ascending the steps to the Welsh pulpit at Charing Cross Road, London; and his remains were brought to Croesoswallt, where they were buried. Mr. Hughes was a man of deep conviction and truly devoted to the service of religion. He was devout and faithful to his ministerial duties. He travelled much throughout Wales. During 1894 he preached 251 times, and over 6,000 times during his ministry.

The Editor of "Y Dysgedydd" entertains a rather low opinion of the late Eisteddfod held at Bangor. He is hardly willing to accept its assumption of the name "National." It would be more apropriate to call it "English." A stranger ignorant of the state of affairs would think it an English Festival.

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Every thing Welsh was almost ignored. The English took the choral prizes. The Welsh literati and bards were ignored; Welsh literature was reduced to nil in it; the only Welsh element in it was the half pagan, nonsensical throning and crowning of the two Welsh victors in poetry. The archdruid, as usual, was the center of attraction, but his personality was regarded with amusement. The Eisteddfod and the Church of England are the only nurseries of ceremonialism and ritualism among the Welsh.

England and Wales are in a state of civil (and uncivil war) over the new school law. All the Free Churches, with Trade Unions, and an odd Bishop and a few sensible clergymen are arrayed on one side in opposition to the aristocracy, Toryism and the Church. The Tory Government in a fit of overconfidence thought it could do the Church a good turn and planned a measure which is altogether unconstitutional, viz., taxation without representation, the supporting of clerical schools with Nonconformist money. The passing of a measure in the face of such general and determined opposition proves that the Tories are out of their minds. Such legislation will bring even law itself into disrepute. England will never go back under the sway of clericalism.

Among the articles in the last number of "Y Drysorfa" is a brief paper by the Rev. T. J. Wheldon, B. A., on the coronation service at the Abbey, August 9. He represented the General Assembly of the Calvinistic Methodists of Wales. As he states, Wales was almost forgotten in the arrangements. The Nonconformity in Wales was of very little or no account. Heraldry does not recognize the Principality as apart from England religiously. It is incorporated with England and swallowed in Englishry. Bare recognition was made of the Free Churches, who outnumber the Church in number of their regular members. The Royal Family is ecclesiastical; the crown, the throne and the ceremonialism attached to them are technically the property of the Church. The King and Queen could not be legally crowned without the concurrence of the Church through its representatives. Therein lies a strong argument for Church disestablishment so that Royalty may be transferred into the possession of the whole nation or people. The Church should have no private right in the King.

"The Gael" for October: The October number of this handsomely illustrated magazine is unusually attractive and interesting. The stories, sketches, poetry and illustrations combine to make it a very interesting number. "The Miser's Mound," a musical drama with songs and dances, in three acts, by the Rev. W. Delany, C. C.; "The Pooka's Jaunt," by Shiela Mahon, is a well-written folk-story with a moral. Among other interesting sketches in the October "Gael" we would mention "Sheila's Lovers," "Where to Spend a Fortnight in Ireland," "Pedigree and Arms of the O'Farrell Family," "The Census of Ireland, 1901," "A Scottish Prima Donna," "Irish Tourists Development" and Notes on Irish Books and Authors.

The poetry of the October "Gael" is far above the ordinary magazine level. We note "The Lonely Road," be Seamus MacManus, a tender and pathetic poem, tinged with the spirit of sorrow, "Eire's Awakening," by Cathal O'Byrne, Belfast," "Watching the Breakers," by Caroline D. Swan, and "A Song of the Sidhe," by Norah Chesson. The "Gael is published monthly at 140 Nassau St., New York City, for $1.00 a year.

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SCIENTIFIC

The "good times" of youth lead to the hard times of old age.

Fred Yorke Wolseley, a brother of the commander-in-chief of the British army, has invented a sheep shearing machine connected to a bicycle, so that the wheelman supplies the motive power with the pedals. It is intended specially for the great distances of Australia. The shearer travels on his wheel to the spot, and then transforming his bicycle into a shearing machine, disposes of the flock at the rate of one head in four minutes.

Because of the necessity of making the soldier a good marksman, the army regulations in continental Europe have allowed the use of spectacles. It is strange logic, however, that sees in this a proof of national degeneration. It is, in fact, the reverse, because it shows that we are at last becoming aware of the stupidity of the prejudices against spectacles, and that it is easy by their use to make a good and useful soldier of one who, by reason of bad vision, was a poor soldier because he shot at random, instead of with precision.

From the time of the Egyptian priesthood downwards, the conduct of corporations, whether political, ecclesiastical or educational, has given proof that there is an enmity between them and progress. Witness the case of Austria, where in accordance with the will of the Emperor Francis, the training of the popular mind was entrusted to the Jesuits, that they might counteract the propagandism of liberty with the propagandism of superstition.

Now that moral injunctions are losing the authority given by their supposed sacred origin, the secularization of morals is becoming imperative. Few things can happen more disastrous than the decay and death of a regulative system no longer fit, before another and a fitter regulative system has been grown up to replace it. As the change which promises or threatens to bring about this state, desired or dreaded, is rapidly progressing, those who believe that the vacuum can be filled, and that it must be filled, are called on to do something in pursuance of their belief.—"Social Statics."

That every trespass produces a reaction, partly general and partly special—a reaction which is extreme in proportion as the trespass is great—has been more or less noticed in all ages. Thus the remark is as old as the time of Thales, that tyrants rarely die natural deaths. They limit their own freedom in limiting that of others; their despotism recoils, and puts them in bondage. The Americans, too, are shackled in various ways, by their own injustice.—H. S.

In a progressive age, the forms of religion, politics and laws are ever behind the times, ever acting as brakes and conservators, and even as safety valves against undesirable experiments. Society is traveling along far more liberal paths than its conservative elements are accustomed to, and even the persistent protests of the latter may not more than casually or intermittently delay our gradual but continuous social progress.—"Arena."

Larger humanity, called a town or municipality, has a soul, an oversoul. In the development of that soul, there is a series of steps similar in every way to those through which an individ-

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ual soul passes. As matters now stand the "civic oversoul" is in rather a child-like condition. Several traits of child-life attend the present stage of its development. In time, the oversoul comes to realize proper manhood and responsibility.—"Arena."

The faculty of returning the food to the mouth for the purpose of remasticating it is, of course, familiar to everybody as the feature of the life of such animals as the sheep, oxen, camels and other creatures, named accordingly ,'ruminants," or "cud-chewing." It may be news to some readers that this habit is occasionally represented in man. In a recent Italian dissertation on the subject, four members of a family were found to possess this faculty. It is not suggested that the compound stomach of the ruminant animals was represented in these cases. The action rather depends upon some abnormal command over the muscles of the stomach and gullet, whereby the food can be returned to the mouth at will.

So long as the existence of a community is endangered by the actions of communities around, it must remain true that the interests of the community, as far as is needful, must be sacrificed for the community's salvation. But when social antagonisms cease, this need for sacrifice of private claims to public claims ceases also; or rather, there cease to be any public claims at variance with private claims. When the aggregate is no longer in danger, the final object of pursuit, the welfare of the units, no longer needing to be postponed, becomes the immediate object of pursuit.—"Social Statics."

Odd resemblances to various objects, which can only be regarded as accidental coincidences, are presented by a number of fungi, says the Rev. A. S. Wilson in "Knowledge." There is the Jew's-ear fungus, which grows on stumps of the elder, and is so named from its unmistakable likeness to a human ear. The Geasters are curiously like star-fish; Aseroe has an extraordinary resemblance both in form and color to a sea-anemone; equally remarkable is the likeness to a bird's nest seen in a species of Crucibulum Cyathus, and Nidularia. Though most of these are too small to impose on one, the resemblance is singularly exact, and a large specimen might almost pass for the nest of some small bird, the eggs being admirably represented by the little oval fruits of the fungus.

Now, the evil effects of opium in China are appalling. Both the eaters and the abstainers suffer thereby. The face of an opium-eater is an index to its consumption. His lips are black, pupil contracted, and eye-lids drooping. His inward traits are no less lamentable. Indolence sluggishness, cowardice, loss of memory, gloominess, are characteristics generally seen among all circles of its votaries higher or lower. The atavism clings with persistent obstinacy. The ugliness appears not only in the eater, but in successive generations in his family. Among the lower classes its effects are still more nauseous. It makes them doubly poor, and, to meet their poverty, pilfering perjury in court, indebtedness are resorted to.

The mills in the south are suddenly reckoned by the hundreds, soon by the thousands, and the people of that section are confronted with the appalling fact that in many of these mills from 20 to 30 per cent of the operatives are under sixteen years of age; hundreds of them being children of twelve, eleven and ten, and in some cases even younger. Public feeling has been greatly stirred on this score during the last two or three years, and bills regulating child labor are now pending before the General Assembly of every cotton-grow-

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ing state that has also entered cotton manufacturing.

How unfriendly all ecclesiastical bodies have been to the spread of education, everybody knows. In that saying of the monks, "We must put down printing or printing will put down us" the universal motive was plainly expressed. Nor let any one conclude that the educational zeal latterly manifested by Church-clergy indicates a new animus. Those who remember the bitterness with which Sunday Schools were at first assailed by them, and those who mark how keenly they now compete with Dissenters for the children of the poor, can see clearly enough that they are endeavoring to make the best of a necessity; that having a more or less defined consciousness that educational progress is inevitable, they wish to educate the people in allegiance to the Church.—Spencer, "Natural Education."

All institutions have an instinct of self-preservation growing out of the selfishness of those connected with them. Their roots are in the past and the present; never in the future, change threatens them, modifies them, eventually destroys them. Hence to change they are uniformly opposed. On the other hand, education properly so called is closely associated with change —is always fitting men for higher things, and unfitting them for things as they are. Therefore, between institutions whose existence depends upon man continuing what he is, and true education, which is one of the instrumets for making him something other than he is, there must always be enmity —Herbert Spencer.

IDEALISM.

Just as Idealism gave man a fire, and a kettle, and a picture of the mammoth, back in the Stone Age, it gave him a sickle, and a cradle, and a harvester, in our own age. We could stop, with some comfort, now that we have the combination reaper and thresher: we would stop, too, and forever, if we had no ideal that still whispers into human brains its eternal message; but we won't; the brains, back in the Stone Age, that were superior to experience in that they conceived of picturing a mammoth instead of merely looking on a mammoth, are the brains that forever will be superior to any experience. It is not the artistic value of that bit of scratched bone, that is the point; it is the imperishable fact that human life, in scratching the bit of bone, registered an act which was above, and dissociated from, all its known necessities, that is the astounding thing. This is the think that is still of value when some Lieutenant Peary, with what we too frequently call no "practical purpose," spends the prime of his brave life searching for the North Pole. And this is the thing that humanity forever must manifest, if it is forever to progress.—"Practical Age."

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The Dragon of Wales has already appeared on flags, medals, magazine covers, college fronts, &c., but it has been reserved for an enterprising Cardiff tradesman to sell brass parlor fenders with two dragons as centrepieces.

The proposed exploitation of Twm Shon Catti's Cave by the Llandovery Town council brings to mind an old "triban":—

"Mae llefain mawr a gwaeddi
Yn Ystradffin eleni,
A'r ceryg nadd yn toddi'n blwm
Rhag ofan Twm Shon Catti."

Mr. G. Morgan-Owen, second son of Mr. T. Morgan-Owen, of Bronwylfa, Rhyl, has been gazetted a lieutenant in the South Wales Borders. As a second lieutenant in the mounted infantry, Mr. G. Morgan-Owen was actively engaged in the Boer War for over two years. He is still in South Africa.

The Saxon invasion of the sacred precincts of the National Eisteddfod of Wales has been in greater force than ever this years, and the laurels have once more been borne away far over the border into England. Out of nine choirs that entered for the great choral contest not less than six came from outside Wales, and all three prizes were won by English choirs.

Llandrindod Wells is attaining great popularity as a fashionable spa. Among the names in last summer's "Visitors' List" was noticed one admiral, two high-court judges, two generals, one member of Parliament, one major-general, three knights, eleven ladies of title, one college professor, nine colonels, two majors, four Army captains, and fully a score of clergymen.

It is now in order to drop the "M" in writing or announcing the name of Mr Owen M. Edwards. Mr. Edwards has decided to part company with "Trueiniaid y tri enw," and his wide public will welcome the shortened name, Owen Edwards. The latter name he signed at "Lincoln College, Oxford, March 1, 1902," in his introduction to his edition of the Mabinogion. The name is printed in three places in the first part issued, so the change has been deliberately made.

The coincidence of the landing of his Majesty King Edward VII at Milford when Henry VII. also landed may be elaborated considerably. The Tudor sovereigns were Owens, and there were Pembrokeshire Owens, his kinsmen, among those who placed the first Tudor on the English throne. Later, Sir Arthur Owen, M. P. for Pembrokeshire, made the famous ride to give the decisive vote in favor of the Hanoverian dynasty. Last, but not least, a member of the same Owen family is the present high sheriff for Pembrokeshire, Dr. Henry Owen, who is doing much to restore the office to its ancient dignity.

There is a once famous Glamorgan bard waiting for identification. His name is given as Mauricius Morganensis

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by Bale, which, being interpreted, is Morus o Forganwg, or, perhaps, he would now be known as Morris Morgan. He flourished about the year 1210. George Owen says that he wrote a book of epigrams and several books in his native tongue. Gerald says he was the brother of Clement, abbot of Neath, and that he lived in that neighborhood. Are there any Welsh poems of this Morris of Glamorgan known?

This year the same choir, after a close struggle with a Blackpool choir, has taken the chief honors at Bangor, Blackpool receiving the second prize, and another, from the potteries of Staffordshire, third prize. Wales was nowhere. We hope our choirs and leaders will not be content any longer with the back seat, but make earnest and strenuous efforts to recover the premier position. But it can be accomplished only by a careful selection of individual singers and sedulous training by thoroughly efficient, practical musicians, who will break entirely away from the traditions of the past and train their choirs in the style which commends itself to the best present day judges of musical interpretation.

The Abertysswg explosion has again raised the question of the preventibility of such terrible calamities, and at most of the big miners' demonstrations that have been held lately, comments have been made which indicate the trend of public opinion. At the Pontypridd gathering, Sir Alfred Thomas broached the subject, and he advocated the appointment of a royal commission to make investigations as to the best mode of mining coal, for while there would always be accidents, he felt that explosions ought to be preventible. Mr. T. Richards argued that the principles of labor advocated by the Federation would make mining safer, and in this he was supported by Mabon, who declared that the eight hours' system would remove 60 per cent of the difficulties miners had to encounter at present. He pointed out that the majority of explosions took place between the two shifts, and said that the mine ought to have sufficient time to cool and for the dust to settle before any shot was fired. At an Ebbw Vale meeting, Mr. W. Vyse urged the necessity of having more inspectors, who should have practical knowledge of mining.

It is somewhat curious that it was during the Napoleonic wars that the finest and now most prized works of travels in Wales were written. The reason, doubtless, is that so many great travellers were prevented from "doing the Continent during that period. The list of books for sale which the Cardiff Free Libraries have issued include Barber's "Tour," 1803; Manby's "Guide," 1802; Fenton's "Tour," 1811; Sir R. Cold Hoare's "Giraldus," 1806, and his "Views and Descriptions," 1806; Malkin's "South Wales," 1807; Meyrick's "Cardiganshire," 1810; and Wigstead's "Tour," 1800. All these books have been sold already, and any number of copies might be disposed of in 24 or 48 hours.

The charm of the Welsh women is no new thing. They have always exercised a great influence over all males coming within their sphere of influence. So far back as the time of Henry IV. it was found necessary to enact that "an Englishman who married himself to a Welshwoman shall not be put in any office in Wales." The object was to prevent Welsh wives from influencing their English husbands in favor of the Welsh, then in great disfavor with the king. It is said that despite the prohibition contained in the Act referred to the Welsh women continued to compete successfully with their English sister, and that the latter, acting on true trade unionist

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principles, agitated for an amendment of the law with the intention of prohibiting any Welsh woman from marrying an Englishman.

A few of the friends of Mr. Aneurin Jones of New York City, after a consultation, determined to take steps to inaugurate a Testimonal in his honor. They feel justified in the action they have taken for many reasons.

1. The position Mr. Jones occupies in the estimation of the literary world, especially among his own countrymen, in this and his native country, entitles him to the highest consideration and to the most profound gratitude and respect. As archaeologist, historian, poet and scholar he stands pre-eminent.

2. The Welsh people as a nation are under particular obligation to Mr. Jones because he has stood, during a period of over half a century, in the front rank of the nation's defenders. He has written volumes of matter in defense of Welshmen, Welsh literature, Welsh customs and the Welsh language. No man has devoted more time, study and patient labor to resist attacks and to correct errors.

3. We hold that the Welsh people owe to him a debt of gratitude, and we know of no more practical and substantial way of fulfilling our obligation than by the means already suggested.

It is intended to have the Testimonial ready by March 1, 1903. We bespeak your active interest and co-operation.

Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer of the Committee, W. J. Jones, Pittsburg Bank for Savings Pittsburg, Pa.

All inquiries will be answered by the Corresponding Secretary, W. C. Jones (Cadle), 125 N. Sumner Ave., Scranton, Pa.

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A COLORADO BOY WINS HONORS.

Tom Richards, whose home is in Colorado, is receiving great honor in a foreign country. He sang at the British embassy in Paris, June 29th. in company with Edouard De Reske, and many other celebrated artists. The boy is only twenty years old and is a thoroughly western boy, having been born in Como, Park County, Colorado. He has the distinction of being the first child born there. Tom's father and mother came to America from South Wales. He is their only child and to say that they are proud of him but poorly expresses it. For many years his home has been just outside of Colorado Springs, in a pretty little cottage in the midst of many trees and during the summer months surrounded by wild roses. A pretty mountain stream from the Rockies rushes along beside the cottage. He received his education in the public schools and was graduated from the High School of Colorado Springs in the year 1900. His musical talent being great, his father and mother sent him to New York. He remained a year, receiving instruction in vocal music from the great teacher Isadore Luxton. From there he went to Paris, where he has been for the last year. He receives three lessons a week from Sbreglia, a great teacher of Paris. He is also receiving instruction from Trabdello, a great Italian musician, preparatory to singing in grand opera. Trabdello has a villa in Spain. He took Tom home with him as his guest to remain during the summer vacation of two months. Tom is a German scholar and is now mastering the French language. He is a quiet boy, but easily makes friends, especially with older people. Although in a foreign country, he is always proud of being an American boy.

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THE BANGOR EISTEDDFOD.

The chief interest of the Bangor Eisteddfod gathering centered in the choral competition, particularly the chief and male voice events on Tuesday and Wednesday, and to a lesser degree the second choral on Friday; the female, congregational and children's choirs also producing more or less stir. The total number of choirs entered was 57,

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and the total of those which appeared 45; the male and female choirs showing the larger number of defaulters—four each, and the contestants in the chief choral class the least—responding in full. We do not know the precise number of choral entries at the previous National Eisteddfodau, and the point is not very material; but we believe those for Merthyr last year were considered to form something like a record: the total there being 39—in seven contests, and which Bangor exceeded as will have been seen, by six—in six contests.

Tuesday and Wednesday were dark days for Wales, but the Welsh contestants and Welshmen generally accepted the situation manfully, and bore themselves as competitors and as Welshmen should. Matters did not improve on Thursday with the female competition, but in the opinion of our English colleague in that of the congregational adjudication, Dr. Coward, the singing of each of the choirs was such that there were but few if any churches or chapels in England in which it would not be highly appreciated. A Welshman would naturally be diffident in giving expression to so high an opinion, but coming from an outside authority none can attribute it to undue partiality. The first glimmer of actual success shone upon choral Wales on Friday, in the juvenile competition, although it is but fair to add that the young choristers from the Isle of Man appeared under self-evident disadvantages. This success however was followed up by a greater—at the end of the day, and indeed the end of the usual eisteddfodic week, when the Waenfawr and Llanrug choralists succeeded in winning the second choral prize, and in defeating amongst others those of Blackpool—a very fine body of singers, well trained and well led. This decision was arrived at by the judges unanimously and practically without consultation. Thus "unlucky Friday" brought some measure of good fortune to the choral vocalists of the Principality, and for them also their efforts ended more satisfactorily than they had begun. "Daeth goleuni yn yr hwyr."—D. Emlyn Evans.

Mr. Bradley, in a paper on the Welsh Marches, deals with Radnorshire more particularly, and has much to say that is interesting about the people, the history, and the geography of that country, and especially about the scene of the battle of Pilleth Hill, "that Majuba of Henry the Fourth, which Shakespeare, at any rate, had not forgotten. Mr. Bradley's impressions of Radnorshire scenery are pleasant and favorable. He "passed through small hamlets, rich in the black and white architecture of the Welsh border, and dominated by churches wearing a look of dignified authority very far removed from the harassed and chapel-smothered aspect common to those of wilder Wales." "Welsh enough," he goes on, "in name and stock are the people on the road, whether horse or foot, but not a glimmer of the ancient tongue remains in these parts. The intonation, of course, is there, and a soft western voice with a slight touch of Saxon burr, perhaps upon the whole the most pleasing vernacular of English-speaking Britain. Some maintain that the people themselves are the most pleasant of all rural stocks to have to do with." This is the best portrait of the Radnorshire folk that we remember having seen. But where were the Baptist chapels of Radnorshire that Mr. Bradley escaped seeing, evidently to the satisfaction of his Anglican sympathies?

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PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

THOMAS C. THOMAS.

THOMAS C. THOMAS.

By Henry G. Williams (Gieddwyson).

The late Thomas C. Thomas, the subject of this brief sketch, was born in the city of Wilkesbarre, Pa. He died August 15, 1902, of nervous prostration, at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia, where he had been under medical treatment for eighteen months. He was 32 years of age.

As flowers 'fore the winter's gloom,
We droop and fall into the tomb.

He was the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Thomas, one of the oldest and most highly respected mine foreman under the Lehigh & Wilkesbarre Coal Co., which company he has served faithfully for over twenty years. The faculty of the hospital had informed his parents of his sudden change and critical condition, but before they reached to his bedside he had passed away to the great beyond. It is easier to imagine than to describe their great disappoint-

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ment and sorrow on such a sad occasion.

The remains were conveyed home the following day. The funeral took place Monday, August 18, and the services were conducted at the Welsh Presbyterian Church, Mead St., where he retained his membership from boyhood. The following clergymen officiated: Dr. R. T. Roberts, the pastor; Dr. T. C. Edwards, Kingston; Rev. Hugh Davis, Scranton, and Rev. B. Morgan, a relative of the deceased. The brief remarks made during the service spoke very highly of the pure character of our departed young friend. The floral tributes were numerous and tenderly evinced his popularity. He is survived by his bereaved parents, one brother, Lieut. R. M. Thomas, 14th Cavalry, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Grant, Arizona, and one sister, Mrs. Tobias, wife of Dr. John Tobias of East Northampton St., Wilkesbarre.

Mr. Thomas, though young, had accomplished a vast amount of work in his chosen profession. Possessing a remarkably brilliant and strong character, he set for himself a high ideal, and from time to time was honorably rewarded by successes attained by his most exemplary life and strict application to the work which he so dearly enjoyed. The motto of his studious career was—

My path is still before,
I'll tread it boldly or from faintness die!

Attending the public schools of this city during his youth, he prepared for Wyoming Seminary, where he completed a preparatory academic course to enter Lehigh University. During his vacations he worked about the mines under his father, and served on the Lehigh & Wilkesbarre engineering corps and secured a practical knowledge of mining, which he successfully combined with a technical course in mining engineering at Lehigh. In 1897 he graduated with high honors. The following year he took a post graduate course, securing a master's degree, and at the same time occupied the chair of assistant professor of mining engineering. He was an honor man at his college, held several positions as rewards for his merits and ability and during his senior year was college orator in the intercollegiate's debates.

In 1898 he accepted a position at Concepcion de Oro, Mexico, as chemist and engineer of the Mazipil Copper Co. At the end of the year his efficient services were very highly appreciated and he was promoted to be Assistant General Manager. Success seemed imminent, all his hard years of study were now serving him well; all seemed bright, when suddenly his successful labors were terminated by failing health. He then returned home in 1901 to accept the chair of mining engineering at State College. For one month, he did his work in a most creditable manner, then ill health compelled him to resign and seek recuperation.

Everything that medical aid and parental devotion could do was done, but all of no avail. His overwork and hard study had taxed his strength to such an extent that it resulted in nervous prostration.

During his illness, when recovery seemed probable, he was offered many positions, and had very recently been again offered the professorship of mining engineering at Lehigh. He had written several papers on mining which are held as authorities. When at home with his parents, he was a prominent, consistent and active member of the Welsh Presbyterian Church.

GEORGE GORONWAY.

By G T. Matthews, New York.

The above named Christian gentleman and poet, better known in literary and bardic circles as "Shenkyn Shadrach," a son of genius, voluminous writer of inspiring and uplifting poetry, and

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faithful friend, "crossed the bar" of time and entered the Homeland of unclouded sunshine from the City Hospital, Wilkesbarre, his home city, September 28, 1902. His illness, which was of brief duration, necessitated a surgical operation, which was successfully performed, from which he rallied and lived some weeks, giving strong hopes for his recovery. But in spite of the best medical skill and attention, pneumonia set in and his frail frame succumbed and his great soul passed from the contracted spheres of earth to the larger and more congenial surroundings be-

GEORGE CORONWAY.

yond life's turbulent seas on which his frail bark had successfully sailed for sixty years, and no braver navigator ever "met his pilot face to face" at the close of life's voyage.

A friendship of many years and an acquaintance with his poems, confirm our belief that he was a Robert Burns, singing through his life songs of hope and courage in a major key, so that his poetry became as easily understood as the twenty-third psalm, making commentaries, glossaries, and vocabularies superfluous. He was great in his simplicity, child-like trust and faith in that never-failing Divinity, "which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." "To know him was to love him," and as Chadwick says,

"'Tis hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.

But O! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been
Although they are no more.

More home-like seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard
Wherever they may fare."

Judged by the world's standard, he was not rich and could not be called a financier, yet at his death he left a legacy beyond the power of any combine to buy; viz.: that wealth which will remain in the hearts and lives of the sons and daughters of honest toil, a poetic setting to the gospel of good cheer and hope for his fellow workers who found the world richer because he lived in it and poorer when he left it.

He took with him a character and certificate of faithful stewardship over that which was entrusted to him here, that bore the endorsement of his God and fellow man. His life might be summarized in one word, lovableness. He regarded the responsibility of living as his, and that of dying as belonging to God. Many proofs of his worth and influence in the community in which he lived as an open book for forty years, were found in the large, sympathetic and representative gathering from near and far at the church where the last solemn rites were conducted. The singing of the old hymn "Bydd Myrdd o Ryfeddodau," etc., by his friends, the Mason Glee Club, led by Prof. John Lloyd Evans, and "Some Time We'll Understand" by the church quartette, and the closing hymn, "Farewell, Brother," by

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the Glee Club at the grave was most impressive and touched the hearts of all present.

To enumerate a tithe of his poems would take more space than the limits of this sketch would permit, but among the most popular we may cite "The Battle of Manila," which is embodied in the life of Admiral Dewey. Another, "When I go Back to Wales, My Boys," "Tell Me, Robin," and "The Rose of Love."

A large concourse of sorrowing friends followed the remains to the Hollenback Cemetery, where rest also the remains of his compatriots, musicians and poets, "Gwilym Gwent" and Lewis Anthony, and here we leave this trinity of Gwalia's geniuses and natures noblemen.

"And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

—Whittier.

My Dear Sir: Not very long ago, the Rev. Dr. Evans put in my hands a volume entitled "The History of the Ancient Britons" by Thomas W. Powell. I am very much interested in the author, as well as his admirable book, and am curious to know if he is still living. I wrote to the publisher, T. C. O'Kane, at Delaware, Ohio, but failed to elicit any reply. Will you kindly advice me of Mr. Powell's address or any member of the family who may be possessed of any information relative to his genealogy. Of course I am of Welsh origin myself, and members of my line who came to Virginia with John Smith and Gates trace their ancestry back to and through the clan of Castle Madoc, Brecknock, or Breconshire, Wales, while Mr. Powell was born in Glamorganshire But I am satisfied that all the Powells belong to the same line. Every one is a Cymro, a Celt. I have for some years been very much interested in investigations relating to the Powell geneaology. If you can help me in any way I have indicated I will thank you very much. J. L. Powell, Major Surgeon U. S. Army, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.

Postmasters have their worries all over the Empire. The postmaster of Jubbulpore in India was recently in a difficulty. A letter had been handed for South Wales, and the postmaster did not know what to do with it. Then remembering that the Prince of Wales's Volunteers were in the district he wrote to Lieutenant M. H. B. Morgan as follows: "Please let me know the country in which South Wales is situated. I think .. is in America; if so write down the name of county and postage." Well, America has got the Welsh tin-plate trade, but Wales fortunately still stands where it stood.

While Mr. Owen Edwards is protesting against the refusal of the British Universities to give their D. D. degrees to Welshmen, the "Christian World" is protesting against a similar attitude on the part of the Scottish Universities to Nonconformists generally. It announces that one of the Scottish Universities contemplates conferring the honorary degree of D. D. upon a Welsh Nonconformist minister, and is said to have asked an eminent scholar to nominate a man deserving of the honor. One of the injunctions is that the claims of men who have already accepted American degrees are not to be considered. "We make," it says, "no complaint as to the severity of this limitation, but it occurs to us that if the Scottish Universities were not so reluctant to confer degrees on English Nonconformists, the American degree market would find fewer customers in England."

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Original and Selected Miscellany.

There is more counterfeit manhood than counterfeit money in circulation.

A Missouri farmer saw an advertisement of a two-dollar fire-escape, sent his money and received a Bible by the next mail.

It doesn't take much to make some people conceited. Since the village blacksmith learned how to repair bicycles and automobiles he calls himself a blacksmythe.

Friend—You call that a joke? You'll never be able to sell it.

Humorist—Well, in that case, it will be a joke on me.

A writer's first business is to tell the the truth.—Andrew Lang.

An Iowa farmer is reported to have discovered that corn electrically treated, will produce about double the usual crop. He puts the corn in a barrel of water, with zinc at the top and bottom and then runs 500 volts of electricity through it for twenty minutes. When the corn is grounded it jumps in the air like a live wire.

A Cardiganshire schoolmaster was in the habit of insisting upon his pupils giving their excuses in English whenever they had been absent. "Why were you absent, John?" he asked a delinquent one day. "Please, sir, the cow did inhabit." The master was nonplussed. So he asked the lad in Welsh what was the matter. "Trigodd y fuwch, syr!" said the youngster. "Trigo" means inhabit" in literary Welsh, and in rural Wales is used to denote the death of an animal.

The "Onlooker" states the following amusing epigram was written by the late Bishop Creighton:

"The rain it raineth every day,
Upon the just and unjust feller; ;
But more upon the just, because
The unjust takes the just's umbrella."

Japan is the land of topsy-turvy, and so, perhaps, it is only to be expected that individual birthdays—with the exception of that of the Emperor—are not taken any notice of, but a sort of general birthday of everybody altogether is celebrated with great rejoicing. There are two of these general birthdays, one for each sex. The male birthday, which is known as the "celebration of the boys," occurs on the third day of the third month, and the "celebration of the girls" takes place on the fifth day of the fifth month. These days are general holidays for the young. All studies and work generally are put aside, and boys and girls respectively receive presents according to their station.

A SEAL'S LONG SWIM.

Earnest Whitehead captured a young seal near Anacapa Island, California, recently, and took him on board his ship. As the vessel started the mother seal was noticed swimming about, howling piteously. The little captive barked responsively. After reaching the wharf at Santa Barbara the captive was tied

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up in a jute sack and left loose on the deck. Soon after coming to anchor the seal responded to its mother's calls by casting itself overboard, all tied up as it was in the sack. The mother seized the sack, and with her sharp teeth tore it open. She had followed the sloop eighty miles.—"Our Dumb Animals."

———o:o———

A Welshman's Complaint.

I came from Colorado to Chicago, 1,123 miles distance, in about 33 hours, and I will tell you how happy I was on those luxurious cars. In the first place there were no sleepers to be had, so I had to face the long night seated on a chair. Around me were men, women and children vainly struggling to ensconce themselves comfortably in their chairs; some gave it up as a hopeless task, and set to talking in what seemed loud tones the livelong night, heedless of the discomfort to their fellow travellers. Others, but blameless they, snored peacefully enough as far as they themselves were concerned, but with no peace to the wicked who were awake. Children of course, never sleep—at least I have never been able to find out when they do; darkness came and midnight, and the dawn, but the kids kept on squealing. I dozed a little and dreamt I was in the Chicago stock yards witnessing the slaughter of pork—what could have brought on such a dream? Surely not the merry crying of mamma's little cherubs! Every hour or so a nigger would enter the car and after taking good care to slam the door behind him, would call out with the voice of a black arch-angel: "Schlesinger, change here for Burra-bang-Colney - hatch - Aberdaron - Shem-Ham and Japheth," with a warning refrain, "Don't forget your packages." Following him, and also carefully slamming the door, comes a gentleman who announces that he sells "cracker-jack peanuts and bananas, binonas, banwnas, beninas," and smiles benignly at his own joke and your sleepy curse.

Of course the conductor must see your ticket several times during the night; he shakes you up and you just try to think what wrong you have committed and why the policeman is there. Dawn comes and with it the mighty hot sun; pretty soon it is 92 degrees in the shade; you gasp for breath and wrestle with the window. Once, twice and thrice you are beaten and yet return to the charge, when suddenly up it goes so easily that you wonder what the A. B. C. D. kept it down before. But now you have it open. I guess you are far from satisfied; the wind blows in and the fine dust of the prairie and the cinders from the engine get into your eyes, ears, mouth (if you don't shut up) and what with your own perspiration you are pretty soon caked over with mud, a sight for the gods to weep over.

And still you have ten hours before you reach your destination; what wonder if you become careless of your personal appearance, and take off collar and tie, coat, waistcoat and—well, not quite, but you nearly did it. As a Mohammedan dreams of his elysian abode, so you resign yourself in all your dirt and sweat and dishabille to day dreaming of a bath and sponges and Pears' soap, and a white sheeted bed; and you register a solemn oath you'll walk from Chicago to Boston rather than enter a car any more. But when all is said and done you are bound to acknowledge that the comforts of railway travelling here are superior to our own; the only fault lies in the fact that America is too broad and long, too vast. "Yes, sirree, it is a great country" in many more senses than one.—R. Gwyneddon Davies.

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

December

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THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII. DECEMBER, 1902. No. 12.

ALWAYS RELIABLE.

(A Christmas Story.)

By Cad Walad.

Christmas Eve has for years been a notable event in Pittsville, especially for the young ones. In country districts, so little is seen of city life and excitement, that even ordinary sociable or commonplace entertainments are expected with great longing. One of the greatest events of the year in Pittsville is the coming of Santa Claus to present the Sunday School scholars with their yearly gifts. This entertainment is becoming extremely popular in country towns, and Pittsville may be taken as a sample.

A quiet observer may easily discover without the aid of an almanac that Christmas is drawing nigh in Pittsville by the evident increase in the membership of the Sunday School. The cause of the increase has been noticed to be the approach of Christmas, and the expected coming of Santa looked with the yearly presents for the young ones. This fact draws a number of children to school. It would be cruel to call these little ones disciples of loaves and fishes, although their motive for attending is their expectation of getting the gifts. Around Christmas we feel so glad with the great event of celebrating the coming of the God-Man among men, that we forget all mean thoughts, and are full of welcome for all. Come One, Come All. We are taught by the great Christ, towering over all other friends of humanity, to give freely to all, without upbraiding.

One time, a movement was inaugurated to discriminate against these children who only attended Sunday School during the weeks preceding Christmas; but our old minister put a stop to it, by stating that he would pay expenses himself, for said he, these children are not so unworthy of our gifts as we, with all our pretended goodness, of the continual mercy of God. The old minister gained his point, and the children were welcomed.

The entertainment was in charge of the old minister, and every year he was up to some mischief to amuse the young ones. No one knew what was going to happen. The chapel would be overcrowded with the children and their parents and neighbors. The old minister would be in the best humor all

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through the evening, and everything would pass in the best order.

The interest would, of course, center around the arrival of Santa, every year impersonated by Hugh Jones, a great, stout, pink cheeked, jolly Welshman. The excitement which would prevail when he would make his appearance and walk in and down the aisle would beggar description. O! the joy and gladness among the young ones! Who would begrudge them their gifts after such a demonstrative welcome? The tears would come into the eyes of the old minister, and oft he said that the angels were interested in their Christmas entertainments.

Santa Claus is, certainly, a most happy character to represent Christ. The children just love and admire him, because he is so generous and gift-bearing. Every year he never forgets it is Christmas, and has such a wonderful memory for names! He has never been known to keep a book with names on it. He is too generous and good-hearted to forget the smallest boy or girl in the crowd. We could not imagine Santa forgetting or overlooking a young one because he is poor, or because he does not attend Sunday School all the year round! There is nothing mean or proud about Santa; if there were, he would loose his position as Christ's representative and agent.

On this night, however, things turned out rather gloomy, seemingly, for when it was time for Santa to put in an appearance, the old minister stepped to the fore and informed the expectant congregation that there was no assurance that Santa could arrive.

We should have stated that back of the platform a telephone apparatus had been temporized, and a telephone girl, Bessie Thomas, had volunteered her services. She would write out the messages and hand them to the old minister to be read publicly. Soon the following was handed to the old minister, which he read as follows:

"Sorry to say that our sleigh ran into a coal sled, was overturned, and shaft broke, and the reindeer hurt; myself uninjured.

Santa."

This caused considerable amusement among the knowing portion of the audience, but a cloud of disappointment spread over the expectant faces of the smaller ones. A few in the primary class actually cried aloud; others less excitable had tears in their eyes.

The old minister had retired back of the platform and was as serious as an old-fashioned saint, when Bessie handed him another message, which he read aloud, many of the children half-rising in their seats, to hear the news, which came as follows:

"In my eagerness to get thither, I hired a trolley car, but am sorry to say that I am stuck for want of power.

Santa."

"What a shame!" cried little Susie Jones, and little Mary Evans

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cried right out. Then followed the glad tidings,

"Cars running.
Santa."

Then went up a general shout of gladness. The old minister moved forward, and delivered an encouraging speech, dwelling strongly on the reliability of Santa. "Santa is going to get here, or die;" said he. He had hardly spoken, when the Alaskan looking gentleman appeared in the doorway. Everything went wild, and it was really hard to say whether the children were crying or laughing! Everybody went home happy after an entertainment which had been devised and carried out as successfully and felicitously as usual, by the old minister.

SINS OF THE SAINTS.

By George James Jones, D. D.

XII. Retrospection.

It is now time to recall some of the facts stated. The purpose has been to find out so far as possible some of the factors working against the progress of the glorious kingdom established by Jesus Christ among men, and move men to bestir themselves, that full and absolute possession of the world "which now is" be given to our king. It has been demonstrated that Jesus Christ does enter into the worldly affairs of his people, and that he blesses them with material as well as with spiritual graces when they surrender all and live with him and for him, and that to thus live is the highest possible purposes of Christians in this life.

To live with Christ in glory, Christ must live in glory with us in this life. Death effects a change of location, but not of character. Lazarus and Dives were the same in character in the great beyond. And because of lack of spiritual energy and force in the churches of to-day, it has been asked if what is preached and practiced is the Christianity of Christ, and we found a mixture of truth and error, of righteousness and sin, of worshiping God and of worshiping self, of marching in dress parade before the Goliath of worldliness without sufficient faith to meet him and to conquer him in the name of God. It was also found that about one out of every three in this country did make profession of belief in some sort of religion, while a large army is found in our Sabbath Schools and Young People's Societies were very friendly to the religion of Christ, giving us a great force numerically, and yet results are unsatisfactory.

While the great majority of the Christian ministers are men of learning, piety, consecration, devo-

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tion and energy, the work they do is greatly retarded by ignorant, brutish, selfish brethren who have ascended the rostrum simply as a means of making an easy living; their energies devoted to making it still more easy. There is want in many pulpits for sound and strong preaching of the truth as it is in Christ, but in place of that is given literary essays on social or literary subjects, which please the people and delight the devil. In this connection many office-bearers were found in charge of the affairs of the visible kingdom of Christ, who make it their business to suppress and crush every effort at building up a spiritual force and power which would make for the peace, the prosperity, the sanctification of all people; such conditions are antagonistic to their purposes, and they put every barrier against the true mission of the gospel. Were so much as the Golden Rule in force the coal strike of 1902 would not have taken place. The religion that is of no value in the coal mine, or the shop, or in railroading, is of no good anywhere. Men struggle, suffer and die in America to-day for the want of the Christianity of Christ. That is the great lesson taught us by the stirring events and the heart-sickening scenes of 1902.

And while the wealth of the world in general, and the wealth of Americans in particular, is increasing at a rapid rate, the contributions toward the evangelization of the people does not sustain anything like a reasonable ratio. It is estimated by a learned Frenchman, Francois, that 25 cents of every dollar in the world is owned and controlled by Americans. But low as our contributions are, they are far superior to our regard for the fundamental principles of all true greatness. The Christian people of the land could stop all Sabbath-running trains, if they would, but every year sees new trains called to service on the Sabbath. So-called Christians also calling for trains, steamboats, trolley cars, and what not to transport the unthinking to their places of Sabbath-trafficking in the name of religion. The facts before us are discouraging—they make our hearts sink, and we would become despondent and give up the fight were it not for the unerring utterances of Jesus Christ that the wisdom of God is above that of man, and that through these seemingly conflicting elements and powers he is working out his great purposes. Our duty then is plain. We should become more emboldened and aggressive. There is more demand for our service and love when the enemy seems to be in the ascendency. And as God has always had faithful representatives in the world, he has now; and as he has blessed the faithful and seeming weak in the past, he does now. The kingdom planted of the Lord Jesus Christ is to cover the whole earth as the water's cover the sea, and blessed in-

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deed are the men and women who are co-laborers with him in the great work, they shall shine as the stars forever and ever. Amen.

The End.

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MERTHYR TYDVIL.

Merthyr Tydvil is an extensive parish, a market town, and united with Aberdare and the parish of Vaynor, a parliamentary borough, represented by two members. It took its name from Tydfyl, a daughter of Brychan Brycheiniog, the Prince of Garth Madryn, now known as Brecon. It is said that this Tydfyl was murdered by a number of marauders called Gwyddyl Fichti. It is supposed also that the Romans had a military station, where the Ty Mawr, Pendarren, stands, and that the road leading northward through the Gurnos, past the Morlais Castle, across the Taff at Pontsarn was built originally by the Romans. But little is known of Merthyr from the time of Tydfyl the martyr until the invasion of the county by the Normans under Robert Fitzhamon. The story of the conquest is a sorry narrative, the feat being accomplished by treachery on the part of Welsh chiefs.

It is supposed that Ifor Bach (Ivor the Little) built the house called the Court, which is the oldest building in the valley, and history or tradition states that Ivor Bach lived there in 1110, and he was the lord of all the land between the Taff and Rhymney rivers, including the Morlais Castle, now in an utterly ruinous state on the top of the hill over the Taff river at Pontsarn. It is supposed by some that one Norman baron built it to defend himself against another Norman baron, and that it was finally destroyed by Edward I.

Before the introduction of iron-making, Merthyr was only a small and insignificant village, but subsequently it became the centre of the iron industry of the world. Merthyr owes its fame to its steel, iron and coal. It is said that the first iron mill was founded at Pontygwaith, about six miles south of the old church, and it is assured that the first cast iron ever made in the United Kingdom, if not in the world, was produced here. While digging an old cinder dump in this place in 1815, Charles Wilkins in his "History of Merthyr Tydvil" states that a piece of cast iron was found bearing the date of 1478, and unfortunately it was smelted. There was in the possession of Anthony Hill, Plymouth, a piece of iron with the date of 1555, which had been kept behind a fireplace in a house for ages. There were iron works at Pontygwaith in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Fifty years ago the valley was full of iron mills, exporting to all parts of the world. The old-

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est of the modern works is the Dowlais works, which was started in 1758. The next leading works was Crawshay's or Cyfarthfa as it is also widely known. This has been in the possession of the Crawshays for over a hundred years.

sea. These lines helped greatly to develop the iron and coal business of the Merthyr and Aberdare valleys.

In 1820 the old parish church was the place of worship in the vicinity. There were two in 1840. For years

MERTHYR TYDVIL.

Pendarren and Pentre Bach were active mills for many years, but have been idle for almost half a century.

In 1801, two furnaces were built at Ynys Fach the lower portion of Cyfarthfa. In 1810 William Crawshay became sole owner of the extensive works. In 1841 the Taff Vale R. R. was opened from Merthyr to Cardiff, the canal being unable to meet the requirements of the business. In 1854 the Neath Valley R. R. was opened to Swan-

the Rev. John Griffiths was rector, and extremely popular among all denominations by reason of his great liberality and freemindedness.

Tradition states that Nonconformity was inaugurated in a farmhouse at Blaencanaid by Thomas Llywelyn, of Rhigos, who is also credited with having translated great portions of the Bible for the Welsh, and it is also stated that a small chapel was built at Cwmyglo in 1690. The Old Meeting House (yr Hen Dy Cwrdd) at Cefn Coedy-

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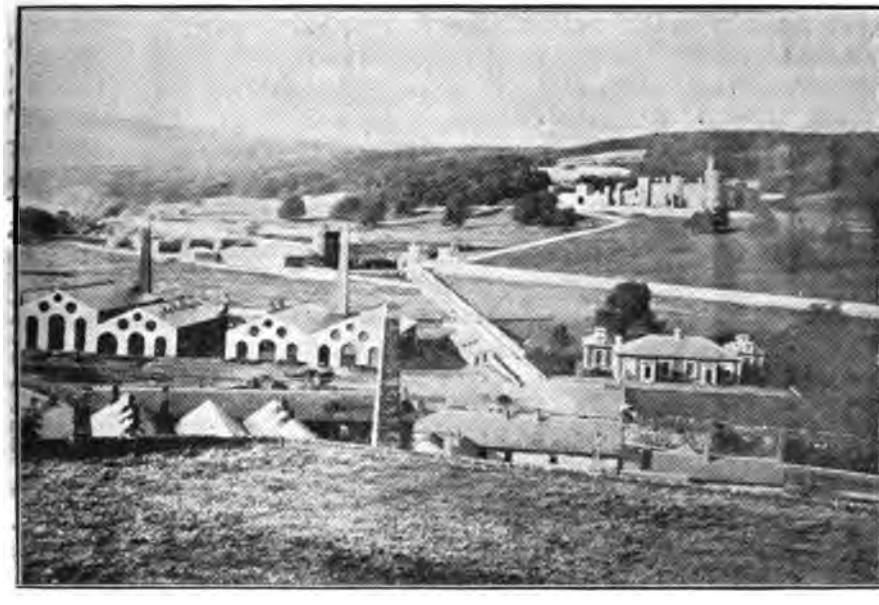
cymer in the neighboring parish, was a branch out of this. These were the first freethinking or rational sect in the parish. Malkin, the historian, states that there were two nonconforming churches in Wales in 1642, and this at Merthyr was one of them, and the other was at Swansea. The celebrated Walter Cradoc was at one time minister at Merthyr. This old nonconforming chapel at Cwmyglo was composed of Unitarians, Presbyterians, Quakers, Baptists, &c., probably all those who were inimical to the staid and half-dead practices in the State Church.

Merthyr Tydvil was also noted for disturbances, strikes and riots, which at times caused considerable anxiety. The first happened in 1800, caused by complaints common in our days, the reduction of wages and grievances connected with company stores. It is so hard to reform the ways of capital. The people were almost starving, and finally broke into the company stores taking all they needed to keep body and soul together. As the natural result of this, one of the leaders, Aaron Williams, was hanged at Cardiff. In 1816 another disturbance was averted by the company recalling their notices of a double reduction which it contemplated. The chief riot took place in 1831, caused by another reduction in wages along with the irritating activity of the Court of Requests founded by an act of Parliament to recover small debts. Among the people it was known as "Cwrt Bach," and everybody connected



CYFARTHFA CASTLE, WITH PART OF THE MILLS.

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with it was heartily hated and despised. The people broke into the offices and burnt the books. The iron companies called for the military and a battalion of the 93rd Highlanders marched into town led by Messrs. W. Crawshay, A. Hill and I. Bruce Pryse. Many of the people went up the Brecon road to meet the soldiers with loaves stuck on the ends of poles, signifying that bread famine was the cause of the insurrection. The people walked alongside of the Highlanders down to the Castle Hotel on High Street, where later a serious riot took place. After the arrival, a man of the name of Lewis yr Heliwr (the Hunter) ascended a lamp-post to harangue the mob, concluding with the incitement if all were of his mind that they would attack the soldiers and take away their arms. Then the battle began, which resulted in several of the soldiers and about 60 people being killed. Lewis was sent into banishment, and Richard Lewis, alias Dic Penderyn, was hanged.

The companies through the years had acted as autocrats in the valley, until the workmen became better organized, which led to a serious industrial suspension. The rule had been patriarchal, the owners exercising absolute control over the people, almost all engaged in iron making and coal and iron-ore mining. R. Crawshay was so incensed at the workmen's organization that the Cyfarthfa works were closed during the remainder of his days. The works have subsequently turned to steelmaking. The Crawshay Castle is one of the finest residences in South Wales.

THE WELSH GYMANFA.

By Rev. Howell Davies, Ph. D.

Cymanfa is a precious word in the vocabulary of Welsh people everywhere an oasis in the desert of their lives. The mere mention of the name recalls pleasant memories of the past and delightful anticipations of the future. "Y Gymanfa" is the name given to a religious festival held annually in Wales, and elsewhere, by the Nonconformist churches, each denomination, or a number of churches representing each denomination, combining to hold its own gymanfa. At such times the chapels undergo a thorough cleaning preparatory to the festival which lasts several days, and the programme includes two sermons for each service—a truly royal feast.

At the gymanfa the Welsh preacher is heard at his best, as only past masters in the art of preaching are invited to these annual gatherings. A weak or unmusical voice, a prosaic style, no matter

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how scholarly the preacher, are faults that are not to be condoned, that will exclude him from the gymanfa pulpit. Mr. Dry-as-Dust need not apply nor expect to be invited. Hence it will be seen that the gymanfa is an important factor in the development of the Welsh preacher. It is to him what the eisteddfod (another national institution) is to the musician or man of letters—a constant incentive to do his best, to make preaching a fine art, an instrument of popular religious instruction. And the results justify the means. The Welsh preacher is pre-eminently a student of the Bible. Theology is his favorite study, the queen of the sciences, and literature, art and the natural sciences are her attendants or members of her court. Theology then forms the framework of the sermon. Oratory also claims his attention. To strengthen his vocal chords the Welsh preacher will oftentimes go into the woods, or ascend the lonely mountain tops, or, like Demosthenes, descend to the seashore and speak to the murmuring waves in ringing tones that later will be heard in the great assembly.

Welsh Great Church-Goers.

The gymanfa affords a good opportunity to study a Welsh audience in its happiest moods. Welsh audiences are large, not only on special occasions such as the gymanfa, but also at the regular Sabbath services. In addition to the main auditorium, its chapels (as the churches are called) are provided with a gallery, in shape something like a horseshoe, to acocmmodate the thronging multitudes. The people come from far and near afoot, the mothers often bringing their children along with them. This may perhaps account for the church-going habit of the Welsh people, for it is as natural for them to go to their beloved chapels as for water to run down hill, or for bees to swarm. Then the Welsh audience is masculine as well as feminine. The men are strongly in evidence, as in the desert place when Jesus fed 5,000 men, besides women and children. This speaks well for the Welsh preacher, the true friend of the workingman, who has never lost his grip on the sons and daughters of toil, the bone and sinew of the Nonconformist churches in Wales. The Welshman is also devout, and as a listener, attentive, for like the good Highland Presbyterians in the "Bonnie Brier Bush," he is a fine sermon taster. But, perhaps, the chief characteristic of a Welsh audience is its love of singing. The congregation is a living pipe organ, with its keyboards and windpipes, stops and pedals, all responsive to the chief musician. There are no silent keys, for all the people sing; no discordant notes, for all the keys are in tune. There is no lack of volume, as all the stops are pulled out. Neither is there too little singing, for usually the refrain of the closing hymn is sung over and over again, as with the familiar strains of "Gwaed y Groes" and "Ar

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Fryniau Caersalem." The people sing in the spirit as well as with the understanding, and their cup of joy runs over—a foretaste of heavenly bliss.

Then the Welsh worshipper is as spontaneous as a mountain spring. As the preacher warms up with his subject expressions of approval (more seldom heard now than formerly) burst forth in the form of redhot "Amens!" "Gogoniant!" (the Welsh word for glory), with the rising inflection on the last word, and "Bendigedig!" (blessed), and "Felly!" that is so) and "Diolch Iddo!" (thanks be to Him). Thus it is hard to tie the tongue of a Welshman at a gymanfa, and he is more likely on such an occasion to be taken for an old-time Methodist than his quiet brother, the Quaker.

Famous Preachers.

The gymanfa is not only a place to hear many preachers, but also different styles of preaching. There is the dramatic preacher, Dr. Herber Evans, Caernarvon, of sainted memory, was a good example of this type. He was the Henry Ward Beecher of the Welsh pulpit. There was nothing about him to remind you of the midnight oil and the sanctum of the scholar. Out of the pulpit and divested of his clerical tie he might be taken for a farmer of large build and ruddy cheeks and cheerful face and ponderous movement. And this was not strange, for he spent most of his days in the invigorating atmosphere of his Eryri mountain home in the North, and, like Eryri, his fame reached throughout the principality. Evans of Caernarvon was a household name, and the common people heard him gladly. His entrance into the church was hailed with delight, as if he were a prince of the realm and not a prince of preachers. No craning of necks to see or hear him, for his massive form and resonant tenor voice can be seen and heard in the remotest corner of the building. The audience is expecting great things from him and it is not disappointed. The preliminary service over the great preacher announces his text from Psalm cx. 105: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." The text, which is an important part of the sermon, is read a second time, as is the custom with Welsh preachers, in a deliberate and distinct manner. The orator then launches out into the deep of his discourse. His first movement is suggestive of the dramatist. Taking the Bible in both hands and placing it on the cushioned chair back of the pulpit he proceeds to show what the condition of society, and particularly Wales, might be without the Bible. The audience reflects the mood of the preacher. It is depressed; it is left in the darkness of heathenism before the morning star of Christianity had arisen in Wales. The scene then changes by a masterstroke of the orator. Taking the Bible from the chair in the rear of the pulpit he holds it aloft, and pressing it

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against his heart triumphantly exclaims: "Hen Feibl anwyl fy mam!" (my mother's dear old Bible). The tender tones in which these words were uttered cannot be reproduced in cold print. Suffice it to say that the audience exulted with the preacher in the possession of the Bible as a priceless heritage.

A Poet-Preacher.

The poet-preacher is another type of Welsh oratory which the people delight to hear in the Gymanfa. Rev. Rowland Williams or better known by his bardic title, Hwfa Mon, is an example of this style. He was in his prime when the writer heard him. In appearance he was one of nature's noblemen. Strength and beauty were united in him. The memory of his tall form, classic face and long flowing grey hair lingers with me yet. His voice was like the vox humana of a great organ, and when occasion required he could be a son of thunder. His sermon was partly a poem. After reading the 11th chapter of John he took for his text the words, "Lazarus, come forth!" He began low—so low, indeed, that many fell asleep in that hot summer afternoon—then rose higher, and struck fire. His description of the little village of Bethany was vivid almost as life itself, and real as if it had been reflected on a screen before the audience, or as if he were describing his own home village of Llangollen, in North Wales. The weeping sisters, Mary and Martha; the mourning friends, the funeral procession, the burial, the return home, the arrival of Jesus. His comforting words to the sisters, His kingly command to the dead to come forth—all these details were wrought into the scene as by a master workman. The audience, now thoroughly aroused, was visibly affected, as with clarion voice—a faint echo of the Master's—the preacher-poet uttered those marvelous words, "Lazarus, come forth!" It was a triumph of the orator's art.

There is still another style of preaching that appeals strongly to the Welsh mind. It may be termed the weeping prophet type. Dr. Thomas Rees of Swansea, familiarly known as Rees Abertawe, was a striking example of this class. He, too, was a favorite preacher in the Gymanfa. Probably he was the best loved man in Wales—a deeply sympathetic man, and full of compassion for the people. His large muscular frame, broad forehead, shaggy eyebrows, blue eyes silvery hair overlapping his noble brow, and rich bass voice pitched in the minor key, are matters of pleasant recollection. The sermon was a revelation of the man, full of pathos. His theme was the "Atonement," his text Isaiah liii. 3: "He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." The sermon in its comprehensive grasp of sacred history, and especially in its soul-moving minor strains, reminded one of Handel's "Messiah," and melted the audience as the warm spring sun the last ves-

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tiges of winter. The sermon over, the congregation sang with more than usual fervor,

"Pen Calfaria,
Nac aed hwnw byth o'm cof."

If the earthly "Gymanfa" is so sweet to the Welsh heart, what will the heavenly be? Heaven with the dear old Gymanfa left out would lose much of its attraction to the ardent Welsh Christian. True to his nature he loves the fellowship of the saints—and good preaching.

CONSCIOUS AND UNCONSCIOUS CALVINISM.

By G. H. Humphrey.

For two centuries after the Reformation Calvinism predominated in and dominated the Protestant parts of the Christian world. But for some time past there has been a marked and growing unfriendliness to it among theologians and philosophers, and also with the laity. Various reasons may be assigned for that fact. First, the principle that action and reaction are equal, and in opposite directions. The rigid propositions, rigorous measures, and austere manners of some prominent Calvinists have naturally aroused a revulsion of feeling. Wind a clock too tight and it will stop. Likewise, a dogma or regime wound too tight will cease to go. Another reason has been that this body of divinity is, above all others, inimical to man's vanity. It has no flatteries for human nature. It gives to man a most humiliating condition and position. And the proud heart has rebelled. The potter's clay has insisted that it is entitled to some credit for being self-molded. A third cause may be found in increasing ignorance and misunderstanding as to what Calvinism really is. Very few now-a-days read and study its standard works. Dogs bark most fiercely at strangers. Most people accept the definitions and descriptions of it given by its opponents in namby-pamby lectures and in pretentious but prejudiced and shallow editorials and essays. It has been intentionally misrepresented, garbled and exaggerated. And when we consider that perfect fairness to it requires the accuracy and precision of a mathematical mind, it is not to be wondered at that even some honest scholars and able thinkers have confused it with fatalism on the one hand and with necessitarianism on the other. For these and other reasons the uprising against Calvinism is to-day indeed quite formidable and the popular aversion to it is unconcealed. Even among some of the tribes of Jehovah's Israel are heard aloud the murmurings and the revolt, "Our soul loatheth this manna." To such an extent is this

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true that we cannot be certain at this opening of the 20th century that Christendom has any Calvinists left except such as may be found in the Presbyterian bodies. Presbyterians are taken for Calvinists because, as is generally conceded, they usually take their creeds seriously, and not in a Pickwickian sense as the manner of some others is with their articles of faith. But all this is to the credit of the Presbyterian; for when a man subscribes to a confession of faith he should take it as earnestly as he would take the contents of a bond or promissory note that he has executed and delivered. The exercise of unlimited mental reservations or of total repudiation is as dishonest in the one case as in the other.

The Christian denominations are few that can consistently throw stones at Calvinism. How can the Roman Catholic church anathematize it when she has canonized Augustine and Thomas Aquinas? How can the Lutheran disown and denounce it in the face of the fact that Martin Luther, on the essentials of Calvinism, agreed with the great Genevan? How can the Episcopalian say aught against it as long as there is a solid chunk of it (Art. XVII.) still undissolved, and not officially excluded, in the XXXIX. Articles of the Church of England? How can any Baptist discredit it while his "hard shell" predecessors, and many mighty men of valor between Bunyan and Spurgeon, were in its rugged ranks? How can any Congregationalist mention it with disrespect when Cromwell with his "Ironsides," John Milton, Thomas Goodwin, John Owen, every Puritan that landed in New England, and Jonathan Edwards, were thorough Calvinists? Even the denominations whose creeds are Arminian take in substantial quantities of Calvinism every Sunday, only they do it unwittingly in the capsules of liturgies, or coated with the sugar of psalms and spiritual songs. As in Elijah's days there were an unknown seven thousand who had not bowed their knees to Baal, so we apprehend that now a firm-kneed host of conscious and unconscious Calvinists is scattered all over the globe, giving bone and sinew to religious bodies that are not classified under its standards.

But what is this historic and sturdy system of Christian doctrines? It may be said that to-day, especially in America, it is distinguished by five persons and five points. Its five foremost formulators are Paul, Augustine, Calvin, Jonathan Edwards, and Charles Hodge; Paul giving expression to it by direct inspiration; Augustine arriving at it by way of his own personal experience; Calvin finding it as a profound student of the Holy Scriptures; Edwards delving to its bedrock as a metaphysical theologian, or theological metaphysician; Hodge adopting it as a necessity resulting from the philosophies of

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the ages and the teachings of the Pauline epistles. The five points of Calvinism are, predestination, original sin, particular redemption, effectual calling and perseverance of the saints. Calvinists hold many other truths in common with all Christians, while as to the points aforesaid they differ among themselves as to details of views and statements.

The system is sometimes known as Augustinianism, after Augustine, its earliest exponent and champion; but it is more generally called Calvinism, after John Calvin, its great reviver at the time of the Protestant Reformation—that Titanic epoch whose upheavals, as is likewise the ocasional result of physical earthquakes, opened up new streams of living waters whence ever since have flowed rivers to make glad the gardens of God. Calvin was not a Presbyterian and Presbyterians are not bound to accept everything that he taught or to vindicate everything that he did. But in justice to truth and in fairness to fact it should be said that John Calvin was one of the ablest, most conscientious and most influential men that have lived within the last thousand years. If he lacked the geniality of Luther, he was far more thoughtful and logical. As Athena, the personification of pure intellectuality among the Greeks, was said to have sprung full-armed from the head of Zeus, so Calvin came forth from the crest of the Reformation, its mightiest reasoner and organizer. When he was but 27 years of age he published a Latin edition of his "Institutes," whose contents were a crystallization of the Christian scholarship and thought of the world up to that time, and whose mere preface startled and astounded potentates, professors and ecclesiastical dignitaries. He had a genius for exegesis. He was as fearless as a lion. He never felt that the Almighty needed apologies. He did not hesitate to follow his syllogisms to the heights of heaven and to the depths of hell. He was ushered into an age when man was primary and God secondary. Man as king had divine rights, and could do no wrong. Man as pope and priest held the keys of heaven, and was superior to all human authorities and to all mental activities. With a voice that thundered until it shook the earth, Calvin came forth and proclaimed that man is nothing, nothing but a vile and helpless worm, and that God alone is Most High, King eternal and all in all. With an over-heated zeal for the truth, but with absolute unselfishness, he prosecuted the fussy blasphemer Michael Servetus to his very death under the then and there existing law, and which law Servetus had approved. In the words of Froude: "There was no Reformer in Europe so resolute to excise, tear out and destroy what was distinctly seen to be false—so resolute to es-

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tablish what was true in its place, and make truth to the last fibre of it the rule of practical life."

Nor were Calvin's labors confined to theology. He was for years a schoolmaster. He devised a method of popular education that afterward became the model of the American common school as the historian Bancroft frankly admits. And paradoxical as it may seem, his doctrine of man's insignificance and dependence exalted, magnified and energized man as a citizen; in other words, Calvinism has been shown by history to be conducive to democracy, as episcopacy has been favorable to monarchy.

As to Calvin's theological system, it is certainly logical, symmetrical and sublime. It is exegetical and practical rather than dogmatic and sectarian. Stripped of stereotyped words and controversial badges, it teaches that God is absolutely supreme and sovereign; that every event, small and great, ocurring in time, is in accordance with plans and specifications completed in the triune mind before the foundation of the world; that the center of gravity of the redemptive building is not on earth but in heaven; that Jehovah has no afterthoughts; that the volumes of the eternal decrees can contain no postscripts or errata. This towering system doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus, placing its firm feet on the immoveable rocks that emerge from the ocean of their circumfluent eternity. Its parallax must be reckoned from the zenith of the divine will. True, this system has its unfathomable and awful difficulties; but the perplexities that arise in connection with the Calvinist's fore-ordination are not one whit greater than those that arise in connection with the Arminian's foreknowledge of God. But whatever the difficulties may be, this system, as insisted on by itself —and it is at this point that it gets nearest to being illogical—must be held in such a way that God is not made the author of sin; that man is a free agent, acountable for what he prefers to be and do; that the finally impenitent will attain unto their perdition, not as the result of fate or necessity, but of their own personal choice; and that the salvation of the redeemed is wholly of God's free and unmerited grace.

The best summary of Calvinism composed originally in the English language is contained in the Westminster Confession of Faith. That statement of doctrines is admirable for its conciseness and clearness of expression. But that was over 250 years ago. Since then many changes have taken place in the meanings, settings and associations of some of its words and phrases. For instance, its declaration about "elect infants" was at first intended, not as an express or implied assertion that some children dying in infancy are not elected, and therefore lost, but as a denial of and a protest against the Romish tenet that all infants dying unbaptized are consigned to a place called Limbus Infantum,

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where they must be forever deprived of the beatific vision—a negative and yet ghastly kind of "infant damnation." But the immediate aim and emphasis of that section of the Confession has long since been lost sight of, leaving it very liable to be misunderstood; hence it is well to revise and recast some parts of the Confession. On similar grounds it was deemed advisable to issue a revised version of the Bible some twenty years ago.

Let us not be over-anxious about the future of Calvinism. There is going to be a revival of it by and by, when a spineless theology shall cease to be the fad, and when sentimental congregations will become surfeited with sugar and rosewater sermonettes, and when convalescing churches will grow strong enough to endure sound doctrine. True, it may not, it should not, be preached as categorically hereafter as heretofore. It had better not be presented as a bare skeleton, but rather, like the risen Savior, with immortal flesh upon its incorruptible bones. From the pulpit it is best administered in solution, and not as a precipitate. The ingredients of the medicine should remain the same, though the doses may be reduced; but the label must be changed from Calvin's extracts to something else, such as Peter's tonic or Dr. Paul's favorite prescription. But call it what you will, the people of God will always say of its substance, "Evermore, give us this bread." It can not be left out of the hymns, prayers and experiences of believers. The dying thought of President McKinley—"It is God's way; his will be done"—was ultimately as Calvinistic as the words of the Psalmist: "Surely, the wrath of man shall praise thee; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." Moreover, the time is coming when Calvinism as a system may don garments of a modern cut, the cloth remaining the same; when it should acquire a fresh vocabulary and an up to date terminology, thereby ridding itself of the odium that past disputations and persecutions have fastened upon it. And it may as such be later on built from a new starting point; for it can well bear an application of the philosophic method now in vogue; that is, it can be constructed a posteriori as well as a priori, inductively as well as deductively, from earth to heaven and from man to God, as well as from heaven to earth and from God to man, and all the time retain its theocentric character. It would thrive on the famous argument of Butler's Analogy, for the operations of nature and the facts of human life confirm and illustrate it, as Spinoza, Buckle, J. Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer have abundantly shown. Materialism and transcendentalism alike corroborate it. The greatest poets of Greece, Rome and England have unintentionally but vividly set forth its everpresent realities. And this tree may be tested by its fruits. Recorded history proves that it is potent to make in-

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dividual and national life pure, righteous, strong, energetic and, let me add, amiable. It has been foremost in promoting liberty and learning. It exalts the creature by making the Creator supreme. It ascribes "Glory to God in the highest" first, and announces "on earth peace, good will toward men" afterward. Therefore, let me say in conclusion that as for me, even in these degenerate days of its temporary unpopularity, I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ as stated by Calvinism, for it has been the power of God unto salvation, emancipation and enlightenment to every one believing it; to the European first, and also to the American.

FREE TRADE AND PROTECTIVE TARIFF AS MEANS OF INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT.

By Consul D. T. Phillips.

It was the privilege of the writer to attend the Paris Exposition of 1900. The American exhibits to *him* were indeed a revelation. The exhibit of American wool, yarn and cloth was not large, but of splendid quality, and was awarded several highest prizes. Though the exhibit was small, it was a cloud on the commercial horizon not bigger than a man's hand, yet to the student of possibilities, in the light of accessible knowledge, it had the potentialities of eventually covering the entire commercial horizon. As is well known, the wool industry has been the trial-horse of our economic system. It has been ridden backward and forward, hither and yon, until all parties are willing to cry quits. To-day there is practically a consensus of agreement that the tariff has justified itself in bringing both wool-growing interests and woolen manufacturers to a paying basis. This is an achievement of the first importance, and one which the party of protection can well afford to have made an element of its political and economic responsibilities.

However, it would not be doing justice to American initiative under its protected home market possibilities, unless attention were called to its woolen products in clothing "made-up." The world over acknowledges that our ready-made clothing stands unrivaled, and is the despair of all imitators, even as in the shoe-making line. These, in the last analysis, are our supremest achievements. For the perfection of these, nature did next to nothing, and the economical policy of protection did everything. It is a fundamental axiom of free trade that protection dwarfs initiative energies. American protection, with its extraordinary home market, has confuted this contention clear out

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of sight. It then remains only to point to results, and our unrivaled ready-made clothing is a superlative witness. At the recent Paris Exposition, the American ready-made garment exhibit, covering every style of make-up, including dress-suits, hunting suits, tennis suits, golf suits and business suits of every description, not only won a gold medal, but brought forth a confession from all competitors, that the like was not even dreamed of among the fraternity in Europe. It was, indeed, a triumph par excellence.

In summing up the trade exhibit of the United States, at the Paris Exposition, the "Economist," the leading free trade organ in England, makes the frank confession that the remarkable increase in American exports "is due to the policy of protection to the manufacturers in the home market, which enables them to sell their products in foreign markets at lower prices than could otherwise be possible."

That we may have clear demonstrations of how free trade has developed (?), and how protective tariff has developed the wool industry, we need only revert to the Cleveland-Wilson administration, and the McKinley-Dingley administration.

Under the Wilson tariff law, so great was the glut of foreign wool that it was not until 1900 that our domestic growers began to feel the benefit of the duty on wool restored by the Dingley tariff. Even now there is on hand a considerable quantity of the free wool that was rushed in during the closing months of the Wilson law.

A happy change shows some surprising results. Contrasted with the free wool period of 1896, the census for 1900 showed a gain of 71.44 per cent. in the total number of sheep owned, and a gain of 121.59 per cent. in average value per head. But this was before the bottom dropped out of the world's wool markets. Since then the great slump in wool values has taken place.

Despite the slump, the American flocks have not decreased, nor their value per head declined with the sheep of Australia, South America and other wool-producing countries. On the contrary, the sheep census of 1901 shows this result: Number of States reporting, 40; number of reports received, 707; sheep owned March, 1901, 1,464,781; sheep owned March, 1900, 1,256,738; gain for 1901, 208,043. Per centage of gain for 1901, 16.55. It is found that against an average value of $3.90 per head in March, 1900, the average value for March, 1901, was $4.04, an increase of 14 cents per head, or $3.59 per cent.

The American sheep-raiser has a marked advantage over the flock-masters of the rest of the world. First, he has in his favor a protective tariff, which fixes an irreducible minimum of market value for his fleeces. Unless the foreign grower sells his wool for nothing, he cannot compete with the domestic grown in the American market.

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The Dingley tariff takes care of that. Second, the average value per head of American sheep is kept up by the enormous demand for mutton and lambs for food purposes. The American wage-earner, when busily employed at high wages, as he has been for three or four years past, consumes from three to thirty times more meat than the other wage-earners of the world. In fact, he is the best customer the American butcher has. It is no longer possible, as it was in 1896, under Wilson tariff free wool, to buy a good sheep for 50 cents. That day has passed, and will come no more as long as the tariff on wool protects the wool grover, while the tariff on all lines of production makes times good, wages high and the consuming capacacity of 77,000,000 people, three to thirty times greater than the consuming capacity of the rest of the people on earth.

5th. The cotton industry: But for the protective tariff, which has so wonderfully developed this industry, our Southern manufacturers might as well devote themselves to raising potatoes. There are now in operation throughout the world about 100,000,000 spindles, consuming about 14,000,000 bales of cotton. The Southern States furnish 75 per cent. of the raw material, and operate only 6 per cent. of the spindles. It has been estimated that, if the growth of the last ten years continue, the spindle capacity of the United States in 1910 will be 24,000,000 in the South, 16,875,000 in New England, and 1,700,000 in other sections of the country, making a total of 42,575,000. In this case the United States would use 87½ per cent. of the total American crop of 1889-1900, and, allowing 12½ per cent. as reserve stock to be held by the mills, this country would then consume her entire cotton production, which would mean the control of the cotton goods trade of the world.

When the Southern people first started to manufacture cotton, they restricted their output to coarse fabrics, believing they had reached their limit. They have since discovered their mistake, and found their mills capable of turning out the very finest goods. The cotton manufacturing industry in the South is now in a flourishing condition. The mills are new and modern machinery is used. This is one advantage Southern manufactures have over New England producers, whose machinery is old.

One other word is sufficient to demonstrate the advantageous means of the protective tariff, in extending and developing the cotton industry, namely the exports of cotton, which during the year 1900 amounted to 6,671,561 bales, valued at $314,252,586, against 5,787,853 bales in the previous year valued at $191,167,342.

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THE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN WALES IN 1859.

By Cadrawd.

We are informed in a little weekly record (published in the summer of 1859), of the events connected with this revival, that the exciting and visible cause was the coming of the Rev. N. R. Jones to a Wesleyan Church, in the neighborhood of Ysbyty Ystwyth, in Cardiganshire in September, 1858, with the view of being instrumental by God's grace in kindling a revival feeling there. Mr. Jones was a native of Talybont, a village about seven miles from Aberystwyth, who, having resided some time in the United States of America and had experienced a large measure of blessing during the great revival which had commenced there ,returned to his native Wales, animated with an earnest desire to be the medium of benefiting his brother Welshmen in Ceredigion. Soon after his return the Rev. David Morgan, Ysbyty, a minister belonging to the Calvinistic Methodists, called upon Mr. Jones, and no sooner were their salutations over than they were deeply engaged in the discussion of religious matters. Mr. Jones would have it that things were not such as they should be amongst them; that there was something very defective in them as ministers, in their preaching, and more than all, in the measure of the spirit of grace and prayer present amongst the professing people of God.

Mr. Morgan, it is said, felt these words deeply, and Mr. Jones perceived that he had not spoken in vain. In a little while Mr. Morgan departed, but finding no rest for his soul he returned in a few hours to Mr. Jones again. "It appears to me," said Mr. Morgan, "that there would be no harm in attempting to stir up the mind of the country by holding prayer meetings even if it were to turn out nothing but human after all." "No," answered Mr. Jones, "there would not, but if we do this we may rest assured that God will be in our meetings with us." This thought possessed Mr. Morgan's mind that he could not get rid of it, but determined to hold prayer meetings the following week, which he took care to announce on the following Sunday.

Mr. Morgan was rather depressed at the commencement, but it is recorded that he and Mr. Jones found such strength with God in secret prayer that their minds were made cheerful for the work of conducting public worship. So mighty was the spirit of prayer felt at the meeting that all who attended them confessed that God, through His Holy Spirit was with them, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing people in great numbers joining the several churches in the immediate neighborhood. These prayer meetings were held nightly in the two chap-

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els alternately, at Ysbytty, for about two months, and during that time more than 200 persons had been added to the churches. About this time Mr. Jones took his departure for Aberystwyth, to visit the Wesleyan Church at that town, and Mr. Morgan continued to conduct the prayer meetings at Ysbytty for a fortnight longer. His heart had been strengthened by this time, having frequently experienced mighty things, and his efforts crowned with such success, and his boldness was such that he feared neither man nor devil.

Now he was no longer satisfied with laboring at home simply, but attempted other places with wonderful success, and converts were added to the churches wherever he went to hold revival meetings. Thus by his labors chiefly, aided by the Rev. T. Edwards, Penllwyn, Mr. James, Rhiwbwys, and others, the county of Cardigan became pervaded with the most fervid religious feeling, the converts therein numbering fully 9,000 in the space of a few months. This awakening soon extended to other counties, with a result that thousands were added to the churches in both South and North Wales.

The writer of the above, who was at that time living at Ysbytty, and had attended the meetings during the revival, proclaims that in some sense there never was such a revival in Wales before, if indeed in the world. Its effect was equally felt by all, manifesting itself amongst all denominations. "There had," he says, "been powerful revivals before in England in the days of Wesley, and Whitfield, Venn, and Berridge, etc., and in Wales, in the time of Howell Harris, Daniel Rowlands and others, but they were, more or less, confined to some single denomination, and the others envied and slighted their efforts, but this was general, and appreciated by orthodox Christians.

There was also a remarkable connection between the revival of 1859 and prayer. This wonderful awakening manifested itself, first in the United States of America; it travelled soon to other countries, and wonderful events were experienced in Ireland, Scotland, and in England. The effects of the revival of 1859 on Sunday Schools was most remarkable, and the attendance more than doubled in many places.

* * *

There are sounds in the sky when the year grows old,
And the winds of the winter blow;
When night and the moon are clear and cold,
And the stars shine on the snow,
Or wild is the blast and the bitter sleet
That beats on the window-pane;
But blest on the frosty hills are the feet
Of the Christmas time again.

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MUSIC NOTES.

William ApMadoc.

Before we shall greet our readers in the next number, some of us will have read and recited Tennyson's famous lyric:

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night:
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

* * * * *

"Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

* * * * *

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

December, the blessed month of giving! But what fortunes are wasted in making foolish, senseless and needless presents! Let us ring out worthless habits, worry, and heart-burnings and ring in the lending hand, the "gifts that are more excellent, the 'presents' that make the children better and happier. In making "gifts"—the Christmas habit of centuries—we hope our readers will not forget the musical side of things—the gifts that fill young hearts with lasting pleasure. While enjoying exceptional opportunities lately in looking over "dainty and delightful books" for children, we felt confident that many musical parents would like to know of two special illustrated books, published by Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, that will delight children, help to form their tastes for better things, and ween them away from thoughts of candies, &c. One is "The Owl and the Woodchuck," by the poet-musician W. H. Neidlinger, with pictures by Walter Bobbett. The quaint melodies and words will be long enjoyed "presents," and sources of culture as well. Even the "preface" is given in "song and story" thus:

The Owl he was so wondrous wise,
And the Woodchuck wanted to know,
And what they did on the summer nights
We will try to plainly show,
The Owl he was so wondrous wise,
And the Woodchuck wanted to know.

How very much like other "prefaces" we have read! Then follows a series of charming song-stories, with charming pictures, all for fifty cents.

The other book which will be appreciated as well by older "young people," is written by a Chicago lady Maud Menefee, and will serve well in explaining the stories of great poems and operas. Its title is "Child Stories from the Masters." The full-paged illustrations with these stories, are from the masterpieces of art, such as "The Spin-

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ner," "Innocence," "Mignon," "Siegfried," "The Angelus," "The Divine Shepherd," &c. Art will be served, and life beautified by such gift-books as these, and it is true service to call attention to them.

Dr. Hugh A. Clarke, Professor of Music in the University of Pennsylvania, has published through Silver Burdett and Company in two small volumes, his class-lectures, entitled "Music and the Comrade Arts," and "Highways and Byways of Music." Dr. Clarke is the par excellent "literary-musician" of our times. He is not only a musician, but a philosopher and historian. These lectures are actual art treasures. Their perusal enriches the mind, and as gift-books in the Christmas season, nothing could be better. A large class of singers need such readings. It would be education in the best sense if some capable instructor should be allowed to read a chapter out of these books at each rehearsal of the choirs who now "practice with a vengeance" for the Eisteddfodau of the season. Surely they would utilize a good part of the splendid enthusiasm of these rehearsals for a close and sober study of the test-pieces and put a check upon the building of "prize castles in the air.

One paragraph from Dr. Clarke's "Highways," will be appreciated: "The large sums paid great singers now are in striking contrast to the pittances received by their predecessors, as may be seen by the following entries in the privy purse accounts of Henry VII., 'To a woman that singeth with a fiddell, two shillings.' 'To the woman that sange before the king and queen, six shillings and three pence.' Fancy Eames or Melba singing before royalty for two shillings, or even six shillings and three pence!"

Harriet Prescott Spoffard in a late number of the "Independent" pays a graceful and touching tribute to the "singers" in the following stanzas:

He struck his harp a sounding stroke
And high in heaven the music rang—
The echoes in the skies awoke,
Fluting the mighty note he sang.

And no one paused to greet his thought:
Life was too swift, and love too sweet,
He sang his lovely stave for naught,
The throng went by with hurrying feet.

But one who loitered by the way,
Who wore no singing robe at all,
Lifted a warble light and gay,
As a child's laugh, a throstle's call.

And half beneath the breath, his strain
Seemed full of tunes all men had heard
Long, long ago, sweet fall of rain,
The love song of the mating bird.

The rustling leaf, the murmuring dove
They heard in that melodious sigh,
The whisper of first trembling love
They heard and their first lullaby.

Within their hearts they sang his lay
Again; they kissed his garment's hem,
And threw him laurels in his way
That he might set his feet on them.

Who is the "poet of the pianoforte" of to-day?—yes, and of the song and the string-poem? At the third concert of the Chicago Orchestra, all would have answered,

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Edward Grieg, when his idyllic poems, "Evening in the Mountains," and "At the Cradle" were played in the most perfect manner by the strings only, with the exception of an oboe and horn in the first selection. The large audience was pardonably wild in their enthusiasm over these exquisite lyrics of the Norwegian genius. Picturesque and most northern they are in character, and replete with the beauty, color and pathos that are always at the command of Grieg. These lyrics are Nos. 4 and 5 in his Lyric Pieces for pianoforte solo,and arranged for the orchestra by the composer. Edvard Hargerup Grieg was born at Bergen, June 15, 1843. "His mother, who was a woman of musical culture, and a gifted pianist, was his first instructor," we are told, and with what wonderful results? The Leipzig Conservatory, the teachings of Hauptmann, Richter, Rietz and Reinecke, failed to dislodge from his soul the Scandinavian individuality. In 1888 he visited London, and captured all by playing his own concerto at the Philharmonic concert. He re-visited London in 1889, 1894, 1896. In 1894 he was made Mus. Doc. Cantab.

The Chicago Orchestra are introducing novelties at each and every concert, but aside from all this the symphonies, overtures, symphonic poems, and suites of the great masters, past and present, will be "novelties" for aye and for aye:

**"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness."**

We are indebted to the New York "Concert Goer"—a splendid weekly upon all musical doings—for the fullest and best account of the successful libel suit of Victor Herbert against the "New York Musical Courier," whose editor is Marc A. Blumenberg. Mr. Herbert has served the musical fraternity well by bringing his suit to a successful end, though the case is appealed, but there is but little doubt the appelate court will sustain the verdict. Now, Mr. Herbert has sued the editor himself for $50,000. It was Mr. Blumenberg that wrote the defamatory article, which contained such sentences as the following: "All of Herberts' written-to-order comic operas are pure and simple plagiarisms. There is not one single aria, waltz movement, polka, galop or march in these operas that has touched the public ear, and the street pianos and organs having ignored them is the best evidence that the public did not find them palatable. * * * Everything written by Herbert is copied; there is not a single original strain in anything he has done, and all his copies are from sources that are comic or serio-comic, &c., &c.

There is condemnation with a vengeance. It condemns too much, and succeeds in condemning itself. To accuse any composer of wholesale plagiarism in such an art as music is is rather dangerous. Some day some one will accuse composers of stealing the tonic, sub-dominant and dominant chords with all

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of their arpeggios thereof. A strong array of musicians testified at the trial in behalf of Mr. Herbert, among them Henry K. Hadley, Olto Weil, Olto Langley and Walter Damrosch. Platon Brounoff, a Russian composer, and Signor Viennesi, "an aged Italian opera conductor," and others testified for the defense. The first did not consider Mr. Herbert's music original. The old Italian wanted a piano in court to show the "similarities," but could only name "one measure which was from Moszkowsky, and a phrase that was almost like one in an Offenbach opera." The verdict in favor of Mr. Herbert for $15,000 gives general satisfaction, and the comments upon the charge and trial in the "Concert-Goer" editorially and otherwise, are conservative and in excellent taste.

The Chicago "Musical Times" for November 19 says:

"Dr. Joseph Parry, professor of music in the South Wales University at Cardiff, accompanied by his talented daughter, will start on a prolonged concert tour next June. Australia will be the first field. Then the Philippine Islands, Hawaii and the United States. They will reach Chicago in December."

This information is correct. Dr. Parry has written to Rev. Cynonfardd Edwards and myself in the matter, and later on, it will be our pleasure to make a more complete announcement. We trust that the committees of the holiday season Eisteddfodau will secure the services of Dr. Parry as adjudicator, and of his daughter Blodwen as pianist and singer.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

By Cad Walad.

Dark was the world, dark and cold,
  Wrapped in the darkness of sin;
Dark those religions of old,
  Systems all hollow within;
Earth had no more light to give;
  Man's mind no hope could suggest;
Millions were burdened to live;
  Death gave no promise of rest!

Dark was the world, dark and drear,
  Hard reigned the winter of life;
Faith long had faded to fear,
  Love turned to hatred and strife;
Then came to sparkle, a star
  Up in the heaven, so bright;
Although a twinkling so far,
  O! how it changed the dark night!

Then came a dawn through the East;
  Christ in a manger was found;
God in a shed with the beast
  Shone with bright glory around!
Through all creation was cheer;
  Joy over mountain and glen;
Gladness was heard far and near—
  "God come to live among men!"

HOLLY SONG.

By Clara E. Rewey.

Christmas-time in Palestine
  The angels sang a joyous song,
A wondrous night, long, long ago
  That aeons since have rolled along.
    Tis Christmas-time, Columbia,
      O deem it not a folly
    To ring the bells for joy today
      And wreathe our homes in holly!

O, sing will we and laugh will we
  And fill our hearts with gladness,
And burn the Yule-tide logs at night
  And banish every sadness!
    Tis Christmas-time, Columbia,
      O deem it not a folly
    To ring the bells for joy today
      And wreathe our homes in holly!

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FIELD OF LETTERS

ATHRONIAETH Y MEDDWL gan y Parch. D. M. Phillips, M. A., Tylorstown; Cardiff, Roberts Bros. Calf, $3; Linen, $2.

This is the first book on Psychology ever written in Welsh. The author in his Preface states that he has been preparing this volume for the last 11 years, and he makes no apology for presenting the Welsh reader with this elaborate work in the vernacular. He believes it is needed to teach the Welshman the philosophy of the mind. This is a new field to the Welsh-reading Welshman, and therefore the presenting of this valuable volume needs no apology. Among others, the volume is highly recommended by the following Welsh thinkers and others: Revs. J. M. Jones, W. James, J. Cynddylan Jones, Thomas James, T. Rees, D. D., R. Jenkin Jones, Ellis Edwards, J. T. Makenzie of the Cardiff University, and W. R. Sorley, M. A., of Cambridge. The contents are as follows: The Existence of the Soul; What is the Soul; Consciousness; Subconsciousness; The Elements of Thought; the Intellect and its Functions; Perception, &c. W. R. Sorley says that "the author has achieved a notable feat; he has taught psychology to speak Welsh; and he ventures to think that this fact alone should make the publication on this work an element of more than passing interest." Not the least interesting element in the book is the way the Welsh language struggles with psychology and also satisfactorily, considering the difficulties. In this volume the Welsh language is trained to talk science.

DRYCH Y PRIF OESOEDD yn Ddwy Ran, gan Theophilus Evans, Ficer Llangammarch, yn Ngwlad Fuellt yn Mrycheiniog, dan olygiaeth Samuel J. Evans, Llangefni. Bangor: Jarvis & Foster. London: J. M. Dent & Co. Price, $1.25.

This beautiful volume of 361 pages forms No. 2 of a series of Reprints of Welsh Prose Works of the sixteenth century, reproduced from the Revised Edition of 1740, letter for letter, word for word, line for line, and page for page. As those original editions are extremely rare it is a happy idea to have these old Welsh classics reproduced so as to put in the hands of modern readers these books in the very shapes and forms they appeared to their forefathers. We do not need to commend this "View of the Primitive Ages" from the pen of the old Vicar, because almost every Welshman has heard the popular title of the book if he has heard anything. The story is very quaint and interesting, and a strange mixture of history and preaching. It might have been delivered in the form of a series of sermons, considering its peculiar nature. The story is an old mixture of credulity and learning. There is no book among the Welsh so pleasant and entertaining. The Welsh reader who has not seen "Drych y Prif Oesoedd" has something yet to know.

CERDDI HYWEL CYNON, published by the Author, Aberaman, S. W., is a collection of poems humorous and serious containing appropriate material for recitation. They are all pleasant

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reading, and some of the songs are already set to music.

Another interesting book is "Yr Awdl y Bryddest a'r Telynegion," unsuccessful competitions at the last National Eisteddfod, but nevertheless poems of a high order. Price 30 cents each.

"Cymru" is interesting and entertaining as usual. The article by Gwyneddon is a side light on the Education Bill now before Parliament. "At Sea," by Eluned is pleasant reading. "The Home Country of Daniel Ddu and Reuben Brydydd y Coed with bits of poetry intermixed forms an agreeable theme to write upon. The writer with his camera could turn out some good work visiting the homes of celebrated Welshmen. "David Edwards," "A Trip Through the Woods," "Old Strongholds in Monmouth" (illustrated); "Two Old Poets," "The Old Patriarch of Llandderfel," with his wife, "Controversy and Schism," and other short papers help to make the November number agreeable and instructive. In his remarks on Books and their Writers the Editor suggests an improved way of spending holidays, viz. visiting parts of Wales made famous by the lives and labors of celebrated Welshmen, such as Williams of Pantycelyn, Ann Griffiths, the hymn writers; those places in the Principality immortalized by such men as the translator of the Welsh Bible; Rowlands of Llangeitho, Harris of Trevecca, &c.; men whose memories are inspiring. This would be uniting pleasure with pleasure.

"Cwrs y Byd" does not think highly of the old fashioned way (now also in vogue) of accepting what the privileged classes see fit to grant us. In England, the people have to beg of the nobles, landlords, capitalists, &c., now and again, a little measure of relief is passed, and the people are told not to complain. The people have hardly yet realized that they are free. Somehow, they seem to be led superstitiously by the ruling classes. When the masses realize their independence, they will progress much more rapidly. They are like a child just commencing to walk, but yet leaning on their old spirit of bondage. The people will soon learn to think and act for themselves.

"Cwrs" suggests that the English choirs be compelled to compete with Welsh choirs on the same footing. Why should the Welsh singers be ask to compete in English more than the English choirs in Welsh? Let the English choirs sing Welsh, and appoint Welsh adjudicators to adjudicate.

In "Y Drysorfa," Rev. George Jones, Llaneurgan, writes of the need of revivals in Wales. There is a class of Welsh who look back to the great revival of 1859 with longing. That revival shook Wales from one end to the other. A great number repented publicly and joined the churches by profession, and the excitement left an impression upon the minds of thousands, and has continued until to-day. What accounts for this inordinate longing for the old-timed revival is the inability of the Welshman to work except under an excitement. He is a kind of religious mariner who likes to sail under a high wind that will carry his bark along at a glorious speed without much regular work on his part. If he kept at it working continuously and regularly, he would not long so much for extraordinary gales of religious excitement. We are not painstaking, therefore, we desire a spiritual lift.

Both the Editors of "Y Cerddor" are doing excellent service to music in Wales, and are doing it in the face of considerable difficulty. We must confess that the Welsh are not cordial advocates of literature. The great majority of them love music, but they love it

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gratuitously. Those who labor in the field of music in Wales must not have respect unto the recompense of the reward, because there is none expectable. It is ordinarily a labor of love, and we are often surprised at the amount of such unrequited work expended by some of our public teachers. "Y Cerddor" is worthy of national support. The musical number for November is "The Dawn;" music by Ivan Williams, and words by Watcyn Wyn. No. 76 in the Musicians' Gallery is G. W. Hughes, a native of Cefn Mawr, Denbigh, who has been greatly helped in his career by Lady Williams Wynn.

In each number of "Yr Eurgrawn" there appears an article on social subjects. In the November number the Rev. John Kelly writes on the Church and Social Questions. What reason can be given that social questions have been so ignored through the ages? Up to the present almost they have been set aside to give precedence to the most trivial questions that ever misappropriated the human mind. The middle ages were the especial ages of weed cultivation, and we are only of late appreciating the rights of society. The bane o' the ages has been toryism and ecclesiasticism, who have worship the past when the people prostrated themselves before the miserable ideals and idols put up by their supersititious leaders. The proper study of society is society, and there is no power that is not lodged in it. The classes must go and the masses come.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for November has the portrait of the Rev. Evan Penllyn Jones and William Shakespeare who, tnere is ground to believe, was partly Welsh. Mr. Jones like a good many other Welsh preachers of to-day, carries his native village with him in his name. This suggests what might be an improvement in Welsh nomenclature, the adoption of place for family names. Our Joneses and Davieses are getting to be multitudinous, so as to lose their particular identity. We are continually asked which John Jones and which John or David Davies?

We remember also the time in Wales when no religious magazine would think of inserting a cut of Shakespeare. The stage was the devil's platform, and Shakespeare was his prophet. This cloud of prejudice is clearing away, and the greatest dramatic writer of the ages, the incomparable philosopher of man and nature is being honored more and more as the light increases.

The "Traethodydd" for November is opened by an article or a dissertation on the abstruse philosophy of Emanuel Kant. Now that Kant is almost forgotten except among the most erudite, it is remarkable to see the ordinary Welsh reader fed on such idealistic meat. There is a class of Welsh readers who relish Kantism and Hegelism as the ordinary American enjoys politics. In his remarks on the Bangor Eisteddfod W. Lewis Jones, M. A., administers a valuable lesson to Welsh singers. To make music an art, and choral competition a success among the Welsh, permanent musical societies must be established, and the love of music so characteristic of the people developed carefully and patiently, as it appears to be among the English. Proficiency cannot be gained by fits and starts, by spasmodic attempts at perfection. Wales has the material, when she is prepared to use means to develop and perfect it. We hope she will take to thinking over this fact seriously. Prof. E. Anwyl writes sensibly of the intermediate system of education in Wales, and lays emphasis on the necessity for the social and moral upbuilding of students. Mere knowledge is vanity. Increased and improved education amongst people should

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be the unfailing means of practical civilization.

"Yr Ymofynydd' furnishes some robust thinking. It has no sympathy whatever with the sickly sentimentalism so characteristic of a certain class of the pious. There is no call for puerility in religion. "Yr Ymofynydd" declares that the pulpit is the only place where childish views of God and creation are made and uttered. This may be one cause which accounts for people's lack of interest in religion. Religion and faith should be the strength and defense of the people. Religion should not be used as it often is to perpetuate antiquated systems of superstition and wrong. Religion should lead in the practicalness of its teachings. The 'Crow" from the "Crow's Nest" has some substantial lessons to teach. Its subject this month is intellectual and religious gluttonousness. Some people read until they are sick with knowledge; others hear sermons and read theology until they are intoxicated and unable to perform the ordinary duties of life. These take religion to signify some means of conveyance to heaven, not as means to help people to lead a decent life here. So much more practical would religion be if some of the time now devoted to its superficial and ritual practices were given to the performance of the duties of moral life.

The Gael for November: The November "Gael" is unusually interesting both from a literary and pictorial standpoint. "The Master of the Hunt," by Katharine Tynan; "Maynooth Castl , its Sieges and Fortunes,' by J. W Kavanaugh; "The Fiddler and the Ghosts' ' is an amusing and picturesque narration of how an Irish fiddler spent an entertaining night in an old churchyard; "My Opinion of Mr. Chamberlain" is a timely and interesting paper contributed by Mr. F. W. Reitz, late Secretary of State, South African Republic. We note among other interesting features of the November "Gael" interesting notes on "Irish Books and Authors." The poetry in this issue is distinctly above the average. "A Call," by Seumas MacManus, is a ringing, soul-stirring poem. There are also poems by Fiona Macleod, Dora Sigerson Shorter, Dr. Joseph Byrne, of New York, and Alfred Perceval Graves. In the Gaelic Department will be found a beautiful and pathetic poem in Irish entitled "A Farewell to my Friends," by Owen Roe O'Sullivan. "The Gael" is for sale or obtainable at 140 Nassau Street, New York. Subscription price $1.00 per year.

"Y Dysgedydd' for November has a sermon on the old difficult text of the sin against the Holy Ghost. The Welsh mind has a great love for such deep questions apart from their practical use. In "Events of the Month," the Editor reviews several questions which agitate Wales and Ireland. Toryism is a bungling physician. It is always a menace to public good order. It has such a tendency to reverse civilization, that Wales and Ireland will never enjoy peace and progress until a more progressive system of government is at work. The present clerical measure of education has already proved a serious obstruction, and after it be passed into law, it will be the cause of lamentable disturbance and disregard of authority. It will never be enforced in Wales, where the people are extremely anti-clerical and Nonconformist.

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SCIENTIFIC

The writing of the world can be improved, I believe, by teaching form upon a somewhat different plan that we have taught in the past. Instead of emphasizing the element of beauty, accuracy and uniformity; the essentials of turn and angle, loop and retrace, and dissimiliarity, should be explained and taught. This means that less attention will be given to the technic of beauty and more attention given to the technic of utility.—"Practical Age."

Cry as we will against combination, it is the product of invincible Eternity; it will live, but it will live to serve, not to tyrannize life; it will compel human brotherhood and co-operation—and human brotherhood is but a combination. Say what we will of the socialist, of the idealist, of the dreamer, he is grounded in scientific fact; he is the same former Protoplasm still struggling to the same infinite end, and all earth cannot stop him.—"Practical Age."

Babies never get seasick. I have carried thousands of them in my time," said an American line steward, "and in rough weather I have seen their fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters keel over like soldiers before a cannon ball; but not so with the babies. Whether it be rough or smooth at sea, a baby is always an excellent sailor—rosy, jolly, and with the appetite of a horse. Do you know the explanation of this singular fact? It is as simple as the fact is strange. Babies don't get seasick because they are accustomed to the rocking of the cradle. That movement is much like the rocking of a ship. A baby abroad ship, therefore, is merely a baby in an unusually big cradle, and there is nothing odd to him about the rocking, for it is what he has been accustomed to all his life."—Phil. Record.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroisms, martyrdoms,—up to that "Agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine.

Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct. Nay properly conviction is not possible till then; inasmuch as all speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices; only by a felt indubitable certainty of experience does it find any centre to revolve round, and so fashion itself into a system. Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that "Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by action."—Carlyle.

If we are without the spirit of usefulness, if we are without morality, without liberality, without economy and property, without all those qualities which go to make a people and a nation great and strong, no matter what we may say about ourselves and what other people may say about us, we are losing ground. Nobody can give us those qualities merely by praising us and talking well of us; and when we possess them, nobody can take them from us by speaking ill of us.—B. T. Washington.

We take religion, in its human aspect, to mean the growth of a new and wider consciousness above the keen, self-assertive consciousness of the individual;

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a superseding of the personal by the humane; a change from egotism to a more universal understanding; so that each shall act, not in order to gain an advantage over others, but rather to attain the greatest good for himself and others equally; that one shall not dominate another for his own profit, but shall rather seek to draw forth in that other whatever is best and truest, so that both may find their finest growth. —Johnson.

That is why I abominate our modern poets. They talk about the glory of the poetic vocation, as if they intended to be kings and world-makers, and all the time they indulge themselves in the most loose and desultory habits of thought. Sir, if they really believed their own grandiloquent assumptions, they would feel that the responsibility of their mental training was greater, not less, than any one's else. Like the Quaker, they fancy that they honor inspiration by supposing it to be only extraordinary and paroxysmic; the true poet, like the rational Christian, believing that inspiration is continual and orderly, that it reveals harmonious laws, not merely excites sudden emotions.—Kingsley.

Song proceeds from emotion as one of its most natural and adequate expressions. It returns to emotion, also, as its quickener and inspirer. We should expect sacred music, then, to be full of religious feeling, and the test of its quality will be just its capacity to communciate in fitting literary and musical form the various chords major and minor, that resound throughout normal religious experience. Should it omit to echo some of these chords, of vary too little from some one or a few favorite chords, in either case it would be defective itself or significant of defect in ecclesiastical life. It is reasonable to look to the hymns sung by any church for an index, true though partial, of the emotional aspect of its life. If we find certain types of sentiment unrepresented in the hymns, we infer that the corresponding type of religious experience, has not been sufficiently cultivated to secure proportional musical expression.

As another evidence of the non-progressiveness of the monastic type of mind, look at the record of the monks as farmers. Five hundred years before the Christian era, there were monks who tilled the soil. For fifteen hundred years the monasteries farmed the fields of Europe. Yet not one agricultural implement in use in America today owes its invention to a monk. They labored as unthinkingly as oxen with their rude spades and wooden plows, sowing the grain by hand as the first man did. At the present day, the devout peasantry of Europe and the French Catholics in Quebec use the same rude implements as their forefathers. On the otner hand, the lay farmers of America have in two hundred and fifty years perfected the most elaborate and scientific system of agriculture ever known.—Casson.

It is universally admitted that life is only exhibited by a certain substance nitrogenous in its nature and known as protoplasm. This substance was long ago particularly designated by Huxley as "the physical basis of life." He compared it very aptly to the clay of the potter, which might equally be used in the manufacture of a vase and of a sun-dried brick. Without agreeing that forms of this matter of life are necessarily of the same composition, it is, nevertheless, a scientific fact that we nowhere find life unless associated with protoplasm as its composition, and as the substance through which vital action is manifested. We see protoplasm equally in the animalculae in the pool, and in the brain cell of a man. We find

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it lining the active cells of the leaf and forming the living substance of the sponge. We discover it equally in the germ of the worm, and in the living speck which will evolve a bird.—Wilson.

Neither agony nor grief are usual attendants of the dying. "I have stood by the bedside of hundreds of dying people," an old physician has said, "and I have yet to see a dying person shed a tear. No matter what the grief of the bystanders may be, the stricken person will show no signs of overpowering emotion. I have seen a circle of agonized children around a dying mother—a mother who in health would have been touched to the quick by signs of grief in a child—yet she reposed as calm and unemotional as though she had been made of stone. There is some strange, and inexplicable psychological change which accompanies the act of dissolution. It is well known to all physicians that pain disappears as the end approaches. And nature seems to have arranged it so that mental peace shall also attend our last lingering moments."

EXCESSIVE READING.

The free libraries tempt us to read too much, and oblige us to read too hastily; and herein the harm lies. We are in danger through them of spoiling our literary digestion, and of becoming a nation of mental dyspeptics. Our excessive reading may be a vice, or a mania; it is certainly a disease.

The way to health is through the ownership of the books we read, and books are now so cheap that hardly any one who really loves them need deny himself the fine rapture of feeling them his. A book borrowed, whether from a public or a private source, is always a burden. You must think about returning it, under penalty of money or remorse. But a book bought is a liberation of the soul from all sordid anxieties concerning it, and an enlargement of mind such as a borrowed book can never be.

If you borrow books you are in danger of borrowing more than you can read; but you are never in danger of buying more books than you can read, unless you buy them for show, in which case you cannot really own them; for there is this peculiarity in the ownership of books, that the purchase is not completed till you have read them. Then, when you have them in your heart and your head, you may put them on your shelf, secure that, whatever misfortune befalls you, your property in them cannot be wholly alienated.—Harper's "Easy Chair."

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In ten years the population of South Wales has increased by 17 per cent. In North Wales the increase has been by 4 per cent. only.

It is interesting to note that of the 400 species of British birds 235 are to be found within a thirty mile radius of Cardiff.

Although there are many Welsh people in the United States, they number only 1.79 per cent. of the population.

There is no other county so peculiar as Radnorshire, in that it does not contain a single town with more than 2,150 inhabitants. Knighton is the largest with 2,139, and Llandrindod next with 1,827.

Sir John Evans has been telling the Herts County Council that eventually London must come to Wales for its drinking water. May be, may be. The Government already gets nearly all its hot water from Wales.

Mr. D. Dyer Davies, the Llandeilo artist, has been appointed cartoonist and illustrateur on a daily paper in Johannesburg. Some of Mr. Davies's best work in this direction appears in that quaint Welsh and English production, "Dafydd Dafis" by Mr. Beriah Evans.

Thomas Bevans, a postman in Haverfordwest, has just completed the long walk of about 200,000 miles. He has been a rural postman for the last 33 years, and is the oldest postman in the district. Although Bevans has now retired, he is probably not going to stop walking, for his colleagues have just presented him with a walking stick.

In a recent number of "Household Words" Mr. Hall Caine mentions an Italian statesman with a Welsh mother, whose husband was undoubtedly famous in his way. Their son Sidney Sonnino speaks English with faultless accuracy, and bears some physical resemblance to Mr. Balfour.

In the Valley of Nant Gwynan the inhabitants have just erected a cairn of stones, ten feet high, on the top of Lliwedd, three thousand feet above the sea, as a permanent memorial of King Edward's Coronation, and have placed within the cairn a full description of the lighting of the bonfire on the spot and of the building of the monument.

Periodically we have preached to us a homily on "Crime in Glamorgan." Welshmen, however, may find solace from the fact that in the matter of crime their own countrymen occupy the second best position in the whole kingdom, for out of every 1,000 criminals convicted in England, 19 are Scottish, 21 foreigners, 32 Welsh, 97 Irish, and 831 English. It is, of course, recognised that many of the crimes committed in Wales are due to other than Welshmen.

Just as the Welsh are known by their "llan" the Cornish are known by their

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"lan." An old Cornish folk-rhyme runs:—

By Tre, Pol, and Pen,
Ros, Caer, and Lan,
You shall know all Cornishmen.

"Tre" means town, or homestead; "pol," pool; "pen," hill or headland; "ros," heath; "caer" is the Latin castrum; and "lan," like the Welsh "llan," means church.

Sir William Harcourt has more than once extolled the beauties of the Monmouthshire valleys. Spring-time they are putting on their most charming aspect. Even if one grants that the Western valleys have had their pastoral loveliness disfigured by the collieries, there is still left a picturesque woodedness on the hill sides from Risca up to Ebbw Vale which is very charming. And when the trees and the heather are putting on their early autumn tints the scene in some parts is equal to that of the Wye valley for charm and loveliness.

Welsh men and women are to be met with on all sides in London. Go where you will, be it in swell Regent Street, or the grubby Bethnal Green, Welsh names greet the eye over countless shops and stores. In conversation with a bright-eyed, intelligent man, hailing from Cardiganshire and owning an extensive milk business in the borough, one gathers that probably two-thirds of the milk trade of London are in the hands of Welshmen, who right well know how to manage this important branch of industry. Few and far between, considering the numbers in the trade, are any prosecutions for selling adulterated milk.

The death is announced of the Rev. Rhys Williams, the Welsh missionary who was superintendent of the Boucherville Rainy River Presbyterian Mission Station in Canada. The deceased, who was forty years of age, was a native of Rhos, S. W., and, after commencing to preach, was educated for the Congregational ministry. At the completion of his collegiate career, he was appointed as a missionary for India, where he labored until his health failed. After having been on furlough in Wales he went out to Canada about twelve months since, but his health again failed, and he passed away at the Winnipeg Hospital last month, leaving a widow and one child.

One of the most picturesque phases that we have yet noticed of the Pan-Celtic movement is the production of a "Pan-Celtic Tartan," designed by the Hon. Stuart Erskine and Mr. Duncombe-Jewell. It is said to be "new and extremely tasteful," intended to be worn in common by all Celts, the colors employed being symbolical of the six Celtic nations and corresponding to the relative sizes of their countries. Moreover, we are assured that it is suitable for wear "in the form of Highland kilts, trews, plaids, the Irish brat, the Welsh short cloak and skirt, and the Breton mantel, as well as for gowns, mauds, shawls, traveling rugs, hold-alls, etc." Really can anyone say after this that the Celts are an unpractical lot?

Mr. Labouchere has no sentiment when writing of great things. In a recent "Truth' 'he says: "Lampeter College celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary last week, under the auspices of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It has been stated that St. David's College was founded by the munificence of Bishop Burgess, who is alleged to have devoted his fortune to this institution. Bishop Burgess, who held the See of St. David's for many years before he was translated by Lord Liverpool to Salisbury, was a son of the well-known sauce and pickle manufacturer in the

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Strand, and was celebrated as a Hebrew scholar. The bishop was a generous benefactor to St. David's College, but he also had an eye to his own interests and to those of his relations, for he left a fortune of £70,000 as the substantial results of his episcopate."

New Jewin Calvinistic Methodist Chapel seems to be the Welsh cathedral in London. Here, in a poky place called Fann Street, off historic Aldersgate, stands the spacious building, brilliantly lighted with electricity, and bearing every sign of a wealthy, well-to-do congregation. From all quarters of London come worshippers to this shrine; long distances have to be covered by many ere they can reach its portals.

The announcement that Snowdon is again in the market is likely to cause anxiety to many lovers of Wild Wales. This anxiety on the part of the English tourist is forcibly voiced by the "Standard." "The danger," it says, "is lest Snowdon may fall into the hands of some too enterprising purchaser, who will erect a flaring hotel at the top and turn it into a resort for cheap trippers. It should be acquired by or for some public body, who will preserve it as a national possession. In 1889 the mountain was bought for less than £6,000, and even if the market value has risen in the last 13 years there must be many rich men with enough public spirit to save this beautiful spot from degradation. The National Trust for Places of Historic or National Beauty would, no doubt, be glad to undertake the duty."

Mr. John Herbert Roberts, who came within eighteen votes of defeating the Government on his amendment to the Education Bill, is described by the "Pall Mall Gazete" as a typical and enthusiastic young Welshman, whose father was M. P. before him, and left the Sunday Closing Act as a legacy for Wales. Mr. Roberts is a Radical in spite of his wealth, and he has the advantage over many politicians of having travelled much. He has been on every continent but Africa. The Robertses have been notable folk in Denbighshire for half a century, and the vigorous John Herbert has no difficulty in retaining his hold on his constituency. He was sent back in 1900 unopposed, but, though he had once Colonel Cornwallis-West against him, he has never known a majority which was not in four figures, and his familiarity with the life of the county is his great local qualification for the seat.

Romance prettily touches the family history of Lord Penrhyn. His lordship is not a Welshman, but of Scotch descent. His father was plain Colonel Douglas, whose position and wealth were only those of his rank in the army seventy years ago. He fell in love with the daughter and heiress of Mr. George Pennant, of Penrhyn Castle, the value of whose estates was commensurate with the pride of his pedigree from Trevor Tudor, the founder of the tribe of Marches. "What can you do for my daughter?" asked the father of Douglas. "I can make her a good husband," was the reply, which so pleased Mr. Pennant that he gave his daughter to the poor but gallant Scotchman. When the estates fell to his wife Colonel Douglas added her family name of Pennant to his own, and in 1866 he was elevated to the Peerage as Baron Penrhyn. Of this romantic marriage Lord Penrhyn is the son.

Mr. Editor: That Scotch poet so quaintly and humorously described by J. M. Barrie in one of his stories is peculiarly illustrative of the fate of many a Welsh alliterative bard. It

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took James Duthie 30 years to write his "Millenium," a poem in 12 books; and after all his trouble no one read it. So it is with a good many "awdlau," elaborate alliterative compositions widely famed but little read.

It is the highest ambition of a Welsh bard to win the chair for an "awdl" at a National Eisteddfod; the awdl being the only poem for which the National Chair is given. A thousand Welshmen will hear of the bard's victory for each one who will read the production.

The most famed poets among us are the least read and studied. How many will eulogize Goronwy Owen having never as much as possessed his poems? How popular some poets are, although they are never heard quoted in public or private, no more than James Duthie's "Millenium." How is it our most famed poets are not also the best quoted?—Subscriber.

It is gratifying to find that the views of the parochially-minded musicians who would close the door of the Eisteddfod against all but Welsh choirs find little encouragement or support. "There is no need," writes Mr. Emlyn Evans, "for a single heart to break; or to lose courage; only to turn back, and begin anew on the right lines on a clean slate. And that, we are glad to know, is the feeling of our best conductors and choirs who are wise enough to pay heed to their own experiences, to the evidence of their own senses, and to profit by the lesson taught this year at Bangor—and not give ear to the foolish sayings of some of the smaller Welsh papers." It is not," he adds, "a question of tastes, of style, or of standard, but of the elementary essentials of the art, as to which all the musicians of the civilized world are bound to be of one opinion."

WELSH MUSICIANS.

Good Welsh musicians have always found employment for their talent and skill in the Metropolis. Hawkins' History of Music gives the history of a blind Welshman by the name of Jones who was a fine performer upon the triple harp and the Welsh Crwth. He was engaged by another Welshman who kept a home-brewed ale house of great resort—the sign of "Hercule Pillars," opposite Clifford's Inn-passage, in Fleet Street, and performed in the great room upstairs during the winter season. He played extempore voluntaries, and figured in the sonatas and concertos of Corelli, as also most of his solos and many of Mr. Handel's opera songs, with exquisite neatness and elegance. He was also an excellent performer on the violin, upon which instrument he imitated exactly the intonations mixed with sobs and pauses, of a Quaker's sermon that none could hear him and refrain from convulsive laughter. He died in London in 1738, and was buried in Lambeth churchyard, his funeral being attended by a great number of the musical profession.

Drayton, who flourished in the Stuart period sings of the old British bards in his "Polyolbion," and his accurate knowledge of the institution proves to us how well-informed he was respecting them.

The old British bards upon their harps,
For falling flats, and rising sharps,
That curiously were strung;
To stir their youth to warlike rage,
Of their wild fury to assuage,
In their loose numbers sung.

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PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

JOHN HOWELL WILLIAMS.

It is the "Cambrian's" pleasure to show the face and publish some facts in the personal and musical career of one of the genial souls of the west, John Howell Williams of Milwaukee, a patient, tactful choral leader and a faithful postal servant of Uncle Sam.

It was with some difficulty that we succeeded in getting "into the facts of the case," and we are indebted to several friends for the material of this sketch, which is, doubtless, lacking in many ways, owing to the modesty of our genial friend.

Mr. John H. Williams is a Harlech gentleman, though he is far from being warlike. He was born close to the walls of the famous old castle and spent his happy boyhood climbing its historic towers, compelling flocks of jackdaws to fly for their lives—they were English "Jacks" and had no right to perch on a glorious Welsh castle.

Mr. Williams lost his parents when he was but a child, losing his mother when he was too young to remember her. His schooling was received under the guidance of the poetic Meurig Idris, brother to Idris Fychan. How well we remember the "englynol" old Meurig, whom we all knew to be a far better bard than schoolmaster. But the good man knew well how to teach the important rudimentary portion of the then common school curriculum. Goldsmith's lines can well be applied to the Harlech schoolmaster:

"A man severe he was and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
* * * * * * *
Yet he was kind, or if austere in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too,
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge."

From Meurig's school, our subject went into the Ffestiniog slate quarries, and there he not only heard the sounds of hammers and chisels, but the more inspiring sounds of song and poetic effusions. How many of our staunch, sturdy and public men have come forth from the quarries and coal mines of Wales?

While at Ffestiniog, Mr. Williams married a Pwllheli damsel, Miss Mary Jones, daughter to Robert and Ellen Jones of Henllys. Of six children born to them, there are only three living. About twenty years ago Mr. a Mrs. Williams came to this country, residing in the first place at Republic, Mich., for four years; and leading the singing during that period in the only Protestant church in the place. Moving therefrom to Milwaukee, Wis., Mr. Williams entered the service of Uncle Sam at once, and has been up to the present one of the most faithful and trusted officials of the postoffice in the "Cream City."

His musical knowledge and efficiency he owes to his own exertions, which is much to his credit. The Harlech Band of Hope practice, and a little running over the Sol Fa Modulator under the guidance of L. Foster Edwards, gave

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him the start. Since that time, he has been a studious reader and observer, making the most of what could be learned from the public singers and conductors of Wales and America.

His Eisteddfodic career has been and is a good one,though he frankly confesses the spirit of competition is not the most conducive to artistic results. His quiet, but effective and dignified way of conducting a choir, his close study of the meaning, and the lights and shades of a musical work, his appreciation of what a choral tone should be, and his tact and gentlemanliness under all Eisteddvodic conditions, proves him to be a musician of fine feeling and conception. The correct verdict of his own conscience is what he cares for mostly. His choral victories at the last Eisteddvodau of Milwaukee and Racine, have impressed all in his favor. After the Racine victory, his choir did a most sensible thing by voting $100 to him, as a token of their appreciation. It would be well if other choirs we know of could have the same amount of good sense.

Mr. Williams at present conducts the music at the Grand Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, with a fine choir of fifty voices in his charge. This choir will soon perform Sullivan's oratorio "The Prodigal Son." Professor Prothero's cantata "St. Peter" was given a most intelligent rendering under Mr. Williams' baton, and he contemplates performing other works in the future. Thus it will be seen that performing worthy cantatas and oratorios is the congenial work of his soul, and this "labor of love" accounts for the exquisite choral tone and shading that so plainly characterized his choir at the last January 1st Eisteddfod at Racine. The choir honored itself in honoring its leader. To be honored at home is something to be proud of. Let us hope that

JOHN HOWELL WILLIAMS.

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a long and useful life, musically and otherwise, is in store for our gentle and kind friend from Harlech town.

OWEN H. EVANS, MUS. DOC.

We take much pleasure in presenting to our readers an excellent portrait and a short comprehensive sketch of one who works quietly and faithfully, and leaves to providence to crown his labors with deserving success. Deprecating the inflated reputation, Professor Evans devoted his time and talent to substantial proficiency in the musical art, relying on the natural law that brings good fruit where well-directed and honest work has been expended. He is not so well known in Welsh musical circles as many others less gifted and less musically cultured, yet within the American region in which he has spent a good many years of sincere work to promote the cultivation of music, he is widely respected and his teaching thoroughly appreciated by a numerous class of pupils.

OWEN H. EVANS, MUS. DOC., MARYSVILLE, O.

Mr. Evans is a native of Anglesey, where he saw the light of day February 20, 1848. He was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, or surrounded with educational advantages which assist greatly the incipient career of the natural student. Although poor and unpatronized, nature had planted in his heart the seed of the love of music which was sure to show itself, to sprout under any kind of sky. Like many another Welsh lover of music of late years, Mr. Evans took to the Solfa system—that being the one most in vogue among the poorer classes in Wales. This Solfa System served to give him the first taste of the sweets of music, from which he stepped up to the more pretentious Old Notation. He taught the Solfa notation and lead the congregational singing at the M. C. Church at Newborough, Anglesey, for two years. Then he lifted his eyes and saw a better and brighter land across the Atlantic, and the new prospect had upon his mind the bewitching effect of a dream. In that great land he thought he could grow better as a student of the delightful art of music.

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He emigrated into the States in 1870, settling at Galena, Ill., where he attended school, supporting himself by teaching music and singing classes. The Welsh are so naturally inclined to music, that we may say metaphorically that a good many of the children are born with batons in their hands. They take to leading choirs instinctively. It is not easy to say how early many of them learn to sing and love music. The first thing hundreds and thousands of them remember is a singing mother fondling them; so music is born in them and taught them as babies. We don't know whether Mr. Evans had a musical mother, but we can assure that one or both his grandmothers loved music. His love of music led him to cross the ocean, and the same deep-planted love of the art inspired him to devote his life to its cultivation.

He studied music for three years at Dana's Musical Institute, Ohio, whence he graduated in 1877, and later was presented with a gold medal for his musicianship, at which time he conducted a large chorus with full orchestral accompaniment. He is also a graduate of the London College of Music (England). For years he was special student under Drs. Bannister, Sanders, Westbrook, Turpin, Stark and Randegger, London, and of Max Fielder, Leipsic, Germany. He has won many laurels in competition. His String Quintette secured the first page at the Carnarvon National Eisteddfod in 1880. He has the degree of Associate of American College of Musicians, and Mus. Doc. from the Howard University, Washington, D. C. He has written numerous composition of various kinds, both vocal and instrumental.

He has a large class of private pupils, a number among them being advanced teachers, from the surrounding towns, some from a distance of 30 miles. He is also director of two Chorai Societies, one at Bellefontaine, and one at Marysville, which gave Mendelssohn's Elijah very successfully last June, expecting to take up the Messiah by Handel soon. He has served with satisfaction at Eisteddfodau or Musical Festivals in Wales and in the States. Although he is by this time thoroughly Americanized, underneath he is still Welsh, also Welsh-speaking, when he occasionally visits Welsh circles, and still harbors thoughts of affection toward the land of his fathers and the tongue of his mothers.

Soon after the death of Britain's and the world's "Grand Old Man," Mr. D. V. Samuels, the Chicago attorney, who is a well-known student and lover of refined literature, especially of the poets, penned a beautiful tribute to the illustrious dead in the following choice words:

Uncrowned and unanointed lies the head
of him,
Whose title to the meed of glory was
supreme
O'er that of King or Emperor.
In Britain's Minster, mingling with the
dust of kings,
Reposes England's Grand Old Man, with
decoration none,
Save that of Commoner.

Mr. Samuels sent the above exquisite poem to his friend and neighbor, W. ApMadoc, with the request to have it turned into Welsh, who sent the author the following attempt, with apologies:

Heb goron, heb eneiniad ydyw pen yr
hwn
A feddai hawl oedd uwch i bob anrhydedd gwir
Na'r Brenin ac na'r Amherawdwr.
Cymhlith a llwch breninol yr hen Abad
Dy,
Y cwsg Hen Wr Ardderchog Prydain,
heb addurn ddim,
Ond addurn gwir Werinwr.

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Original and Selected Miscellany:

Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke of Princeton relates that once on a southern trip he came across an old colored woman sitting at the door of her cabin, smoking a short clay pipe. He stopped to chat with her, and took occasion to joke with her about her smoking. "Aunty," said he, "that's a pretty bad habit of yours. And such a pipe! Why the smell of it is horrible! How do you expect to go to heaven when you die with a breath like that?" "Why, boss," the old mammy replied, "when I die I spects to lose my breath."

The surgeon of the Alabama was a young Englishman named Llewelyn, who, when his vessel was seen to be sinking, removed all his wounded men into the only available boat. One of the wounded is reported to have called out "There is room for you, doctor!" He simply answered. "You are as many as the boat can safely hold; push off." They pushed off and saved the wounded whilst he went down with the ship. A memorial of his noble self-sacrifice is to be found in Charing Cross Hospital, to which he had been attached.

Dafydd Jones, from Llanfairllanelianynrhos walked into a North Wales newspaper office the other day and inquired for the "manijar." He was a typical Welshman, and wore a mournful look and a new suit of black cloth. When the manager made his appearance, Dafydd Jones heaved a deep sigh and said: "I want to put a notis in your pepar, welwch chi. My son is ded, and I want to put it in the pepar. How much is the price?" "A shilling per inch." replied the manager. "Watt!" said Dafydd Jones, "A shillin' peer inch; 'R andros fawr, I can't afford that! man bach! my son was six foot four!"

Many instances of the wit of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the woman suffrage leader who lately died, are being recalled. Once after a speech before the Legislature, a woman had the assurance to ask Mrs. Stanton what she did with her children during her public appearances. "Oh," replied Mrs. Stanton, "It takes me no longer to come here to speak than it takes you to come here and listen; what have you done with your children during the two hours you have been sitting here?" Her quickness in repartee seldom showed to better advantage than in her ready answer to Horace Greeley when he said to her before a group of friends: "Madam, the ballot and the bullet go together. If you want to vote are you ready to fight?" "Certainly, sir," she replied; "I am ready to fight just as you have fought, by sending a substitute."

There's a certain crafty Iago, under the guise of very honest intention, lures us to the fate of Desdemona, and goes unpunished for a long time. We all have him, as we have the Dr. Jekyls and Mr. Hydes. But we come to see, in the day of his unmasking, his studied perverseness. Whether it means comfort or no comfort, and pleasure or no pleasure, happiness or no happiness, this siren song of irresponsibleness, singing out of the past, is the thing which strands a man, like a bleaching

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derelict, on the rocks in mid-sea; and this inherent, imperious, eternal response of human life to the future, is the pilot that steers a man and world straight into and through the Destiny of any age.

A statesman, who shall remain anonymous, but whose recent tour in Ireland caused some speculation in the political world, is responsible for this story. He was strolling along a high road and overtook an Irish drover with a number of cattle proceeding to a fair in the South.

Being a genial soul, he entered into conversation with the man, and by and bye asked him what he expected to get for his cattle.

"Shure, an' if I get £8 the head I'll not do badly," replied Pat.

"Ah," said the politician, "that's a sample of your country. Now, if you were enterprising enough to take these heifers to England you would average £14 a head at least."

"Just so, yer honor," said the driver, simply, "an av yez take the Lakes of Killarney to purgatory yez get a guinea the dhrop."

No man, in the whole history of world-progress, has ever fought for freedom and right, against the insatiate greed of oppression and wrong, who was not marked as a traitor. We could, if our memory would not desert us, write a bookful of names of such traitors. Jesus of Nazareth was crucified for being a "traitor" to the existing order of things in his day—to the Jewish law and perhaps somewhat to the civil code of Rome. Servetus was burned as a "traitor" to the church creed of Calvin's time. Galileo, Copernicus, and thousands of apostles of learning were "traitors" to the ecclesiastical creed of their day; and uncounted millions, and unknown, suffered the dungeon's insanity and torture and death, because they were the disciples of human liberty and "traitors" to the atrocities of kings.

The Marquis of Anglesey, after the Coronation, had a short procession all to himself, which the small boys who participated in it enjoyed exceedingly. On emerging from the Abbey after the Coronation, the Marquis could not find his carriage, so started on foot to get a cab. He held his robes over his right arm, so as not to stumble over them, and tucked his coronet under his left arm. "Hi, Jimmy, here's one of them peers escaped," a small boy shouted to another boy across the street. Both boys then walked behind him, and others joined them. The Marquis redoubled his speed, holding grimly on to his coronet and his robes, and with a slight blush of embarassment on his face, he tried to get the thing over as quickly as possible. A small boy, noticing the embarassment of the Marquis, said to him, "I'll carry your crown for tuppence!" but the offer was not accepted. Arriving in Piccadilly, to his followers' chagrin the Marquis suddenly disappeared into an hotel, and did not come out again.

SOME DEFECTS IN THE BIBLE.

"In my county," said Senator Blackburn, "there's an old fellow who has many scruples about the Bible, and is more noted for his money-making tact than for his general intelligence. Among his many peculiarities in his dislike for the Scripture and its teachings, and he improves every oportunity to make his dislikes known.

"Not long since while in conversation with a neighbor on the merits of the Bible, he was asked to state some of his objections to its teachings. 'Wa'l,' said he, 'there's a great many things that hadn't never ought to have been there. I'll tell you, there's the whole Book of Job that had better been left out; and,' he added with much earnestness, 'it

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would never have gone in, neither if old Job hadn't been on the committee.' "—Washington cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

In "Y Llusern" we find suggested that the great need of this age is a clear light upon Bible criticism. Is there not ground to fear that too much is talked of the Bible, and too little done to carry out its moral teachings? To many it is a mere fetish. A hundred people in our churces think well of the Bible as the Word of God for one who obeys it conscientiously as the will of God. The best belief of the Bible is obedience to its simple doctrines, faith, hope and charity, or the Golden Rule, which everybody respects and hardly anybody honors.

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THE LAND OF MY CHILDREN.

((America.)

Companion Song to "The Land of My Fathers."

By G. T. Matthews.

Oh! land of my children, their home and first love,
The stars on their banner, like those in the sky,
Are radiant with glory and light from above,
Inviting earth's exiles draw nigh.
Chorus:
Home, home of Washington, Lincoln and Grant,
Thy warriors and statesmen and martyrs of old,
I love thee with ardor untold.

Oh! land of my children, their hope and their pride,
The land of McKinley, immortal his name,
Thy patriots, for freedom they fought, and they died,
Their valor I'll ever proclaim.

Oh! land of my children, God guard thee and guide
Thee onward and upward through sunshine and storm;
Thy rulers, with wisdom and courage provide
To aid them their duties perform.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

———:o:———

LOOK PLEASANT.

We can not, of course, all be handsome,
And it's hard for us all to be good,
We are sure now and then to be lonely,
And we don't always do as we should.
To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still,
But at least we can always be pleasant,
If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly,
Although you feel worried and blue;
If you smile at the world and look cheerful,
The world will soon smile back at you.
So try to brace up and look pleasant,
No matter how long you are down,
Good humor is always contagious,
But you banish your friends when you frown.—"Somerville Journal."

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HIS UNKNOWN FRIEND AT THE 'PHONE.

"A month ago," says a young business man, "I was called to the 'phone, and the musical voice of a girl asked me if I had played base ball that morning. I said no, that I had overslept myself, and then I inquired who she was, for her voice was strange to me. She wouldn't tell me, but she went on and showed that she had a most intimate acquaintance with my life. And since then, once or twice a week, she has been calling me up. 'Did you have a pleasant time at the Browne's last night?' she will sometimes say, and again: 'I hear you are reading Pierre Louys. Do you like him?' or: 'That is a very nice straw hat that you bought yesterday.' Now, don't you think that this is a puzzling thing?

"To save my life I can't discover who the girl is. I have asked her to tell me

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her name, I have asked her to meet me somewhere some time, but she only laughs and says: 'Good-by. I'll call you up again soon' "—"Phila. Record."

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LOST, A BABY.

A baby lost, slipped from my awkward care,
Last seen was sitting in her big, high chair;
A prettier little prattler ne'er was seen
Within the world than my infantile queen;
Though, often times, before we could say grace,
With jam an. jelly would she soil her face;
Yet, still, the nose bespattered would she be
More earnest then would be my humble plea
For heaven's smile, for somehow her sad sight
Would make me feel I had a kind of right
On heaven's help, for it had taken there
The one who put her in the baby chair,
Ere she had taught her how to bow the head
And clasp her hands until the grace was said.

Poor little babe! say have you gone for good?
Won't you come back again? O! how I would,
In this sad world were men are mad and wild,
Keep you for e'er an innocent, sweet child,
O! take that chair away; hide, hide its gloom,
Thrust it with useless trash to some dark room,
For ne'er we'll need its service any more,
Hark! how it rocks me with its "never more."
My babe is lost—the one who used to say,
"Me wants my toys and dollies all to play,"
Is now a bonny girl, who says, "Yes, mam,
And never more "me is," but just "I am."

Radnor, O. Rev. J. V. Stephens.

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ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

The justice of the peace was performing a marriage ceremony, and he was just naturally forgetful.

"Do you think," he asked, turning to the bride, "that you can give this man a fair and impartial trial?"

"I do," answered the bride, accepting this as part of the customary form.

Just then the clerk joggled the justice's elbow and whispered to him.

"Oh, yes, of course: I quite forgot," said the justice hastily; then he added solemnly, "Life sentence for both of you. Call the next case."

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HATS GOING OUT OF FASHION.

The wise and humane order whereby policemen are no longer called upon to drill under the old-fashioned helmet has suggested to one or two of the weekly journals the question of the hat as a whole. Do we need hats? With the history of our race, with the dispositions of our ancestors and with the physical ailments of our immediate progenitors, we have inherited the notion that the hat is as necessary to bodily salvation as flannels to the cricketer or the "jumper" to the sailor. But is it? According to some authorities there is no more fruitful cause of baldness in men than the tight-fitting box hat they jam so remorselessly about their ears. If men would only go about the streets with their cranium exposed to the beneficent rays of the sun and to the genial blessing of Zephyrus, their heads, we are told, would burgeon with crisp, young hair and smile like a fertile valley.—"London Globe."

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